

# 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