Well, life's on a 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,
Thank G-d I'm a country boy.

Well, a simple kind of life never did me no harm,
Raising me a family and working on the farm,
My days are all filled with an easy country charm,
Thank G-d I'm a country boy.

chorus: Well, I got me a fine wife, I got me old fiddle,
When the sun's coming up, I got cakes on the griddle,
Life ain't nothing but a funny, funny riddle,
Thank G-d I'm a country boy.

When the work's all done and the sun's setting low,
I pull out my fiddle and I rosin up the bow,
The kids are asleep so I keep it kinda low,
Thank G-d I'm a country boy.

I'd play Sally Goodin all day if I could,
But the lord and my wife wouldn't take it very good,
So I fiddle when I can and I work when I should,
Thank G-d I'm a country boy.

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

Yeah, city folk driving in a black limousine,
A lotta sad people thinking that's-a mighty keen,
Son, let me tell you now exactly what I mean,
Thank G-d I'm a country boy.

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

My Daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to whittle,
He taught me how to work and play a tune on the fiddle,
He taught me how to love and how to give just a little,
Thank G-d I'm a country boy.