Hank Williams "Country Boy Can Survive"

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The preacher man says $it\tilde{A} \not\in \hat{A}^{\text{TM}} s$ the end of time And the Mississippi River she $\tilde{A} \not\in \hat{A}^{\text{TM}} s$ a groin $\tilde{A} \not\in \hat{A}^{\text{TM}} s$ dry

The interest is up and the stock markets down And you only get mugged if you go down town

I live back in the woods, you see A woman and the kids, and the dogs and me I got a shotgun rifle and a four-wheel drive And a country boy can survive, country folks can survive

I can plow a field all day long, I can catch catfish from dusk till dawn

We make our own whiskey and our own smoke too $Ain\tilde{A} \not\in \hat{A}^{m} t$ too many things these ole boys $can\tilde{A} \not\in \hat{A}^{m} t$ do

We grow good ole tomatoes and homemade wine And a country boy can survive, country folks can survive

Because you canâ€Â™t starve us out and you can't makes us run

Cause one of $\tilde{A} \not\in \hat{A} \in \hat{A}^{\infty}$ em old boy's raisin' ole shotgun And we say grace and we say ma $\tilde{A} \not\in \hat{A}^{\infty}$ am And if you ain $\tilde{A} \not\in \hat{A}^{\infty}$ t into that we don $\tilde{A} \not\in \hat{A}^{\infty}$ t give a damn

We came from the West Virginia coal mines
And the Rocky Mountains and the and the western skies
And we can skin a buck, we can run a crop line
And a country boy can survive, country folks can
survive

I had a good friend in New York City
He never called me by my name, just hillbilly
My grandpa taught me how to live off the land
And his taught him to be a businessman
He used to send me pictures of the Broadway nights
And Iâ€Â™ d send him some homemade wine

But he was killed by a man with a switchblade knife

For forty three dollars my friend lost his life
Id love to spit some beechnut in that dudes eyes
And shoot him with my old forty five
'Cause a country boy can survive, country folks can
survive

'Cause you canâ€Â™ t starve us out and you canâ€Â™ t make us run Cause one of â€Â~em old boys raisin' ole shotgun And we say grace and we say maâ€Â™ am And if you ainâ€Â™ t into that we donâ€Â™ t give a damn

Weâ€Â™ re from North California and south Alabama And little towns all around this land And we can skin a buck, we can run a crop line And a country boy can survive, country folks can survive

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