Country Boy

Albert Lee

I may look like a city slicker,
Shinin' up through his shoes.
Underneath I'm just a cotton picker,
Pickin' out a mess of blues
Show me where I start.
Find a horse and cart.
I'm just a country boy,
Country boy at heart.
I may look like a bank teller,
Pushing facts in a file.
But I'd rather be a haul collar,
Shooing foot home in style.
Show me where I start.
Find a horse and cart.
I'm just a country boy,
Country boy at heart.
Instrumental.
I may look like a city slicker,
Shinin' up through his shoes.
Underneath I'm just a cotton picker,
Pickin' out a mess of blues.
Show me where I start.
Find a horse and cart.
I'm just a country boy,
Country boy at heart.

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