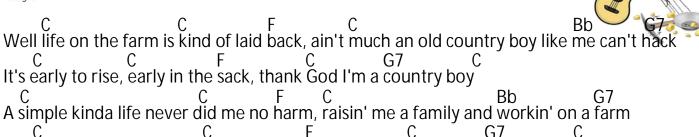
Outro: F G7 C

Thank God I'm a Country Boy



My days are filled with an easy country charm, thank God I'm a country boy Chorus G C Well I got a fine wife got me an old fiddle, when the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle Life ain't nothin' but a funny funny riddle, thank God I'm a country boy Bb When the work's all done and the sun's settlin' low, I pull out my fiddle and I rosin up the bow But the kids are sleepin' so I keep it kinda low, thank God I'm a country boy I'd play Sally Goodin all day if I could, but the Lord and my wife wouldn't take it very good So I fiddle when I can, work when I should, thank God I'm a country boy <Chorus> I wouldn't trade my life for diamonds or jewels, I never was one of them money hungry fools I'd rather have my fiddle and my farmin' tools, thank God I'm a country boy Yeah, city folk drivin' in a black limou-sine, a lotta sad people thinkin' that's a mighty keen Well folks, let me tell you now ex-actly what I mean, I thank God I'm a country boy <Chorus> Well, my fiddle was my daddy's till the day he died He took me by the hand and held me close to his side He said, "Live a good life and play the fiddle with pride and thank God you're a country boy" My daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to whittle He taught me how to work and play a tune on the fiddle He taught me how to love and how to give just a little G7 Bb Thank God I'm a country boy <Chorus> (hold on word "riddle")