

# Thank God I'm a Country Boy

John Denver

Well life on the farm is kinda laid back  
Ain't much an old country boy like me can't hack  
It's early to rise, early in the sack  
Thank God I'm a country boy Well a simple kinda life never did me no harm  
A 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 Well I got me a fine wife I got me old fiddle  
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle  
Life ain't nothin' but a funny funny riddle  
Thank God I'm a country boy When the work's all done and the sun's settin' low  
I pull out my fiddle and I rosin up the bow  
The kids are asleep so I keep it kinda low  
And 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, work when I should  
And thank God I'm a country boy Well I got me a fine wife I got me old fiddle  
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle  
Life ain't nothin' but a funny funny riddle  
Thank God I'm a country boy, whoo hoo! (Music) Well I wouldn't trade my life for diamonds or  
jewels  
I never was one of them money hungry fools  
Rather have my fiddle and my farmin' tools  
Thank God I'm a country boy Yeah, city folk drivin' in a black limousine  
A lotta sad people thinkin' that's a-mighty keen  
Son, let me tell ya now exactly what I mean  
Thank God I'm a country boy  
Well I got me a fine wife I got me old fiddle  
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle  
Life ain't nothin' but a funny funny riddle  
Thank God I'm a country boy, yes sir! (Music) Well, my fiddle was my daddy's till the day he  
died  
And he took me by the hand, held me close to his side  
Said, "Live a good life, play the fiddle with pride  
and thank God you're a country boy" Well my daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to  
whittle  
Taught me how to work and play a tune on the fiddle  
Taught me how to love and how to give just a little--  
And thank God I'm a country boy Well I got me a fine wife I got me old fiddle  
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle  
Life ain't nothin' but a funny funny riddle

Whoo! Thank God I'm a country boy, yeah!

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>