

## Boots

Thomas Rhett

I got Nikes for the gym, Texas for the beach  
A couple pair of dusties that I'm really tryna keep  
I might as well burn 'em in a fire as high as the moon, yeah

I'm talkin' high-top, flip-flop, pair of camouflage Crocs  
Old-school checkered Vans, closed-toed Birkenstock  
End of the day, you know I gotta go to my go-tos, yeah

'Cause my baby likes me better in boots  
When I get to slippin' in 'em with some denim, ya'll, I can't lose  
Whoa, no, wouldn't be caught dead two-steppin' in designer shoes  
Because my-y-y-y baby likes me better in boots

She like me better in  
Snip toe, square toe, snakeskin  
Toffee caiman belly coming up to my shin  
Leather on the bottom, lizard on the toe  
Old, brown goat color of a dirt road

Chocolate Lucchese, full-quill Tecova  
Any of those or my daddy's old Ropers

And my baby likes me better in boots  
When I get to slippin' in 'em with some denim, ya'll, I can't lose  
Whoa, no, wouldn't be caught dead two-steppin' in designer shoes  
'Cause my-y-y-y baby likes me better in boots

Boots  
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Boots

She do, she do, yeah, she do

Never know when my baby wanna go dancing  
So you know I always staying prepared  
Somewhere in the backseat of my old Chevy  
I always got a couple of extra pairs

'Cause my baby likes me better in boots  
My, my  
When I get to slippin' in 'em with some denim, ya'll, I can't lose  
Whoa, no, wouldn't be caught dead two-steppin' in no Golden Goose

Because my-y-y-y baby likes me better in, my-y-y-y  
y baby likes me better in  
My-y-y-y baby likes me better in boots, oh