

# A Country Boy Can Survive - Hank Williams Jr.

The preacher man says it's the end of time, and the Mississippi River she's a goin' dry.  
The interest is up and the stock market's down, and you only get mugged if you go down town.  
I live back in the woods you see, my woman and the kids and the dogs and me.  
I got a shotgun, a 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't too many things these ole boys can't do.  
We grow good ole tomatoes and homemade wine, and a country boy can survive. Country folks can survive.  
Because you can't starve us out and you can't make us run, 'cause when them ole boy raised on shotgun.  
We say grace and we say ma'am, if you ain't into that we don't give a damn.

We came from the West Virginia coal mines, and the Rocky Mountains and the Western Skies.  
And we can skin a buck we can run a trot 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 business man.  
He used to send me pictures of the Broadway nights, and I'd send him some homemade wine.  
But he was killed by a man with a switch blade knife, for forty three dollars my friend lost his life.  
I'd love to spit some beechnut in that dude's eye, and shoot him with my ole 45.  
'cause a country boy can survive. Country folks can survive  
Because you can't starve us out and you can't make us run, 'cause when them ole boy raised on shotgun.  
We say grace and we say ma'am, if you ain't into that we don't give a damn.

We're from North California and South Alabam, and little towns all around this land.  
And we can skin a buck and run a trot line,  
and a country boy can survive. Country folks can survive  
Country boy can survive. Country folks can survive.