

THANK GOD I'M A COUNTRY BOY

Written by John Martin Sommers / Performed by John Denver

[Verse 1]

G C

Well, life on a farm is kinda laid back

G F C

Ain't much an old country boy like me can't hack

G D C

It's early to rise, early in the sack

G D G

Thank God I'm a country boy

[Verse 2]

G C

A simple kind of life never did me no harm

G F C

Raisin' me a family and workin' on a farm

G Em D C

My days are all filled with an easy country charm

G D G

Thank God I'm a country boy

[Chorus]

D G

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

D G

When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle

G Em D C

And life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle

G D G

Thank God I'm a country boy

[Verse 3]

G C
When the work's all done and the sun's settin' low
G F C
I pull out my fiddle and I rosin' up the bow
G Em D C
But the kids are asleep so I keep it kinda low
G D G
Thank God I'm a country boy

[Verse 4]

G C
I'd play "Sally Goodin" all day if I could
G F C
But the lord and my wife wouldn't take it very good
G Em D C
So I fiddle when I can and I work when I should
G D G
Thank God I'm a country boy

[Chorus]

D G
Well, I got me a fine wife, I got me old fiddle
D G
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle
G Em D7 C
And life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle
G D G
Thank God I'm a country boy

[Solo]

G C
G F C
G Em D C C
G D G
G C
G F C
G Em D C C
G D G

[Verse 5]

G C
Well, I wouldn't trade my life for diamonds or jewels
G F C
I never was one of them money hungry fools
G Em D C
I'd rather have my fiddle and my farming tools
G D G
Thank God I'm a country boy

[Verse 6]

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

[Chorus]

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

[Solo]

G C
G F C
G Em D C C
G D G
G C
G F C
G Em D C C
G D G

[Verse 7]

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

[Verse 8]

G C
My daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to whittle
G F C
He taught me how to work and play a tune on the fiddle
G Em D7 C
He taught me how to love and how to give just a little
G D G
Thank God I'm a country boy

[Chorus]

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

[Outro]

G C
G F C
G Em D C C
G D G G