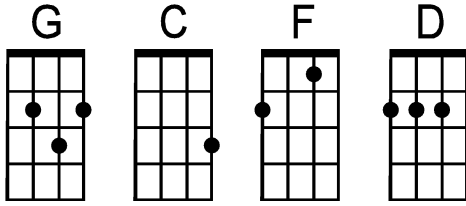


Thank God I'm a Country Boy (Key of G)

by John Martin Sommers (1974)



(2/4 time with brief changes to 3/4)

Song notes: to play in original key (A) capo or tune up 2 half steps.

John Denver's version has the first verse as a tacet (no playing) with a 'stomp clap stomp clap' beat.

(sing b)

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 the simple kind of life never did me no harm, raisin' me a family and workin' on the farm

My days are all filled with an easy country charm— thank God I'm a country boy

Chorus: Well, I got me a fine wife, I got my 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

When the work's all done and the sun's settin' low, I pull out my fiddle and rosin up the bow

The kids are a-sleep so I keep it kinda low— thank God I'm a country boy

I'd play "Sally Goodin" all day if I could but the Lord and my wife wouldn't take it very good

So I fiddle when I can work when I should— thank God I'm a country boy

Chorus: Well, I got me a fine wife, I got my 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 *Wa-hoo!*

Instr: G . | . C | G . | F D | G . | . C . | G D | G .

|G . | . C |G . |F D
 I wouldn't trade my life for diamonds or jewels, I never was one of those money hungry fools
 |G . | . C . |G D |G .
 I'd rather have my fiddle and my farmin' tools— thank God I'm a country boy

|G . | . C |G . |F D
 Yeah, city folk drivin' in a black lim-ou-sine, a lotta sad people think that's-a mighty keen
 |G . | . C . |G D |G .
 So let me tell you ex-act-ly what I mean— thank God I'm a country boy

Chorus: |D . |G .
 Well, I got me a fine wife, I got my old fiddle

|D . |G . |
 When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle

|G . | . C . |G D |G .
 Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle— thank God I'm a country boy *Yes sir!*

|G . | . C |G . |F D
 My fiddle was my daddy's till the day he died, he took me by the hand, held me close to his side
 |G . | . C . |G D |G .
 Said, "Live a good life, play my fiddle with pride— and thank God you're a country boy

|G . | . C |
 Well, my daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to whittle

G . |F D |
 Taught me how to work and play a tune on the fiddle

G . | . C\ (hold) |G D |G .
 Taught me how to love and how to give just a little— thank God I'm a country boy

Chorus: |D . |G .
 Well, I got me a fine wife, I got my old fiddle

|D . |G . |
 When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle

|G . | . C\ (hold) |G D |G .
 Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle— thank God I'm a country boy

. |G D |G\ D\ G\
 Yeah, thank God I'm a country boy!