

Boots In The Bleachers

Conner Smith

September sun falling out of the sky
Getting out the way for a Friday night
Check the rear view one last time
Make sure the bill on your cap's bent right

Put 20 bucks of 87 in your truck
And hide your Copenhagen® can 'fore you pick her up
That small-town smile makes you fall in love like it always does

'Cause 'round here it's all country on the speakers
Red-and-white "Go Eagles" on the T-shirts
"Yes, sir", "Yes, ma'am" to the teachers
Field goal flies right through the cedars
'Round here ain't nothing changed
Except the jersey numbers and names
There's still them girls wearing scuffed-up sneakers
Falling for them boots in the bleachers

Later on in a field on the edge of town
There's gonna be a fire to circle 'round
Probably a six-string boy on a tailgate
A pair of blue eyes begging for some George Strait
He throws his jacket over her shoulder
And she slides closer

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Them boots in the bleachers

We grow up 'cause that's what time does
But Friday nights will always remind us
The games we played, home crowd behind us
And there's a thousand other towns just like us

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