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 surviveI 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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