

Jesus Was A Country Boy

Clay Walker

I stumbled on a preacher, Sunday morning,
All decked out and made up for TV,
Askin' for some money from God's people:
Talking all that high theology. Well, I might be just an old blue collar:
There's things about the Lord that I don't know.
But I bet he never had a million dollars,
Or wore a lot of stylish fancy clothes. 'Cause Jesus was a country boy,
Walkin' down a dirt road, with everything that he owned,
He never met a stranger.
Born in a barn underneath the stars,
His Mama laid him in a manger.
Swimmin' in the river, fishin' for his dinner,
Livin' with the sinners like me.
Makes me think, Jesus was a country boy. My Daddy never cared much for religion,
And my Mama worried a lot about his soul.
She'd hit her knees and pray for him on Sunday,
While Daddy hit his favorite fishin' hole. You see, Daddy was a rebel and a rambler,
But I always knew he loved my Mama so.
An' I never doubted he'd make it to Heaven,
'Cause it ain't who you are, it's who you know. An' Daddy knew: that Jesus was a country boy,
Walkin' down a dirt road, with everything that he owned,
He never met a stranger.
Born in a barn underneath the stars,
His Mama laid him in a manger.
Swimmin' in the river, fishin' for his dinner,
Livin' with the sinners like me.
Makes me think, Jesus was a country boy.
Oh, yes, and I believe that Jesus was a country boy.

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