

# 'Til a Woman Comes Along

Chris Janson

Yeah, boys ride bikes and learn to drive  
Them old stiff sides in grandpa's drive  
Pop the clutch and smell the rubber burn  
And it's on Then it's shootin' cans with no game plan  
And playin' air guitar in a rock 'n' roll band  
And it's fake I.D.'s and chasin' girls  
All night long Yeah, 'til a woman comes along and lays down the law  
Draws that boy a line he ain't gonna cross  
It's funny how it's said there ain't a ball and chain that strong  
'Til a woman comes along  
Yeah, it's fish and golf, foot and eight-ball  
Honky-tonks 'til past last call  
A lot of raisin' hell  
Rebel yellin' and carryin' on 'Til a woman comes along and lays down the law  
Draws that boy a line he ain't gonna cross  
It's funny how it's said there ain't a ball and chain that strong  
'Til a woman comes along Yeah, that bachelor pad was just a bachelor pad  
Dirty jeans and drive-thru sacks  
Like a lonely guy in a ramblin' Waylon song And a woman comes along and lays down the law  
Draws that boy a line he ain't gonna cross  
It's funny how it's said there ain't a ball and chain that strong  
'Til a woman comes along  
And lays down the law  
Draws that boy a line he ain't gonna cross  
It's funny how it's said there ain't a ball and chain that strong  
'Til a woman comes along, oh, 'til a woman comes along Comes along  
Comes along  
All that until a woman comes along

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