

Tom T. Hall

"Country Cabin Itis"

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I have been to New York City, I have traveled there in
style
It's a big convenient city but there ain't no country miles
I have put my hand inside the hands of men who could
not see
What the singing of a bluebird means to me

I got that country cabin-itis in my soul
It will comfort me in trouble be, my friend when I am
old
I have got to bring my country brothers back into the
fold
I got that country cabin-itis in my soul

Old wood burn stove fried chicken warm linoleum on
the floor
Sunday preaching Monday cursing and the girl that
lives next door
I have done some heavy thinking I have suffered with
the load
Just like running barefoot down the gravel road

I got that country cabin-itis in my soul
It will comfort me in trouble, be my friend when I am
old
I have got to bring my country brothers back into the
fold
I got that country cabin-itis in my soul

I have known myself when others never knew me much
at all
Sometimes it was the gettin' up that hurt more than the
fall
I am not concerned with money, I am not concerned
with toys
It may tell you Jesus was a country boy

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