THANK GOD I’M A COUNTRY BOY

 A D

Well life on the farm is kinda laid back

 A G E

Ain't much an old country boy like me can't hack

 A D

It's early to rise and early in the sack

 A D7 A

Thank God I'm a country boy

A simple kind of life never did me no harm

Raisin' me a family and livin' on the farm

My days are all filled with an easy country charm

Thank God I'm a country boy

 **E A**

**Well, I got me a fine wife, I got my old fiddle**

 **E A**

**When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle**

 **D**

**Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle**

 **A E A**

**Thank God I'm a country boy**

When the work's all done and the sun is settin' low

I pull out my fiddle and I rosin up the bow

But the kids are asleep 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 family wouldn't take it very good

So I fiddle when I can and I work when I should

Thank God I'm a country boy

**Chorus**

Well 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 folks drivin' in a black limousine

A lotta sad people think that's mighty keen

Well folks, let me tell you exactly what I mean

Thank God I'm a country boy

**Chorus**

Well my fiddle was my daddy's 'til the day he died

And he took me by the hand and held me close to his side

He said, "Live a good life, play my 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**