

# Iowa Boy

*Robbin Ahrold, Billy Seidman*

Grew up with farmland in my bones  
Five miles from town where I called home  
Corn ten feet tall in rows we'd roam  
So glad I'm an Iowa boy!

Loved that big sky when I was young  
Big yellow fireball of a sun  
The taste of catfish on my tongue  
So glad I'm an Iowa boy!

Skillet sizzlin' fat pork chops  
At night we'd climb the old hilltop  
To hear the cornstalks crack and pop  
So glad I'm an Iowa boy!

The Mississippi was our pool  
We'd fish and swim to keep us cool  
It was too hot to go to school  
So glad I'm an Iowa boy!

Sweet smoky leaf fires in the fall  
Corn dogs and cider, cm'on y'all  
At county fair, hogs in the stall  
So glad I'm an Iowa boy!

The girls in Oshkosh, oh so fair  
On square dance night, love in the air  
She kissed me hard, right then and there  
So glad I am an Iowa boy!  
Come on y'all!  
So glad I am an Iowa boy!

At midnight hear train whistles blow  
A hundred cars of corn to go  
Burlington line to Chicago  
So glad I'm an Iowa boy!

A little church for Sunday hymns  
Where you praise God and love your kin  
Pray Hawkeye football gets the win  
So glad I'm an Iowa boy!

And at the school house every grade  
Was taught hard work is how it's made  
And help your neighbor, come what may  
So glad I'm an Iowa Boy,  
So glad I'm an Iowa Boy,  
So glad I'm an Iowa Boy Ya-Ha!