

'Til A Woman Comes Along

Chris Janson

Yeah, boys ride bikes and learn to drive
Them old stiff sides in grandpa's drive
Pop the clutch and smell the rubber burn
And it's on

Then it's shootin' cans with no game plan
And playin' air guitar in a rock 'n' roll band
And it's fake I.D.'s and chasin' girls
All night long

Yeah, 'til a woman comes along and lays down the law
Draws that boy a line he ain't gonna cross
It's funny how it's said there ain't a ball and chain that stro
ng
'Til a woman comes along

Yeah, it's fish and golf, foot and eight-ball
Honky-tonks 'til past last call
A lot of raisin' hell
Rebel yellin' and carryin' on

'Til a woman comes along and lays down the law
Draws that boy a line he ain't gonna cross
It's funny how it's said there ain't a ball and chain that stro
ng
'Til a woman comes along

Yeah, that bachelor pad was just a bachelor pad
Dirty jeans and drive-thru sacks
Like a lonely guy in a ramblin' Waylon song

And a woman comes along and lays down the law
Draws that boy a line he ain't gonna cross
It's funny how it's said there ain't a ball and chain that stro
ng
'Til a woman comes along

And lays down the law
Draws that boy a line he ain't gonna cross
It's funny how it's said there ain't a ball and chain that stro
ng
'Til a woman comes along, oh, 'til a woman comes along

Comes along
Comes along
All that until a woman comes along