

A Country Boy Can Survive

Hank Williams, Jr.

The preacher man says it's the end of time
And the Mississippi River she's a goin' dry
The interest is up and the Stock Markets down
And you only get mugged if you go down town

I live back in the woods, you see
A woman and the kids, and the dogs, and me
I got a shotgun rifle and a 4-wheel drive
And a country boy can survive
Country folks can survive

I can plow a field all day long
I can catch catfish from dusk 'til dawn
We make our own whiskey and our own smoke, too
Ain't too many things these ole boys can't do
We grow good ole tomatoes and homemade wine
And a country boy can survive
Country folks can survive

Because you can't starve us out
And you can't makes us run
'Cause one-of-'em old boys raised on shotgun
And we say grace and we say Ma'am
And if you ain't into that we don't give a damn

We came from the West Virginia coalmines
And the Rocky Mountains and the and the western skies
And we can skin a buck; we can run a trot line
And a country boy can survive
Country folks can survive

I had a good friend in New York City
He never called me by my name, just hillbilly
My grandpa taught me how to live off the land
And his taught him to be a businessman
He used to send me pictures of the Broadway nights
And I'd send him some homemade wine

But he was killed by a man with a switchblade knife
For 43 dollars my friend lost his life

I'd love to spit some beech nut in that dude's eyes
And shoot him with my old 45
'Cause a country boy can survive
Country folks can survive

'Cause you can't starve us out and you can't make us run
'Cause one-of-'em old boys raised on shotgun
And we say grace and we say Ma'am
And if you ain't into that we don't give a damn

We're from North California and south Alabama
And little towns all around this land
And we can skin a buck; we can run a trot line
And a country boy can survive
Country folks can survive

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