

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