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 downAnd you only get mugged if you go downtownI

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 can plow a field all day long

I can catch catfish from dusk 'til dawn (Yeah)

We make our own whiskey and our own smoke too

Ain't too many things these old boys can't doWe 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 we're them old boys raised on shotguns

We say grace, and we say ma'am

If you ain't into that, we don't give a damnWe 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 surviveI 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 businessmanHe 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 switchblade knife

For 43 dollars, my friend lost his life

I'd love to spit some Beech-Nut in that dude's eyes

And shoot him with my old .45

'Cause a country boy can survive

Country folks can survive Cause you can't starve us out and you can't make us run

'Cause we're them old boys raised on shotguns

We say grace, and we say ma'am

If you ain't into that, we don't give a damnWe're from North California and South Alabam'

And little towns all around this land

And we can skin a buck, and run a trotline

And a country boy can survive

Country folks can survive

A country boy can survive

Country folks can survive

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