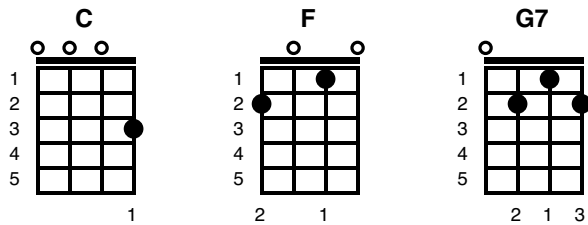


Thank God I'm A Country Boy

John Denver



Acapella with clapping

Well life on the farm is kinda laid back
Ain't much an old country boy like me can't hack
It's early to rise, early in the sack
Thank God I'm a country boy

Well I got me a fine wife, I got me a fiddle
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle
Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle

No claps C C
Thank God I'm a country boy

C F
Well a simple kinda life never did me no harm

C G7
A raisin' me a family and workin' on a farm

C F
My days are all filled with an easy country charm

C G7 C C
Thank God I'm a country boy

C F
When the work's all done and the sun's setting low

C G7
I pull out my fiddle and I rosin up the bow

C F
The kids are asleep so I keep it kinda low

C G7 C C
Thank God I'm a country boy

Well, I got me a fine wife, I got me old fiddle
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

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

Yeah, city folk drivin' in a black limousine
A lotta sad people thinkin' that's a-mighty keen
Son, let me tell you exactly what I mean
Thank God I'm a country boy

Well, I got me a fine wife, I got me old fiddle
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

Well, my fiddle was my daddy's 'til the day he died
He took me by the hand, 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."

Well, I got me a fine wife, I got me old fiddle
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
Thank God I'm a country boy