

Thank God I'm A Country Boy by John Denver

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

CHORUS

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

MUSIC BEGINS

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

Repeat Chorus

Instrumental x 2

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

A D
Yeah city folk drivin' in a black limousine
A G E
A lotta sad people thinkin' that's mighty keen
A E D
Well, son let me tell you now exactly what I mean
A E A
I thank God I'm a country boy

Repeat Chorus

Instrumental x 2

A D
Well, my fiddle was my daddy's till the day he died
A G E
And he took me by the hand and held me close to his side
A E D
He said: "Live a good life and play my fiddle with pride
A E A
And thank God you're a country boy

A D
My daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to whittle
A G E
He taught me how to work and play a tune on the fiddle
A E D
He taught me how to love and how to give just a little
A E A
Spoken: Thank God I'm a country boy