

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 breezeCountry roads, take me home
To the place I belong,
West Virginia,
Mountain mamma,take me home
Country roadsAll 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 eyeCountry roads, take me home
To the place I belong,
West Virginia,
Mountain mamma, take me home
To the country roadsI 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, yesterdayCountry roads, take me home
To the place I belong,
West virginia,
Mountain mamma, take me home
Country roadsCountry roads, take me home
To the place I belong,
West Virginia,
Mountain mamma, take me home
To the country roadsTake me home, that country road
Take me home, that country road

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