

# All of My Memories

John Denver

All of my memories lay in the life of the highway  
All of my nights in old motels a sleepin' alone  
All of my days on the road with no one beside me  
All of my dreams of a place that I can call home

Somewhere in the shade near the sound of a sweet singin' river  
Somewhere in the sun where the mountains make love to the sky  
Somewhere to build me a faith, a farm and a family  
Somewhere to grow older, and somewhere a reason to try

'Cause I'm tired of big cities and so tired of big city ways  
Scrathin' off sunset, and walkin' around in the maze  
Some sweet taxi dancer tryin' to save me from bein' alone  
Ah it's much worse than lonely there is no place that I really  
belong  
I want to be home

I'm leavin' this city life In my mind I'm flyin' away  
I'm leavin' tomorrow and all of the old yesterdays  
I'm leavin' the trash cans the bright lights of telephone lines  
I'm leavin' my sorrows of all of my memories behind  
I'll see what I find

Somewhere in the shade near the sound of a sweet singin' river  
Somewhere in the sun where the mountains make love to the sky  
Somewhere to build me a faith, a farm, a family  
Somewhere to grow older, and somewhere a reason to try  
Somewhere to grow older, somewhere to laydown and die