

COUNTRY BOY

[C] Now, I am just a simple guy
But there's [F] one thing sure as [C] shootin'
I [F] hate those folks that [C] think that they're
So [D] daburn high fa-[G] lut-in
I'd [C] be the same in Hollywood
Or [F] right in my own [C] kitchen
I [F] believe in fussin' [C] when you're mad
And [G] scratchin' when you're [C] itchin'.

CHORUS

[C] I'm a plain, old country boy
A [F] corn-bread lovin' [C] country boy
[F] I raise cain on [C] Saturday
But I [D] go to church on [G] Sunday
I'm a [C] plain, old country boy
(A [F] 'tater-eatin' [C] country boy
I'll be [F] lookin' over that [C] old grey mule
When the [G] sun comes up on [C] Monday.

[C] Where I came from, opportunities,
They [F] never were too [C] good
We [F] never had much [C] money,
But we [D] done the best we [G] could
Ma [C] doctored me from youngin-hood,
On [F] Epson salts and [C] Iodine
Made my [F] diapers out of [C] old feed sacks,
My [G] suspenders out of [C] plow lines.

CHORUS

[C] Every time the preacher called,
Ma [F] always fixed a [C] chicken
If [F] I'd reach for a [C] drumstick,
I was [D] sure to get a [G] lickin'
She [C] always saved two parts for me,
But I [F] had to shut my [C] mouth
T'was the [F] gizzard and the [C] North end
Of a [G] chicken flyin' [C] South.

CHORUS