

Country Boy

Robert Finley

Matter how hard I try
I just can't get it right
I'm trying to make a brand new friend
And everybody trying to fight
It ain't easy, it ain't fair
Is the world so messed up
Am I the only one to care?
So much love that I'm willing to share, alright, yeah
I've got it right here

So many things that I'm trying to do right
Trying to make friends
But everyone wanna fight
Matter how hard I try
I just can't get it right
Working from early in the morning
Up until the edge of night
I guess I'll go back home
Where a country boy belong

I've been so many places
City from town to town
Looking for a real good woman
They all seem to turn me down
I'm looking for a Louisiana girl
To put into my place
So when I wake up in the morning
There'd be a smile on her face
I guess I'll go back home
Where a country boy belong
Ooh, belong

And I'll tell you one more thing
I'm used to dealing with doubt
Should I be in the big city?
You know my money's running out
Cost too much for a hamburger
And they want too much for fries
You better not talk to the big leg woman
'Cause they want too much for the thigh
I guess I'll go back home, yeah, go back home
I guess I'll go back home
Where a country boy belong
Oh, going home, take it home now