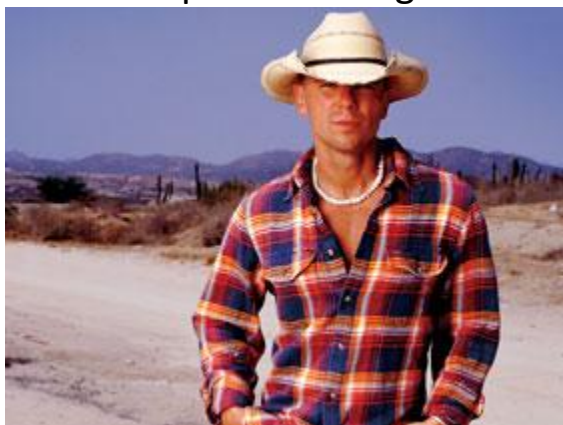


Kenny Chesney Tackles *Boys of Fall* Documentary

Blog from <http://blog.cmt.com/2010-06-18/kenny-chesney-makes-the-boys-of-fall-documentary/>

Posted: June 18th, 2010 at 5:35 pm | By: [Alison Bonaguro](#)

Kenny Chesney learned about hard work and blood, sweat and tears long before he got to the big arena stages he's playing now. He learned it in high school as his football team's starting wide receiver. "I now know why we practiced longer, why our coach put us through double practices in the summer heat... all



those things he put us through," Chesney says. "It was to teach us things me and everybody on our team has used to become the people we are."

And so he's been making a documentary film, *The Boys of Fall*, about the lessons kids learn while playing high school football. He says the experience he had when he played gave him a "map for living life."

From his music, you'd never really guess he was such a dedicated athlete. I thought he'd spent those years striking matches just to watch 'em burn and painting his name on a water tank and having one bottle of wine in two Dixie Cups. But those are just country songs. I probably shouldn't take them so literally, right?

LYRICS on next page:

**"They didn't let just anybody in that club/
Took every ounce of heart and sweat and blood/
To get to wear those game day jerseys down the hall!"**

Listen to the song, go to

www.whsEagleFootball.com

Boys of Fall

When I feel that chill, smell that fresh cut grass/
I'm back in my helmet, cleats and shoulder pads/
Standing in the huddle listening to the call/
Fans going crazy for the boys of fall/
They didn't let just anybody in that club/
Took every ounce of heart and sweat and blood/
To get to wear those game day jerseys down the hall/
Kings of the school man, we're the boys of fall/

(Chorus:)

Well it's turn and face the Stars and Stripes/
It's fighting back them butterflies/
It's call it in the air, alright yes sir we want the ball/
And it's knocking heads and talking trash/
It's slinging mud and dirt and grass/
It's I got your number, I got your back when your back's against the wall/
You mess with one man you got us all/
The boys of fall/

In little towns like mine that's all they got/
Newspaper clippings fill the coffee shops/
The old men will always think they know it all/
Young girls will dream about the boys of fall/

(Chorus:)

Well it's turn and face the Stars and Stripes/
It's fighting back them butterflies/
It's call it in the air, alright yes sir we want the ball/
And it's knocking heads and talking trash/
It's slinging mud and dirt and grass/
It's I got your number, I got your back when your back's against the wall/
You mess with one man you got us all/

The boys of fall/

(Chorus:)

Well it's turn and face the Stars and Stripes/
It's fighting back them butterflies/
It's call it in the air, alright yes sir we want the ball/
And it's knocking heads and talking trash/
It's slinging mud and dirt and grass/
It's I got your number, I got your back when your back's against the wall/
You mess with one man you got us all/
The boys of fall/

We're the boys of fall
We're the boys of fall