



DON WILLIAMS LORD HAVE MERCY ON A COUNTRY BOY

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 twenty-two rifle and a fishing pole.

[Chorus:]

Well, I live in the city but don't fit in
You know its 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.

[Instrumental]

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.

[Chorus:]

Well, I live in the city but don't fit in
You know its 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.

[Instrumental]

Well, they dammed the river, they dammed the
stream

They cut down the cypress and the sweet gum
trees
There's a laundra' mat and a barber shop
And now the whole meadow is a parkin' lot.

[Chorus:]

Well, I live in the city but don't fit in
You know its 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...