

Hank

Williams Jr

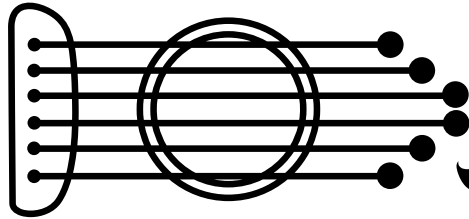
THE PREACHER MAN SAYS

IT'S THE END OF TIME AND THE
MISSISSIPPI RIVER, SHE'S A GOING DRY THE
INTEREST IS UP AND THE STOCK MARKETS DOWN
AND YOU ONLY GET MUGGED IF YOU GO DOWNTOWN I

LIVE BACK IN THE

WOODS, YOU SEE MY WOMAN AND THE KIDS AND THE DOGS AND ME I GOT A SHOTGUN AND A
RIFLE AND A FOUR WHEEL DRIVE AND A COUNTRY BOY CAN SURVIVE, COUNTRY FOLKS CAN SURVIVE I
CAN PLOW A FIELD ALL DAY LONG I CAN CATCH CATFISH FROM DUSK 'TIL DAWN MAKE OUR OWN
WHISKEY AND OUR OWN SMOKE TOO AIN'T TOO MANY THINGS THESE OLD BOYS CAN'T DO WE GROW GOOD
OLD TOMATOES AND HOMEMADE WINE AND COUNTRY BOY CAN SURVIVE, COUNTRY FOLKS CAN SURVIVE
BECAUSE YOU CAN'T STARVE US OUT AND YOU CAN'T MAKE US RUN 'CAUSE WE'RE THEM OL' BOYS RAISED ON

SHOTGUNS WE SAY GRACE AND WE SAY MA'AM AND IF
YOU AIN'T INTO THAT, WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN WE CAME
FROM THE WEST VIRGINIA COAL MINES AND THE ROCKY
MOUNTAINS AND THE WESTERN SKIES AND WE CAN SKIN
A BUCK, WE CAN RUN A TROT LINE AND A COUNTRY BOY
CAN SURVIVE, COUNTRY FOLKS CAN SURVIVE I HAD A
GOOD FRIEND IN NEW YORK CITY HE NEVER CALLED ME
BY MY NAME JUST HILLBILLY MY GRANDPA TAUGHT ME
HOW TO LIVE OFF THE LAND AND HIS TAUGHT HIM TO BE



A BUSINESS MAN HE USED TO SEND ME PICTURES OF THE BROADWAY NIGHTS AND I'D SEND HIM SOME
HOMEMADE WINE BUT HE WAS KILLED BY A MAN WITH A SWITCHBLADE KNIFE FOR FORTY THREE DOLLARS,
MY FRIEND LOST HIS LIFE I'D LOVE TO SPIT SOME BEECHNUT IN THAT DUDES EYES AND SHOOT HIM WITH MY
OL' .45 'CAUSE A COUNTRY BOY CAN SURVIVE COUNTRY FOLKS CAN SURVIVE 'CAUSE YOU CAN'T STARVE
US OUT AND YOU CAN'T MAKE US RUN AND WE'RE THEM OL' BOYS RAISED ON SHOTGUN WE SAY GRACE,
WE SAY MA'AM IF YOU AIN'T INTO THAT, WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN WE'RE FROM NORTH CALIFORNIA
AND SOUTH ALABAMA AND LITTLE TOWNS ALL AROUND

THIS LAND WE CAN

SKIN A BUCK AND RUN A TROT LINE AND A COUNTRY
BOY CAN SURVIVE, COUNTRY FOLKS CAN

SURVIVE COUNTRY BOY CAN SURVIVE,

COUNTRY FOLKS CAN

SURVIVE

A Country Boy Can Survive

