

# Billy Dean, Thank God I'm A Country Boy

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 a fiddle  
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle  
Life ain't nothin' but a funy funny riddle  
Thank God I'm a country boy

When the work's all done and the sun's settlin' low  
I pull out my fiddle and I rosin up the bow  
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 could, work when I should  
Thank God I'm a country boy

Well I got me a fine wife I got me a fiddle  
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle  
Life ain't nothin' but a funy funny riddle  
Thank God I'm a country boy

Well I wouldn't trade my life for diamonds and 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 limousine  
A lotta sad people thinkin' that's 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 a fiddle  
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle  
Life ain't nothin' but a funy funny riddle  
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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  
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  
Taught me how to work and play a tune on the fiddle  
Taught me how to love and how to give just a little  
Thank God I'm a country boy

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