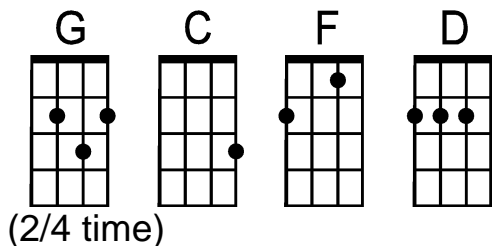# Thank God I'm a Country Boy (Key of G)

by John Martin Sommers

G   C   F   D

(2/4 time)

Song notes: to play in original key (A) capo or tune up 2 half steps.
John Denver's version has the first verse as a tacet (no playing) with a 'stomp clap stomp clap' beat.

(sing b)

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      |G         .    | .      C    |G         .          |F       D
Well, life on the farm is  kinda laid back, ain't  much an old country boy like me can't  hack
      |G      .  | .       C   .   |G       D     |G    .
It's early to rise,   early in the sack— thank God I'm a country boy
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         |G          .     | .      C  |G         .        |F          D
Well the simple kind of life never did me no harm,  raisin' me a family and workin' on the farm
      |G          .       | .        C    .   |G      D     |G    .
My days are all filled with an  easy country charm— thank God I'm a country boy
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Chorus: |D   . |G   .
        Well, I got me a fine wife, I got my old fiddle
                    |D   . |G   . |
        When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle
        G   . | .   C   . |G   D |G   .
        Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle— thank God I'm a country boy

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         |G         .      | .        C  |G          .       |F          D
When the work's all done and the sun's settin' low, I  pull out my fiddle and rosin up the bow
      |G          .       | .       C   .   |G      D     |G    .
The kids are a-sleep so I  keep it kinda low— thank God I'm a country boy
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```
   |G        .      | .     C    |G          .           |F         D
I'd play "Sally Goodin" all day if I  could but the Lord and my wife wouldn't  take it very good
      |G       .  | .        C    .   |G      D     |G    .
So I  fiddle when I can    work when I should— thank God I'm a country boy
```

Chorus: |D   . |G   .
        Well, I got me a fine wife, I got my old fiddle
                    |D   . |G   . |
        When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle
        G   . | .   C   . |G   D |G   .
        Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle— thank God I'm a country boy, *Wa-hoo!*

Instr: G   . | .   C |G   . |F   D |G   . | .   C   . |G   D |G   .

```
 |G              .   |  .        C   |G       .           |F              D
I  wouldn't trade my life for diamonds or jewels, I  never was one of those money hungry fools
   |G            .           |  .      C   .      |G       D       |G    .
I'd rather have my fiddle and my  farmin'  tools— thank God I'm a country boy

      |G       .     |  .          C   |G          .             |F              D
Yeah, city folk drivin' in a black lim-ou-sine, a lotta sad people think  that's-a mighty keen
   |G       .   |  .             C   .      |G       D       |G    .
So let me tell you ex-act-ly what I mean— thank God I'm a country boy
```

Chorus: `|D        .      |G          .`
          Well, I got me a fine wife, I got my old fiddle

                  `|D           .      |G            .       |`
          When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle

          `G       .        |  .           C    .     |G       D            |G    .`
          Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle— thank God I'm a country boy, *Yes sir!*

```
   |G              .          |  .     C   |G              .             |F              D
My fiddle was my daddy's till the day he died, he took me by the hand, held me close to his side
   |G            .       |  .          C   .         |G          D       |G    .
Said, "Live a good life, play my fiddle with pride— and thank God you're a country boy
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          `|G             .         |  .            C      |`
Well, my daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to whittle

`G                .           |F         D    |`
Taught me how to work and play a tune on the fiddle

`G                 .          |  .         C\   (hold)       |G       D       |G    .`
Taught me how to love and how to give just a little————— thank God I'm a country boy

Chorus: `|D        .      |G          .`
          Well, I got me a fine wife, I got my old fiddle

                  `|D           .      |G            .       |`
          When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle

          `G       .         |  .          C\   (hold)        |G       D           |G`
          Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle————— thank God I'm a country boy

          `.          |G       D       |G\  D\  G\`
          Yeah, thank God I'm a country boy!