

Thank God I'm A Country Boy

D D G D C A7
Well life on the farm is kinda laid back, Ain't much an old country boy like me can hack

D G D A7 D
It's early to rise, early in the sack, Thank God I'm a country boy

D G D C A7
A simple kind of life never did me no harm, Raisn' me a family and workin' on a farm

D G D A7 D
My days are filled with an easy country charm, Thank God I'm a country boy

A7 D
Well, I got me a fine wife, I got me old fiddle

A7 D
When the suns comin' up I got cakes on the griddle

D G
Life ain't nothin' but a funny funny riddle

D A7 D
Thank God I'm a country Boy

D G D C A7
When the works all done and the sun's settin' low, I pull out my fiddle and rosin up the bow

D G D A7 D
But the kids are asleep so I keep it kinda low, Thank God I'm a country boy

D G D G A7
I'd play "Sally Goodin" all day if I could, But the Lord and my wife wouldn't take it very good

D G D A7 D
So I fiddle when I can and I work when I should, Thank God I'm a country boy (chorus)

D G D C A7
I wouldn't trade my life for diamonds or jewels, I never was one of them money hungry fools

D G D A7 D
I'd rather have my fiddle and my farming tools, Thank God I'm a country boy

D G D G A7
Yeah city folk drivin' in a black limousine, A lotta people thinkin' that's mighty keen

D G D A7 D
Well folks let me tell you now exactly what I mean, Thank God I'm a country boy (chorus)

D G D
Well my fiddle was my Daddy's till the day he died, And he took me by the hand and held me

C A7
close to his side

D G D A7 D
He said "Live a good life and play my fiddle with pride", and Thank God you're a country boy

D G D
My daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to whittle, He taught me how to work and play

G A7
a tune on the fiddle

D G D A7 D
He taught me how to love and how to give just a little, Thank God you're a country boy (chorus)