

# Wild Montana Skies

John Denver

He was born in the Bitterroot valley in the early morning rain  
Wild geese over the water, heading 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, oh, oh, oh, Montana, give this child a home  
Give him a 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 and he never learned to cry  
He never knew his father and he never did ask why  
And he never knew the answers that would make an easy way  
But he learned to know the wilderness and to be a man that way  
His mother's 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 and he learned to love the land  
And he learned to read the seasons and he learned to make a stand  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, Montana, give this child a home  
Give him a 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 and 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 couldn't breathe  
There was something in the country that he said he couldn't leave  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, Montana, give this child a home  
Give him a 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, some are glad he's gone  
Some of us will miss him, we'll try to carry on  
Giving a voice to the forest, giving a voice to the dawn  
Giving a voice to the wilderness and the land that he lived on  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, Montana, give this child a home  
Give him a 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, oh, oh, oh, Montana, give this child a home  
Give him a 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  
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