

Thank God I'm a Country Boy C - John Denver

<http://www.kanikapila.us/lyrics.html>

Well [G]life's on a farm is kinda laid [C]back,
ain't [G]much an old country boy like [D7]me can't hack.
It's [G]early to rise, early in the [C]sack:
Thank [G]God I'm a [D7]country [G]boy.

A [G]simple kind of life never did me no [C]harm,
[G]raisin' me a family and [D7]workin' on a farm.
My [G]days are all filled with an easy country [C]charm:
Thank [G]God I'm a [D7]country [G]boy.

Chorus

*Well I [D7]got me a fine wife, I [G]got me old fiddle.
When the [D7]sun's comin' up I got [G]cakes on the griddle;
and life ain't [G]nothin' but a funny, funny [C]riddle:
Thank [G]God I'm a [D7]country boy [G]*

When [G]the work's all done and the sun's settin' [C]low
[G]I pull out my fiddle and I [D7]rosin' up the bow.
But [G]the kids are asleep so I keep it kinda [C]low:
Thank [G]God I'm a [D7]country [G]boy.

I'd [G]play "Sally Goodin'" all day if I [C]could,
but the [G]lord and my wife wouldn't [D7]take it very good.
So I [G]fiddle when I can and I work when I [C]should:
Thank [G]God I'm a [D7]country [G]boy.

(Chorus)

I [G]wouldn't trade my life for diamonds or [C]jewels,
[G]I never was one of them [D7]money hungry fools.
I'd [G]rather have my fiddle and my farmin' [C]tools:
Thank [G]God I'm a [D7]country [G]boy.

Yeah, [G]city folk drivin in a black limou[C]sine,
a [G]lotta sad people thinkin' [D7]that's mighty keen.
Well, [G]folks let me tell you now exactly what I [C]mean:
Thank [G]God I'm a [D7]country [G]boy.

(Chorus)

Well, [G]my fiddle was my daddy's till the day he [C]died,
[G]and he took me by the hand and held me [D7]close to his side.
He said: [G]"Live a good life and play my fiddle with [C]pride,
And thank [G]God I'm a [D7]country [G]boy.

My [G]daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to [C]whittle,
[G]he taught me how to work and play a [D7]tune on the fiddle.
He [G]taught me how to love and how to give just a [C]little:
Thank [G]God I'm a [D7]country [G]boy.

(Chorus)

