

# 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 boy A 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 boy Well, 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 boy When 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 boy And 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 boy Yeah, 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 boy Well, 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 boy Yeah, 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 boy Well, 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 boy See, 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 boy Well, 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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