

Rodgers And Hammerstein

"Tell A Country Boy"

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He aint much for talkin,
But he means every word he says,
Well that color on his arms and neck aint from no
tannin bed,
Leaves no doubt bout where he stand on a chevy, or
tha lord,
Yea you can always tell a country boy

Now his idea of heaven is home sweet home east
tennessee
But for a girl like you he would pull up roots and move
down the road a peice
He'll always take his own sweet time if you give him a
choice
Yea you can always tell a country boy

(Course)
Yea you can always tell him but you can't tell him much
Cuz all he's ever gonna be is who he always was
A cross between his old man and his mommas pride
and joy
You can always tell a country boy

He'll go off and take a long walk when he needs some
time to think
Might even let ya drive his truck when he's had to much
to drink
Bout as true blue as ol glory wavin out there on tha
pouch
Yea you can always tell a country boy

(Course)
Yea you can always tell him but you can't tell him much
Sometimes his gears turn so slow you swear there
gonna rust
From tha way he bangs that ol guitar to tha gravel in his
voice
You can always tell a country boy

Now you can drag him from tha country every now and
then

But you can't drag them forty acres outta him
Yea you can always tell him but you can't tell him much
He's on the fence about a lot of things but on you his
minds made up
Cuz he swears there's nothing sweeter than the sweet
sound of your voice
You can always tell a country boy
Whatever's on your heart now come on and tell this
country boy

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