

Thank God I'm a Country Boy

John Martin Sommers

G G// C// G F// D7//
Well life on a farm is kind of laid back ain't much an old country boy like me can't hack
G G// C// G D7/ G//
It's early to rise, early in the sack, thank God I'm a country boy
G G// C// G F// D7//
A simple kind a life never did me no harm, raisin' me a family and workin' on a farm
G G// C// G D7/ G//
My days are filled with an easy country charm, thank God I'm a country boy

D G D G
Well I got me a fine wife I got me old fiddle, when the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle
G G// C// G D7/ G//
Life ain't nothin' but a funny funny riddle, thank God I'm a country boy

G G// C// G F// D7//
When the work's all done and the sun's settin' low I pull out my fiddle and I rosin up the bow
G G// C// G D7/ G//
But the kids are sleepin' so I keep it kinda low, thank God I'm a country boy
G G// C// G F// D7//
I'd play Sally Goodin all day if I could but the Lord and my wife wouldn't take it very good
G G// C// G D7/ G//
So I fiddle with I can and I work when I should, thank God I'm a country boy

<Chorus>

G G// C// G F// D7//
I wouldn't trade my life for diamonds or jewels I never was one of them money hungry fools
G G// C// G D7/ G//
I'd rather have my fiddle and my farmin' tools, thank God I'm a country boy
G G// C// G F// D7//
Yeah city folk drivin' in a black limousine, a lotta sad people thinkin' that's a mighty keen
G G// C// G D7/ G//
Well folks let me tell you now exactly what I mean I thank God I'm a country boy

<Chorus>

G G// C// G F// D7//
Well my fiddle was my daddy's till the day he died, he took me by the hand, held me close to his side
G G// C// G D7/ G//
He said "Live a good life and play my fiddle with pride, and thank God you're a country boy"
G G// C//
My daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to whittle
G F// D7//
He taught me how to work and play a tune on the fiddle
G G// C// G D7/ G//
He taught me how to live and how to give just a little. Thank God I'm a country boy

<Chorus>

