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
It's early to rise, early in the sack,
Thank God I'm a country boy.

A simple kind of life never did me no harm,
Raisin' me a family and livin' on the farm,
My days are all filled with an easy country charm,
Thank God I'm a country boy.

Chorus:
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle,
Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle,
Thank God I'm a country boy.

When the work's all done and the sun's settin' low,
I pull out my fiddle and rosin up the bow.
But the kids are a-sleep so I keep it kinda low,
Thank God I'm a country boy.

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

Chorus

Well I wouldn't trade my life for diamonds or jewels,
I never was one of those money hungry fools,
I'd rather have my fiddle and my farmin' tools,
Thank God I'm a country boy.

Yeah, city folks drivin' in a black lim-ou-sine, a lotta sad people think that's mighty keen
Well, folks, let me tell you ex-act-ly what I mean,
Thank God I'm a country boy.

Chorus

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

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
He taught me how to love and how to give just a little,
Thank God I'm a country boy.