

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