

Toby Keith, Baddest Boots

I saw her turn her head
In a drop-dead gaze
She was peekin' out over the top
Of those wire-rim shades
Now it wasn't my charm
And it wasn't my grin
That had that little secretary
Dialed right in
She wasn't lookin' at me, man
she was lookin' at my feet

[Chorus:]

It's these twenty-two hundred
And twenty-five dollar
Pair o' handmade genuine fine
Horned-back kicks
With a seven-row stitch
And a three dollar sidewalk shine
Yeah they're made to fit
and they're hard to find
Make a pretty woman look down each time

I got the baddest boots on the boulevard
Yeah the baddest boots on the boulevard

They were made by a little man
Down in El Paso
I was passin' through town
Singin' at the rodeo

He said 'they cost a little more
But for what it's worth
There ain't another pair like 'em
on god's green earth'
Then I handed him my money
And he sized me up

[Chorus]

I got the baddest boots on the boulevard
Yeah, the Baddest boots on the boulevard
When I pull 'em on I start singin' a song
Make me wanna tuck my britches leg's inside 'em
Lets take a stroll

[Chorus]

They're the baddest boots on the boulevard

Look here girl
Yeah, they're bad alright