

# Boots On the Ground

Frank Foster

I'm the son of a small town  
Where everybody drinks beer when the sun goes down  
Amazing grace still has a place and the lost can still get found  
Where them eight point bucks  
And them custom deluxe trucks are still runnin' around  
There's a good Lord up above where I'm from  
And there's boots on the ground

Blood sweat and tears, sun to sun  
Workin's just part of livin', Lord, where I come from  
Barefoot, backwoods, blue collar, a bit of it all  
Tonight I'm shinin' my shotgun 'cause today was a hot one  
And I'm just waiting on the fall, what say y'all?

And I'm the son of a small town  
Where everybody drinks beer when the sun goes down  
Amazing grace still has a place and the lost can still get found  
Where them eight point bucks  
And them custom deluxe trucks are still runnin' around  
There's a good Lord up above where I'm from  
And there's boots on the ground

There's love in this land, dirt on these hands  
Pride in this family name  
Plow breaks the ground  
The seeds are put down and a prayer goes up for rain  
And I work the rigs like my daddy did  
And put some roots in these here rows  
And if the leather hold, I'll put some more miles on these soles

I'm the son of a small town  
Where everybody drinks beer when the sun goes down  
Amazing grace still has a place and the lost can still get found  
Where them eight point bucks  
And them custom deluxe trucks are still runnin' around  
There's a good Lord up above where I'm from  
And there's boots on the ground