

Little Jimmy Dickens "Country Boy"

Visit "[Country Boy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Now, I'm just a simple guy
But there's one thing sure as shootin'
I hate those folks that think that they're
So doggone high fa lutin
I'd be the same in Hollywood
Or right in my own kitchen
I believe in fussin' when you're mad
And scratchin' when you're itchin'.

CHORUS

I'm a plain, old country boy
A corn-bread lovin' country boy
I raise cain on Saturday
But I go to church on Sunday
I'm a plain, old country boy
A corn-bread lovin' country boy
I'll be lookin' over that old grey mule
When the sun comes up on Monday.

Where I come from, opportunities, they never were too
good
We never had much money, but we done the best we
could
Ma doctored me from youngin-hood, with Epson salts
and Iodine
Made my diapers out of old feed sacks, my 'spenders
out of plow lines.

CHORUS

Every time the preacher called, Ma always fixed a
chicken
If I'd reach for a drumstick, I was sure to get a lickin'
She always saved two parts for me, But I had to shut
my mouth
T'was the gizzard and the North end of a chicken flyin'
South.

CHORUS

Visit [Little Jimmy Dickens](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.
