

# Country Roads

## John Denver

Almost heaven, West Virginia,  
Blue ridge mountain, Shenandoah river,  
Life is old there, older than the trees,  
Younger than the mountains, blowing 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  
Modest lady, stranger to blue water  
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky  
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye  
Country roads, take me home  
To the place I belong,  
West Virginia,  
Mountain mamma, take me home  
To the country roads  
I hear her voice in the morning hour she calls me  
Radio reminds me of my home far away  
Driving down the road I get a feeling  
That I should have been home yesterday, yesterday  
Country roads, take me home  
To the place I belong,  
West virginia,  
Mountain mamma, take me home  
Country roads  
Country roads, take me home  
To the place I belong,  
West Virginia,  
Mountain mamma, take me home  
To the country roads  
Take me home, that country road  
Take me home, that country road

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