

## Far Side of the Hill

John Denver

I was born for roaming  
Yes, I always will  
I wonder if it's greener  
On the far side of the hill

Hey Dan, Dan look down yonder  
Why there's earth and there's green and sky  
And I bet we could get down there  
In the batting of an eye

And further west there's oceans  
A miner he told me so  
And the sun it shines so brightly  
That it scares off the winters snow

And, you know, Dan, sometimes I'm tired  
You know there's sometimes when I'm lonesome too  
Sometimes I see a farmer  
Walking slow when the day is through

And I know, I know he's got a woman  
She's making supper for him every day  
And I curse this wandering fever  
That stole my love away

Yes, I was born for roaming  
I guess I always will  
I wonder could it be greener  
On the far side of the hill  
I wonder could it be greener  
On the far side of the hill