

Thank God I'm a Country Boy

John Denver

Well [G] life on the farm is kinda laid [C] back
Ain't [G] much an old country boy like [F] me can't [D7] hack
It's [G] early to rise and early in the [C] sack
Thank [G] God I'm a [D7] country [G] boy
A simple kind of life never did me no [C] harm
Raisin' [G] me a family and [F] livin' on the [D7] farm
My [G] days are all filled with an easy country [C] charm
Thank [G] God I'm a [D7] country [G] boy

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

When the work's all done and the sun is settin' [C] low
I [G] pull out my fiddle and I [F] rosin up the [D7] bow
But the [G] kids are asleep so I keep it kinda [C] low
Thank [G] God I'm a [D7] country [G] boy
I'd play "Sally Goodin" all day if I [C] could
But the [G] Lord and my family wouldn't [F] take it very [D7] good
So I [G] fiddle when I can and I work when I [C] should
Thank [G] God I'm a [D7] country [G] boy

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

Well I wouldn't trade my life for diamonds or [C] jewels
I [G] never was one of them money [F] hungry [D7] fools
I'd [G] rather have my fiddle and my farmin' [C] tools
Thank [G] God I'm a [D7] country [G] boy
Yeah, city folks drivin' in a black limou[C]sine
A [G] lotta sad people think "that's [F] mighty [D7] keen"
Well folks, let me tell you exactly what I [C] mean
Thank [G] God I'm a [D7] country [G] boy

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

Well my fiddle was my daddy's 'til the day he [C] died
And he [G] took me by the hand and held me [F] close to his [D7] side
He said, [G] "Live a good life, play my fiddle with [C] pride
And thank [G] God you're a [D] country [G] boy"
My daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to [C] whittle
He [G] taught me how to work and play a [F] tune on the [D7] fiddle
He [G] taught me how to love and how to give just a [C] little
Thank [G] God I'm a [D7] country [G] boy

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