

# Alan Jackson - Country Boy

Tom: D

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

(chorus)

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

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

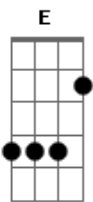
(chorus - talked, light strumming)

(chorus 2x)

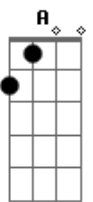
## Acordes



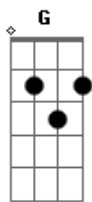
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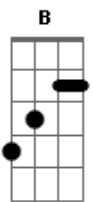
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