

D C
We came from the West Virginia coalmines
And the Rocky Mountains and the and the western skies D C
And we can skin a buck; we can run a crop line
And a country boy can survive C G D
Country folks can survive
D C I had a good friend in New York City
G D He never called me by my name, just hillbilly D C
My grandpa taught me how to live off the land
And his taught him to be a businessman
He used to send me pictures of the Broadway nights G D
And I'd send him some homemade wine
D C But he was killed by a man with a switchblade knife G D For 43 dollars my friend lost his life
Id love to spit some beechnut in that dudes eyes G D
And shoot him with my old 45 C G D
Cause a country boy can survive C G D
Country folks can survive
(Chorus)
D C We're from North California and south Alabam G D
And little towns all around this land D C
And we can skin a buck; we can run a crop line C G D
And a country boy can survive C G D
Country folks can survive