

## Breakin' In Boots

Matt Stell

Don't ask her on a straight tequila night  
Man, she loves that song, that sums her up about right  
Try your hand, tip the band, and that girl just might  
Let you pull her close underneath those neon lights  
She'll wreck more than Friday night

Don't think that she doesn't 'cause she knows what she's doin'  
She'll burn you like the bourbon in the bottle she's shootin'  
She's a cowboy killer, that's the cold-hard truth  
You can try to love her, but she'll leave your heart breakin' i  
n boots

You think you're the one to hold her and come out alive  
Well, I bet the snakeskin on your soles  
Your heart will pay the price  
You can see it in her eyes

Don't think that she doesn't 'cause she knows what she's doin'  
She'll burn you like the bourbon in the bottle she's shootin'  
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You can try to love her, but she'll leave your heart breakin' i  
n boots  
Heart breakin' in boots

She'll lean in like she means it  
She'll let you pull her close  
And then she'll leave you lonely  
Don't ask me how I know

Don't think that she doesn't 'cause she knows what she's doin'  
She'll burn you like the bourbon in the bottle she's shootin'  
She's a cowboy killer, that's the cold-hard truth  
You can try to love her, you can try to love her

Don't think that she doesn't 'cause she knows what she's doin'  
She'll burn you like the bourbon in the bottle she's shootin'  
She's a cowboy killer, that's the cold-hard truth  
You can try to love her, but she'll leave your heart breakin' i  
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Heart breakin' in boots