

# 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