

# Hall Tom T, Country Cabin-Itis

I have been to New York City I have traveled there in style  
It's a big convenient city but there ain't no country miles  
I have put my hand inside the hands of men who could not see  
What the singing of a bluebird means to me

I got that country cabin itis in my soul  
It will comfort me in trouble be my friend when I am old  
I have got to bring my country brothers back into the fold  
I got that country cabin itis in my soul

Old wood burn stove fried chicken warm linoleum on the floor  
Sunday preaching Monday cursing and the girl that lives next door  
I have done some heavy thinking I have suffered with the load  
Just like running barefoot down the gravel road

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I have known myself when others never knew me much at all  
Sometimes it was the gettin' up that hurt more than the fall  
I am not concerned with money I am not concerned with toys  
It may tell you Jesus was a country boy

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