

# Country Roads

John Denver

1. Almost heaven, West Virginia,  
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah river.  
Life is old there, older than the trees,  
younger than the mountains, growing like a breeze.

R: Country roads, take me home,  
to the place I belong:  
West Virginia, mountain mamma,  
take me home, country roads.

2. All my memories, gather round her,  
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water.  
Dark and dusty, painted in the sky,  
misty taste of moonshine, teardrops in my eye.

R:  
\*: I hear her voice, in the morning house she calls me,  
the radio reminds me off my home far away.  
And driving down the road,  
I get a feeling that I should have been home yesterday,  
yesterday.

R: