

Alan Jackson - Country Boy

Tom: **D**

E
Excuse me ma'am, I **D** saw you walk in **A**
E
I turned around, I'm not a stalker **D** **A**
E
Where you goin? Maybe I can help ya **A**
E
My tank is full, and I'd be obliged to take ya **G** **A**

(chorus)

E
I'm a country boy, I've got a 4 wheel drive **D** **A**
E
Pile in my bed, I can take ya for a ride **D** **A**
E
Up city streets, down country roads **D** **A**
E
I can get ya where you need to go **D** **A**
E
'Cause I'm a country boy **D** **A**

You sure look good, sittin' in my right seat
Buckle up, I'll take you through the five speeds
Wind it up, or I can slow it way down

In the woods or right uptown

(chorus)

(solo) **E D A**

(bridge)

B
Big 35's whinin' on the asphalt
A
Grabbin' mud, and slingin' up some red dirt
E
Cause I'm a country boy

My muffler's loud, dual Thrush tubes
I crank the music, the tone gets real good
Let me know when we're gettin' close
You can slide on out, or we can head on down the road

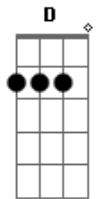
(chorus)

B
Bucket seats, soft as baby's new butt
A
Lockin' hubs, that'll take ya through a deep rut

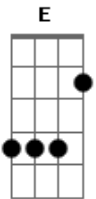
(chorus - talked, light strumming)

(chorus 2x)

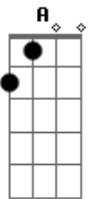
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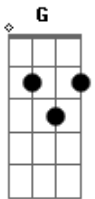
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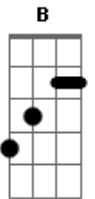
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