

Just a Country Boy

I have lived in many a town,
but the life just got me down,
and city life just ain't the life for me.
All the shackles and the smoke,
all the rushing city folk,
It seems to me that they are never free,
Oh, it seems to me that they are never free.

*I really like to feel
the wind upon my cheek;
to walk across the fields with you,
play catch and hide-'n-seek.
I really like to be
where I am just a part
of country ways and country days,
— I'm just a country boy at heart.*

I've been rich and I've been poor,
I've been shown the tradesman's door;
but city life just ain't the life for me.
I have followed many a trade,
folks all said I had it made:
It seemed to me that they were never free,
O, it seemed to me that they were never free.

*I really like to feel
the wind upon my cheek;
to walk across the fields with you,
play catch and hide-'n-seek.
I really like to be
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of country ways and country days,
— I'm just a country boy at heart.*

Make the grade and make the cash
in a crazy frontline dash;
oh, the city life is not the life for me.
Milk the cows and feed the hogs,
go out hunting with the dogs,
fishing down the creek will set me free,
fishing down the creek will set me free.

*I really like to feel
the wind upon my cheek;
to walk across the fields with you,
play catch and hide-'n-seek.
I really like to be*