

Old School

Flatland Cavalry

Hand-me-down Ostrich boots, dark wash Levis
Ray-Ban Wayfarers on bloodshot eyes
I dress like my daddy did, circa 1982
I make old school look brand new

Raised on George Strait, Alan Jackson, and Pat Green
Learned how to pick from a VHS
Mama taught me how to sing
Sit out on the front porch
The crickets and coyotes sang harmony
We make old school sound brand new

It's tried and true, it ain't leaving soon or going out of style
So march around in your cowboy boots, swagger, and a smile
Some call it classic, even old-fashioned
And others call it cool
I call it old school
Well, how 'bout you?
How 'bout you?

Mama and Pop's love still running like that '82 Chevrolet
The same one that they brought brand new on their wedding day
They still drive 'round town with the windows down
'Cause they're more in love than the day they said "I do"
It's true
'Cause they make old school feel brand new

It's tried and true, it ain't leaving soon or going out of style
So dance around in your old pearl snaps, swagger, and a smile
Some call it classic, even old-fashioned
And others call it cool
I call it old school
Well, how 'bout you?
I call it old school
Well, how 'bout you?
Woo-hoo