

# Don Williams, Lord Have Mercy On A Country Boy

Well I grew up wild and free  
Walkin' these fields in my bare feet  
There wasn't no place I couldn't go  
With a twenty-two rifle and a fishing pole

CHORUS:

Well I live in the city but don't fit in  
You know its a pity the shape I'm in  
Well I got no home and I got no choice  
Oh Lord, have mercy on a country boy  
When I was young I remember well  
I'd hunt the wild turkey and the bob-white quail  
The river was clear and deep back then  
And fishin' lines tied to the willow limb  
Well they dammed the river, they dammed the stream  
They cut down the cypress and the sweet gum trees  
There's a laundra' mat and a barber shop  
And now the whole meadow is a parkin' lot