

# Wild Montana Skies

Emmylou Harris

He was born in the Bitterroot Valley in the early mornin' rain  
Wild geese over the water, headin' north and home again  
Bringin a warm wind from the south, bringin the first taste of the spring  
His mother took him to her breast, softly she did sing Oh, Montana, give this child a home  
Give him the love of a good family and a woman of his own  
Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light in his eyes  
Give him the wild wind for a brother and the wild Montana skies His mother died that summer an' he never  
learned to cry  
He never knew his father, he never did ask why  
And he never knew the answers that would make an easy way  
But he learned to know the wilderness an' to be a man that way His mothers brother took him in to his family  
and his home  
Gave him a hand that he could lean on and a strength to call his own  
And he learned to be a farmer an' he learned to love the land  
An' he learned to read the seasons an' he learned to make a stand Oh, Montana, give this child a home  
Give him the love of a good family and a woman of his own  
Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light in his eyes  
Give him the wild wind for a brother and the wild Montana skies On the eve of his twenty-first birthday, he set  
out on his own  
He was thirty years and runnin when he found his way back home  
Ridin a storm across the mountains an' an achin in his heart  
Said, he came to turn the pages and to make a brand new start Now he never told the story of the time that he  
was gone  
Some say, he was a lawyer, some say he was a John  
There was something in the city that he said, he couldnt breathe  
There was something in the country that he said, he couldnt leave Oh, Montana, give this child a home  
Give him the love of a good family and a woman of his own  
Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light in his eyes  
Give him the wild wind for a brother and the wild Montana skies Now some say, he was crazy an' some are glad  
hes gone  
Some of us will miss him, well try to carry on  
Giving a voice to the forest, giving a voice to the dawn  
Giving a voice to the wilderness an' the land that he lived on Oh, Montana, give this child a home  
Give him the love of a good family and a woman of his own  
Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light in his eyes  
Give him the wild wind for a brother and the wild Montana skies Oh, Montana, give this child a home  
Give him the love of a good family and a woman of his own  
Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light in his eyes  
Give him the wild wind for a brother and the wild Montana skies

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