

Thank God Im A Country Boy
John Denver

Thank God Iâ€™m A Country Boy
By John Denver

Presented by Boumar55

Bb scale **Bb** **Eb** **F**

(Verse 1)

Bb

Well life on the farm is kinda laid back

F

Aint much an old country boy like me cant hack

Bb

Eb

Its early to rise, early in the sack

F

Bb

Thank God Im a country boy

Bb

Well a simple kinda life never did me no harm

F

A raisin me a family and workin on a farm

Bb

Eb

My days are all filled with an easy country charm

F

Bb

Thank God Im a country boy

(Chorus)

F

Bb

Well I got me a fine wife I got me a fiddle

F

Bb

When the suns comin up I got cakes on the griddle

Eb

Life aint nothin but a funy funny riddle

F

Bb

Thank God Im a country boy

(Verse 2)

Bb

When the works all done and the suns settlin low

F

I pull out my fiddle and I rosin up the bow

Bb

Eb

The kids are asleep so I keep it kinda low

F

Bb

Thank God Im a country boy

Bb

Id play Sally Goodin all day if I could

F

But the lord and my wife wouldnt take it very good

Bb

Eb

So I fiddle when I could, work when I should

F

Bb

Thank God Im a country boy

(Chorus)

F

Bb

Well I got me a fine wife I got me a fiddle

F

Bb

When the suns comin up I got cakes on the griddle

Eb

Life aint nothin but a funy funny riddle

F

Bb

Thank God Im a country boy

Bb

Well I wouldnt trade my life for diamonds and jewels

F

I never was one of them money hungry fools

Bb

Eb

Id rather have my fiddle and my farmin tools

F

Bb

Thank God Im a country boy

Bb

Yeah, city folk drivin in a black limousine

F

A lotta sad people thinkin thats mighty keen

Bb

Eb

Son, let me tell ya now exactly what I mean

F

Bb

Thank God Im a country boy

(Chorus)

F

Bb

Well I got me a fine wife I got me a fiddle

F

Bb

When the suns comin up I got cakes on the griddle

Eb

Life aint nothin but a funy funny riddle

F

Bb

Thank God Im a country boy

Bb

Well, my fiddle was my daddys till the day he died

F
And he took me by the hand and held me close to his side

Bb **Eb**
Said, live a good life and play my fiddle with pride

F **Bb**
And thank God youre a country boy

Bb
My daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to whittle

F
Taught me how to work and play a tune on the fiddle

Bb **Eb**
Taught me how to love and how to give just a little

F **Bb**
Thank God Im a country boy

(Chorus)

F **Bb**
Well I got me a fine wife I got me a fiddle

F **Bb**
When the suns comin up I got cakes on the griddle

Eb
Life aint nothin but a funy funny riddle

F **Bb**
Thank God Im a country boy