

Whispering Jesse

John Denver

I often have wandered in deep contemplation
It seems that the mind runs wild, when you're all alone
The way that it could be, the ways that it should be
Things I'd do differently if I could do them again I've always loved spring time, the passing of winter
The green of the new leaves and life goin' on
The promise of morning, the long days of summer
Warm nights of loving her beneath the bright stars I'm just an old cowboy from high Colorado
Too old to ride anymore, too blind to see
I sleep in the city now, away from my mountains
Away from the cabin we always called home And I dream I left there on an old Palomino
Whispering Jesse rode right by my side
I long to hold her, to hear her soft breathing
The touch of her cool hands on my fevered brow

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