

Thank God I'm a Country boy
John Denver written by John Martin Summers

I A **I D** **I A** **I G** **E7** **I**
Well life's on a farm I s kinda laid back Ain't much an old country boy like me can hack
I A **I D** **I A** **E7** **I A** **I**
It's early to rise early in the sack Thank God I'm a country boy
I A **I D** **I A** **I G** **E7** **I**
A simple kind of life never did me no harm Raisin' me a family and workin' on a farm
I A **I D** **I A** **E7** **I A** **I**
My days are all filled with an easy country charm Thank God I'm a country boy

CH **I E7** **I A** **I E7** **I A** **I**
Well I got me a fine wife I got me old fiddle When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle
I A **I A** **D** **I D** **I A** **E7** **I**
and life ain't nothin' but a funny funny riddle Thank God I'm a country boy
I A **I**

I A **I D** **I A** **I G** **E7** **I**
When the work's all done and the sun's settin' low I pull out my fiddle and I rosin' up the bow
I A **I D** **I A** **E7** **I A** **I**
But the kids are asleep so I keep it kinda low Thank God I'm a country boy
I A **I D** **I A** **I G** **E7** **I**
I'd play Sally Goodin' all day if I could But the lord and my wife wouldn't take it very good
I A **I D** **I A** **E7** **I A** **I**
So I fiddle when I can and I work when I should Thank God I'm a country boy

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I A **I D** **I A** **I G** **E7** **I**
I wouldn't trade my life for diamonds or jewels I never was one of them money hungry fools
I A **I D** **I A** **E7** **I A** **I**
I'd rather have my fiddle and my farmin' tools Thank God I'm a country boy
I A **I D** **I A** **I G** **E7** **I**
Yeah city folk drivin in a black limousine A lotta sad people thinkin' that's mighty keen
I A **I D** **I A** **E7** **I A** **I**
Well folks let me tell you now Exactly what I mean I thank God I'm a country boy

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I A **I D** **I A** **I G** **E7** **I**
Well my fiddle was my daddy's till the day he died and he took me by the hand and held me close to his side
I A **I D** **I A** **E7** **I A** **I**
He said Live a good life & play my fiddle with pride and thank God you're a country boy
I A **I D** **I A** **I G** **E7** **I**
My daddy taught me young how to hunt & how to whittle He taught me how to work and play a tune on the fiddle
I A **I D** **I A** **E7** **I A** **I**
He taught me how to love and how to give just a little Thank God you're a country boy

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