

# Lord Have Mercy On a Country Boy

**Josh Turner**

Well, I grew up wild and free  
Walkin' these fields in my barefeet  
There wasn't no place I couldn't go  
With a .22 rifle and a fishin' 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 bobwhite quail  
The river was clear and deep back then  
Had fishin' lines tied to the willow limb  
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 Well, they damned the river, they damned the stream  
They cut down the Cyprus and the Sweetgum trees  
There's a laundromat and a barbershop  
And now the whole meadow is a parking lot 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  
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  
Oh, Lord, have mercy on a country boy

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