

Tom T. Hall, Country Cabin Itis

I have been to New York City I have traveled there in style
It's a big convenient city but there ain't no country miles
I have put my hand inside the hands of men who could not see
What the singing of a bluebird means to me
I got that country cabin itis in my soul
It will comfort me in trouble be my friend when I am old
I have got to bring my country brothers back into the fold
I got that country cabin itis in my soul

Old wood burn stove fried chicken warm linoleum on the floor
Sunday preaching Monday cursing and the girl that lives next door
I have done some heavy thinking I have suffered with the load
Just like running barefoot down the gravel road
I got that country cabin itis in my soul...

I have known myself when others never knew me much at all
Sometimes it was the gettin' up that hurt more than the fall
I am not concerned with money I am not concerned with toys
It may tell you Jesus was a country boy
I got that country cabin itis in my soul...
Got that country cabin itis in my soul...