

Josh Turner, Lord Have Mercy On A Country Boy

Well, I grew up wild and free
Walkin' these fields in my barefeet
There wasn't no place I couldn't go
With a .22 rifle and a fishin' pole

Well, I live in the city but don't fit in
You know it's 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 bobwhite quail
The river was clear and deep back then
Had fishin' lines tied to the willow limb

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Well, I got no home and I got no choice
Oh, Lord, have mercy on a country boy

[Instrumental]

Well, they damned the river, they damned the stream
They cut down the Cyprus and the Sweetgum trees
There's a laundromat and a barbershop
And now the whole meadow is a parking lot

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