

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.
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Shinin' up through his shoes.
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