

Happy Son Of A Gun

Buck Owens

Pick a little cotton
And put it in the wagon
Make it to the gin and then
Get yourself some money
And take out your honey
And do it all over again
Oh, that's a life of a country boy
He works from sun to sun
He's just a hard workin' country lad
But he's a happy son of a gun.

He's just a hard workin' country boy
Out on the farm
Workin' from dawn to dusk
A pickin' the cotton
A plowin' the fields
And doin' the things he must
But on Saturday
He'll hit for town
To have himself a little fun
And when he's stumpin'
On a honky tonk hardwood floor
He's a happy son of a gun.

Well, a country boy's
Got a wearied back
Cause workin' is all he's known
Ain't got much
Just a blackland farm
But that blackland farm's his own
He don't have to answer
To any man
And worries has enough
And you can tell by lookin'
This country boy's
Just a happy son of a gun.

He's just a hard workin' country boy
Out on the farm
Workin' from dawn to dusk
A pickin' the cotton
And plowin' the fields
And doin' the things he must
But on Saturday
He'll hit for town
To have himself a little fun
And when he's stumpin'
On a honky tonk hardwood floor
He's a happy son of a gun.

Now, when he's stumpin'
On a honky tonk hardwood floor
He's a happy son of a gun