

Thank God I'm a Country boy

John Denver, written by John Martin Summers

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

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

Chorus: =====

Well I got me a fine wife, I got me old fiddle. AE
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle AE
and life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle AD
Thank God I'm a country boy. AEA

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

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

(Chorus)

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

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

(Chorus)

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

he taught me how to work and play a tune on the fiddle.
My daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to whittle,
He taught me how to love and how to give just a little:
Thank God you're a country boy

(Chorus)