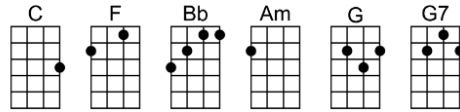


THANK GOD I'M A COUNTRY BOY

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

-John Martin Sommers



Intro: Clap for 8 beats

C F C Bb
Well, life on the farm is kinda laid back, ain't much an old country boy like me can't hack.

C Am G F C G7 C
It's early to rise, early in the sack. Thank God I'm a country boy.

C F C Bb
Well, a simple kind of life never did me no harm, raisin' me a family and workin' on the farm.

C Am G F C G7 C
My days are all filled with an easy country charm. Thank God I'm a country boy.

G7 C
Well, I got me a fine wife, I got me old fiddle.

G7 C
When the sun's comin' up, I got cakes on the griddle.

C Am G F C G7 C
And life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle. Thank God I'm a country boy.

C F C Bb
When the work's all done and the sun's settin' low, I pull out my fiddle and I rosin up the bow.

C Am G F C G7 C
The kids are a-sleep so I keep it kinda low. Thank God I'm a country boy.

C F C Bb
I'd play Sally Goodin all day if I could, but the Lord and my wife wouldn't take it very good.

C Am G F C G7 C
So I fiddle when I can and I work when I should. Thank God I'm a country boy.

G7 C
Well, I got me a fine wife, I got me old fiddle.

G7 C
When the sun's comin' up, I got cakes on the griddle.

C Am G F C G7 C
And life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle. Thank God I'm a country boy.

Instrumental verse (First 4 lines)

p.2. Thank God I'm a Country Boy

C F C Bb
Well, I wouldn't trade my life for diamonds or jewels. I never was one of them money hungry fools.
C Am G F C G7 C
I'd rather have my fiddle and my farmin' tools. Thank God I'm a country boy.

C F C Bb
Yeah, city folk drivin' in a black limou-sine, a lotta sad people thinkin' that's a-mighty keen.
C Am G F C G7 C
Well, son, let me tell you now ex-actly what I mean. Thank God I'm a country boy.

G7 C
Well, I got me a fine wife, I got me old fiddle.
G7 C
When the sun's comin' up, I got cakes on the griddle.
C Am G F C G7 C
And life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle. Thank God I'm a country boy.

C F
Well, my fiddle was my daddy's till the day he died,
C Bb
And he took me by the hand, held me close to his side.
C Am G F C G7 C
He said, "Live a good life and play my fiddle with pride, and thank God you're a country boy.

C F
My Daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to whittle,
C Bb
He taught me how to work and play a tune on the fiddle.
C Am G F C G7 C
He taught me how to love and how to give just a little.....And thank God I'm a country boy.

G7 C
Well, I got me a fine wife, I got me old fiddle.
G7 C
When the sun's comin' up, I got cakes on the griddle.
C Am G F C G7 C
And life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle..Whoo! Thank God I'm a country boy.