

D Am
 The preacher man says its the end of time
 G D A
 And the Mississippi River shes a goin dry
 D Am
 The interest is up and the stock markets down
 G D A
 And you only get mugged if you go down town
 D Am
 I live back in the woods you see
 G D A
 My woman and the kids and the dogs and me
 D Am
 I got a shotgun a rifle and a four wheel drive
 G Am D
 And a country boy can survive
 Am G D
 Country folks can survive

D Am
 I can plow a field all day long
 G D A
 I can catch catfish from dusk till dawn
 D Am
 We make our own whiskey and our own smoke too -|
 G D A
 Ain't too many things these ole boys can't do
 D Am
 We grow good ole tomatoes and homemade wine
 G Am D
 And a country boy can survive
 Am G D
 Country folks can survive

G F
 Because you can't starve us out and you can't make us run
 C G
 Cause when them ole boy raised on shotgun
 G F
 We say grace and we say ma'am
 C G
 If you ain't into that we don't give a damn

D Am
 We came from the West Virginia coal mines
 G D A

And the Rocky Mountains and the Western Skies

D Am

And we can skin a buck we can run a trot line

G Am D

And a country boy can survive

Am G D

Country folks can survive

D Am
I had a good friend in New York City

G D A

He never called me by my name just HillBilly

D Am

My GrandPa taught me to live off the land

G D A

And his taught him to be a business man

D Am

He used to send me pictures of the Broadway Night

G D A

And I'd send him some homemade wine

D Am

But he was killed by a man with a switch blade knife

G D A

For forty three dollars my friend lost his life

D Am

I'd love to spit some Beechnut in that dudes eye

G D

And shoot em' with my ole 45

G Am D

Cause a country boy can survive

Am G D

Country folks can survive

G F
Because you can't starve us out and you can't make us run

C G

Cause when them ole boy raised on shotgun

G F

We say grace and we say ma'am

C G

If you ain't into that we don't give a damn

D Am
Were from North California and South Alabam

G D

And little towns all around this land

D

Am

And we can skin a buck and run a trot line

G

Am

D

And a country boy can survive

Am

G

D

Country folks can survive

(Repeat and Fade)