

# Thank God I'm a Country Boy

## Verse 1:

<sup>A</sup>  
Well life on a farm is kinda laid back

<sup>A</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
Ain't much an old country boy like me can't hack

<sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
It's early to rise, early in the sack

<sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
Thank God I'm a country boy

<sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
A simple kind of life never did me no harm

<sup>A</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Raisin' me a family and workin' on a farm

<sup>A</sup> <sup>F#m</sup> <sup>E</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
My days are all filled with an easy country charm

<sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
Thank God I'm a country boy

## Chorus:

<sup>E</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
Well I got me a fine wife, I got me old fiddle

<sup>E</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle

<sup>A</sup> <sup>F#m</sup> <sup>E</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
And life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle

<sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
Thank God I'm a country boy

## Verse 2:

When the work's all done and the sun's settin' low

I pull out my fiddle and I rosin' up the bow

But 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 lord and my wife wouldn't take it very good

So I fiddle when I can and I work when I should

Thank God I'm a country boy

## Chorus:

Well I got me a fine wife, I got me old fiddle

When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle

And life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle

Thank God I'm a country boy

### Verse 3:

A D  
I wouldn't trade my life for diamonds or jewels  
A G D  
I never was one of them money-hungry fools  
A F#m E D  
I'd rather have my fiddle and my farmin' tools  
A E7 A  
Thank God I'm a country boy

A D  
Yeah city folk drivin' in a black limousine  
A G E  
A lotta sad people thinkin' that's mighty keen  
A F#m E D  
Well, son let me tell you now exactly what I mean  
A E A  
I thank God I'm a country boy

### Chorus:

E A  
Well I got me a fine wife, I got me old fiddle  
E A  
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle  
A F#m E D  
And life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle  
A E A  
Thank God I'm a country boy

## Verse 4:

Well, my fiddle was my daddy's till the day he died

And he took me by the hand and held me close to his side

He said: "Live a good life and play my fiddle with pride

And thank God you're a country boy

My daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to whittle

He taught me how to work and play a tune on the fiddle

He taught me how to love and how to give just a little

Spoken: Thank God I'm a country boy

## Chorus:

Well I got me a fine wife, I got me old fiddle

When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle

And life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle

Thank God I'm a country boy Yeehaw!

