

Country Roads - John Denver

Almost heaven, West Virginia,
blue ridge mountains, Shenandoah river.
Life is old there, older than the trees,
Younger than the mountains, growing like a breeze.

*Country roads, take me home
To the place, I belong
West Virginia, mountain mamma
Take me home, country roads*

All my memories gather round her,
miners' lady, stranger to blue water.
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky
misty taste of moonshine, tear drop in my eye.

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To the place, I belong
West Virginia, mountain mamma
Take me home, country roads*

I hear her voice in the mornin' hours she calls me,
the radio reminds me of my home far away,
and drivin' down the road I get the feelin'
that I should have been home yesterday, yesterday.

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