

Lord Have Mercy On A Country Boy

Don Williams

Well, I grew up wild and free
Walkin' these fields in my bare feet
There wasn't no place I couldn't go
With a 22 rifle and a fishing pole

Well, I live in the city but don't fit in
You know it's a pity, the shape I'm in
Well, I got no home and I got no choice
Oh Lord, have mercy on a country boy

When I was young I remember well
I'd hunt the wild turkey and the bob white quail
The river was clear and deep back then
And fishin' lines tied to the willow limb

Well, they dammed the river, they dammed the stream
They cut down the cypress and the sweet gum trees
There's a laundry mat and a barber shop
And now the whole meadow is a parkin' lot