Country Boy

Little Jimmy Dickens

Now, I'm just a simple guy
But there's one thing sure as shootin'
I hate those folks who think that they're
So doggone high falutin

I'd be the same in Hollywood
Or right in my own kitchen
I believe in fussin' when you're mad
And scratchin' when you're itchin'

I'm a plain old country boy
A cornbread lovin' country boy
I raise Cain on Saturday
But I go to church on Sunday

I'm a plain old country boy
A cornbread lovin' country boy
I'll be lookin' over that old gray mule
When the sun comes up on Monday

Where I come from, opportunities
They never were too good
We never had much money
But we done the best we could

Ma doctored me from youngin' hood
With epson salts and iodine
Made my diapers out of old feed sacks
My 'spenders out of plow lines

I'm a plain old country boy
A cornbread lovin' country boy
I raise Cain on Saturday
And I go to church on Sunday

I'm a plain old country boy
A tater eating eatin' country boy
I'll be lookin' over that old gray mule
When the sun comes up on Monday

Every time the preacher called
Ma always fixed a chicken
If I'd reach for a drumstick
I was sure to get a lickin'

She always saved two parts for me
But I had to shut my mouth
T'was the gizzard and the north end
Of a chicken flyin' South

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