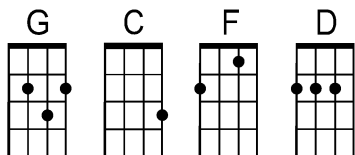


Thank God I'm a Country Boy (Key of G)

by John Martin Sommers



Well, life on the farm is kinda laid back, Ain't much a country boy like me can't hack
G . . . C G . . . F D

It's early to rise, early in the sack, thank God I'm a country boy.
G . . . C G . . . F D

A simple kind of life never did me no harm, raisin' me a family and livin' on the farm,
G . . . C G . . . F D

My days are all filled with an easy country charm, thank God I'm a country boy.

Chorus: Well, I got me a fine wife, I got my old fiddle
D . . . G . . .
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle,
D . . . G . . .
Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle, thank God I'm a country boy.
. . . C . . . G D G .

When the work's all done and the sun's settin' low, I pull out my fiddle and rosin up the bow.
G . . . C G . . . F D

But the kids are a-sleep so I keep it kinda low, thank God I'm a country boy.
G . . . C G . . . F D

I'd play "Sally Goodin" all day if I could but the wife and my family wouldn't take it very good
G . . . C G . . . F D
So I fiddle when I can and I work when I should, thank God I'm a country boy.
G . . . C G . . . F D

Chorus: Well, I got me a fine wife, I got my old fiddle
D . . . G . . .
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle,
D . . . G . . .
Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle, thank God I'm a country boy.
. . . C . . . G D G .

Well I wouldn't trade my life for diamonds or jewels, I never was one of those money hungry fools,
G . . . C G . . . F D

I'd rather have my fiddle and my farmin' tools, thank God I'm a country boy.
G . . . C G . . . F D

Yeah, city folks drivin' in a black lim-ou-sine, a lotta sad people think that's mighty keen
G . . . C G . . . F D

Well, folks, let me tell you ex-act-ly what I mean, thank God I'm a country boy

Chorus: Well, I got me a fine wife, I got my old fiddle
D . . . G . . .
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle,
D . . . G . . .
Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle, thank God I'm a country boy.
. . . C . . . G D G .

Well my fiddle was my daddy's till the day he died, and took me by the hand and held me close to his side
G . . . C G . . . F D

He said, "Live a good life, play my fiddle with pride, and thank God you're a country boy."
G . . . C G . . . F D

G . . C G . F D
My daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to whittle, he taught me how to work and play a tune of the fiddle
G . . C G D G .
He taught me how to love and how to give just a little , thank God I'm a country boy.

Chorus: D . G .
Well, I got me a fine wife, I got my old fiddle
D . G .
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle,
. . C . . G D G/D\G\
Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle, (whoohoo!) thank God I'm a country boy.

San Jose Ukulele Club