

Thank God I'm a Country Boy  
John Denver

[Verse 1]

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  
I thank God I'm a country boy  
Well, a 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 me 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

[Verse 2]

When the work's all done and the sun's settin' low  
I pull out my fiddle and I rosin' up the bow  
Kids are asleep so I keep it kinda low  
And thank God I'm a country boy  
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 F#m E D  
So I fiddle when I can and I work when I should  
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  
F#m E D  
Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle  
A E A  
Thank God I'm a country boy , woo!

[Verse 3]

A A D  
Well, I wouldn't trade my life for diamonds or a jewels  
A G E  
I never was one of them money hungry fools  
A F#m E D  
I'd rather have my fiddle and my farmin' tools  
A E A  
Thank God I'm a country boy  
D  
Yeah, city folk drivin' in a black limousine  
A G E  
A lotta sad people thinkin' that'sa mighty keen  
A F#m E D  
Son, let me tell you now exactly what I mean  
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  
F#m E D  
Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle

A E A  
Thank God I'm a country boy

[Verse 4]

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

D  
Well, my daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to whittle  
A G E  
Taught me how to work and play a tune on the fiddle  
A F#m E D  
He taught me how to love and how to give just a little  
A E A  
And 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  
F#m E D  
Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle  
Thank God I'm a country boy , yes!

[Outro]

A E A D  
E A E A