

Kenny Chesney, She's From Boston

She comes from Boston
Works at the jewelry store
Down in the harbor
Where the ferries come to shore
She never really knew how good it would feel
To finally find herself in a place so warm and real

She wears a Red Sox cap
To hide her baby dreads
The girl she was in New England
Is different now and dead
In all the local bars
She flirts and tells the boys while they're talkin'
She's from Boston

She comes from Boston
Talks to her family now and then
Through e-mails and postcards
She tries to explain to them
That education and occupation will have to wait for now
She loves the Rasta, reggae rhythms, her dreams have changed somehow

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To hide her baby dreads
The girl she was in New England
Is different now and dead
In all the local bars
She flirts and tells the boys while they're talkin'
She's from Boston

Her toes dig deep and deeper in the sand
She's seduced by the sunsets and her new life at hand

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She's from Boston

She wears a Red Sox cap
To hide her baby dreads
From Boston
She came to this island from Boston