

# I'M COUNTRY

words and music by Chris Le Doux

(rubato)  $Bb$   $Eb$

(recitation) Well, there's a little word, and it fits me to a "T." I

$F$   $(tempo)$   $Bb$

don't know how you spell it, but it's country, and that's me.

$Bb$  Verse  $Bb$   $Eb$

I laugh when I'm hap-py and I cry when I'm blue, -

$F$   $Bb$

cuss when I'm mad like I'm s'posed to do. - On a

$Bb$   $Eb$   $F$

Sat-ur-day night I'll have a drink or two and howl at the moon - I'm

$Bb$  (1)  $Bb$  Chorus  $Eb$

coun-try! (to 2nd verse) I'm as coun-try as a bronc on the

$Eb$   $Bb$

West-ern Plains. Just as wild and twice as hard to tame. As

$Eb$   $Eb$

high on liv-in' as the non-day sun. Yaa!

$Bb$   $F$   $Bb$

I'll be coun-try til the day I'm done. -

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2nd verse: I chew tobacco, and I spit it on the ground  
I talk to the cows when no one ain't around  
I've tripped on the mountain when the snow's fallin' down  
Yes sir, boys, I'm country.

— Chorus —

3rd verse: City folks think I'm crude, I guess  
You can tell I'm a hick by the way that I dress  
But that don't matter, I'm happy as can be  
And proud as heck that I'm country.

4th verse: We'll there's nothin' wrong with city, if ya like it, that's fine  
Drivin' them freeways, racin' 'gainst time  
But I'll bet you folks, in the back of your mind  
Kinda wished you was country.

— Chorus —

recitation: Come on, boys. Keep singin' them country songs. Who knows —  
maybe we'll just convert all these city folks into country folks,  
and we'll all move out to the country, and then the country  
won't be country anymore. Hold on — I just gave ya one  
side to the whole picture, because ...

5th verse: Country is heat and dust and snow  
Where the winters get down to forty below  
And the work is hard and the pay sure low  
And it ain't all roses bein' country.

recitation: Hang in there, folks. Don't do nothin' foolish now. You got yourself  
a nice, high payin' job, air conditioned offices, (ad lib out)