



# Thank God I'm a Country Boy



Well life on the farm is kind of laid back, ain't much an old country boy like me can't hack  
 It's early to rise, early in the sack, thank God I'm a country boy  
 A simple kinda life never did me no harm, raisin' me a family and workin' on a farm  
 My days are filled with an easy country charm, thank God I'm a country boy

## Chorus

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  
 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  
 Thank God I'm a country boy

<Chorus> (hold on word "riddle")

Outro: F G7 C

