

Country Girl

June Carter Cash

Now I'm a just a country girl
That's one thing sure as shooting
I hate those folks that think
That they're so dagburn high fluting

Now I'd be the same in Hollywood
Or right in my own kitchen
Huh, I believe in fussing when you're mad
And a scratching when you're a itching

refren:

I'm a plain, old country girl
A cornbread-loving country girl
I raise Cain on Saturday
But I go to church on Sunday
I'm a plain old country girl
A cornbread-loving country girl
I'll be a looking over the old, gray mule
When the sun comes up on Monday

Every time the preacher called
Maw always fixed a chicken
Now if I reach for that drumstick
I was just sure to get a licking

She always saved 2 parts for me
But I had to shut my mouth
It t'was the gizzard and the north end
Of a chicken a flying south

In school my teachers used to claim
That I was awful lazy
But I always believed that too much learning
Just drives you crazy

It hurts my brain to try to solve
A problem that's a twister
If ignorance is bliss
Then I'm the nation's biggest blister

refren

Now when I've peeled my last, old tater
And I've laid me down to die
And gone to the land of milk and honey
Far beyond the sky

In that far land with streets of gold
And clothing which is silken
You'll find me a flying around the barn
Just a helping with the milking

refren