

# Country Boy

Muddy Waters, Otis Spann, Paul Butterfield, "Duck"

Excuse me ma'am, I saw you walking  
I turned around, I'm not a stalker  
Where you going? Maybe I can help you  
My tank is full, I'd be obliged to take you  
'Cause I'm a country boy, I got a four-wheel drive  
Climb in my bed and I'll take you for a ride  
Up city streets, down country roads  
I can get you where you need to go  
'Cause I'm a country boy  
You sure look good sitting in my right seat  
Buckle up and I'll take you through the five speeds  
Wind it up or I can slow it way down  
In the woods or right up town  
I'm a country boy, got a four-wheel drive  
Climb in my bed and I'll take you for a ride  
Up city streets, down country roads  
Yeah, I can get you where you need to go  
'Cause I'm a country boy  
Big thirty-fives, winding on the asphalt  
Grabbing mud and slinging up some red dirt  
'Cause I'm a country boy  
My muffler's loud, dual thrust tubes  
Crank the music and the tone gets real good  
Let me know when we're getting close  
You can slide on out or we can head on down the road  
'Cause I'm a country boy, I got a four-wheel drive  
Climb in my bed and I'll take you for a ride  
Up city streets, down country roads  
Yeah, I can get you where you want to go  
'Cause I'm a country boy  
Bucket seats, soft as baby's nude butt  
Locking [incomprehensible] to take you through a deep rut  
'Cause I'm a country boy, I got a four-wheel drive  
Climb in my bed and I'll take you for a ride  
Up city streets, down winding roads  
Yeah, I can get you where you need to go  
'Cause I'm a country boy  
Yeah, I'm a country boy, I got a four-wheel drive  
Climb in my bed and I'll take you for a ride

Up city streets, down country roads  
I can get you where you want to go  
'Cause I'm a country boy, yeah, I'm a country boy  
Ah, I'm just a country boy, a nice little country boy

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