

# Heartland, Boys Like Us

We stood there frozen as the baseball hit the bat  
Watched it clear the fence in Johnson's yard  
And broke that front door glass  
We were already on that old mans list  
And half way home he was shaking his fist  
Cussing that cloud of dust and boys like us

Boys like us are misunderstood  
A little bit bad at being good  
We'll grow old but we don't wanna have to grow up  
We like cars, guitars and swinging doors  
Fast boats, gun action, four by fours  
And girls that love boys like us

We saw the blue lights flashing  
When my Mustang topped the hill  
The chase was on, it was almost dawn  
When we cut through that corn field  
Thought we'd gotten away like the times before  
But the sheriff was waiting with dad on the porch  
And he likes locking up boys like us

Boys like us are misunderstood

A little bit bad at being good  
We'll grow old but we don't wanna have to grow up  
We like cars, guitars and swinging doors  
Fast boats, gun action, four by fours  
And girls that love boys like us

(Instrumental Interlude)

I thought, bust that bud light bottle over Bobby's head  
It was tables and chairs, beer and blood everywhere  
Over one to young co-ed  
We don't hit the town looking for a fight  
But one always finds us on a Friday night  
It's dangerous being boys like us

Boys like us are misunderstood  
A little bit bad at being good  
We'll grow old but we don't wanna have to grow up  
We like cars, guitars and swinging doors  
Fast boats, gun action, four by fours  
And girls that love boys like us  
Yeah, boys like us, them boys like us