

Hank Williams, Jr., A Country Boy Can Survive

The preacher man says it's the end of time
And the Mississippi River she's a goin' dry
The interest is up and the Stock Markets down
And you only get mugged
If you go down town

I live back in the woods, you see
A woman and the kids, and the dogs and me
I got a shotgun, a rifle, and a 4-wheel drive
And a country boy can survive
Country folks can survive

I can plow a field all day long
I can catch catfish from dusk till dawn
We make our own whiskey and our own smoke too
Ain't too many things these ole boys can't do
We grow good ole tomatoes and homemade wine
And a country boy can survive
Country folks can survive

Because you can't starve us out
And you cant makes us run
Cause one-of- em old boys raisin ole shotgun
And we say grace and we say Ma'am
And if you ain't into that we don't give a damn

We came from the West Virginia coal mines
And the Rocky Mountains and the and the western skies
And we can skin a buck; we can run a trot line
And a country boy can survive
Country folks can survive

I had a good friend in New York City
He never called me by my name, just hillbilly
My grandpa taught me how to live off the land
And his taught him to be a businessman
He used to send me pictures of the Broadway nights
And I'd send him some homemade wine

But he was killed by a man with a switchblade knife
For 43 dollars my friend lost his life
Id love to spit some beechnut in that dudes eyes
And shoot him with my old 45
Cause a country boy can survive
Country folks can survive

Cause you can't starve us out and you can't make us run
Cause one-of- em old boys raisin ole shotgun
And we say grace and we say Ma'am
And if you ain't into that we don't give a damn

We're from North California and south Alabam
And little towns all around this land
And we can skin a buck; we can run a trot line
And a country boy can survive
Country folks can survive