

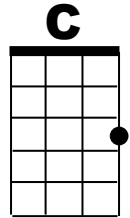
Thank God I'm a Country Boy

John Martin Sommers

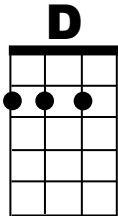
Intro: 4 4 4 2 4
G C G D7 G

Well life on the farm is kinda laid back, Ain't much an old country boy like me can't hack
It's early to rise, early in the sack, thank God.....I'm a country boy.

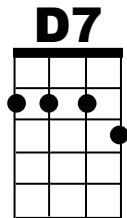
Well a simple kinda life never did me no harm, A raisin' me a family and workin' on a farm,
My days are all filled with an easy country charm.....thank God I'm a country boy.



CHORUS: Well I got a fine wine, an' I got my old 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.

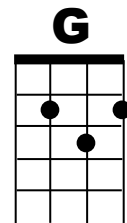
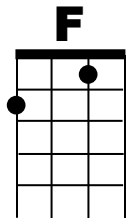


When the work's all done and the sun's settlin' low.....I pull out my fiddle and I rosin up the bow.
The kids are asleep so I keep it kinda low..... thank God I'm a country boy.
I'd play *Sally Goodin* all day if I could, but the wife and my family wouldn't take it very good.
So I fiddle when I can and work when I should.....thank God I'm a country boy.



CHORUS:

Well I wouldn't trade my life for diamonds and jewels, I never was one of those money hungry fools,
I'd rather have my fiddle and my farmin' tools.....thank God I'm a country boy.
Yeah, city folks drivin' in a black limousine, a lotta sad people thinkin' that's mighty keen.
Well folks, let me tell ya now exactly what I mean.....thank God I'm a country boy.



CHORUS:

Well, my fiddle was my daddy's till the day he died, and he took me by the hand and held me by his side
Said, "Live a good life and play the fiddle with pride.....and thank God I'm a country boy.
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 and how to give just a little.....thank God I'm a country boy.

CHORUS: