

Thank God I'm a Country Boy

Billy Dean

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Well, life on the farm is kinda laid back

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

Early to rise and early in the sack

Thank God I'm a country boyA simple kinda life never did me no harm

Raisin' me a family and workin' on a farm

Days are all filled with an easy country charm

Thank God I'm a country boyWell, I got me a fine wife, I got me a fiddle

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

Life ain't nothin' but a funny funny riddle

Thank God I'm a country boyWhen the work's all done and the sun's settlin' low

I pull out my fiddle and I rosin up my bow

Well, the kids are asleep so I keep it kinda low

Thank God I'm a country boyAnd I'd play Sally Goodin all day if I could

But the Lord and my wife wouldn't take it very good

So I fiddle when I can, work when I should

Thank God I'm a country boyYeah, I got me a fine wife, I got me a fiddle

The sun's comin' up, I got cakes on the griddle

Life ain't nothin' but a funny funny riddle

Thank God I'm a country boyWell, I wouldn't trade my life for diamonds and jewels

I never was one of them money hungry fools

I'd rather have my farm, my fiddle and tools

I thank God I'm a country boyYeah, the city folk drivin' in a black limousine

A lotta sad people thinkin' that's a mighty keen

People, let me tell ya now exactly what I mean

Thank God I'm a country boyWell, I got me a fine wife, I got me a fiddle

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

Life ain't nothin' but a funny funny riddle

Thank God I'm a country boySee, my fiddle was my daddy's till the day he died

He took me by the hand, 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"Yeah, my daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to whittle

Taught me how to work and play a tune on the fiddle

Taught me how to love, how to give just a little
Thank God I'm a country boyWell, I got me a fine wife, I got me a fiddle
The sun's comin' up, I got cakes on the griddle
Life ain't nothin' but a funny funny riddle
I thank God I'm a country boy

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