

In the Grand Way

John Denver

In the grand way, she loves me. The way she holds me close to rest with me.

And to know she is my life to me, my empty days are done, my running days are run, for the first time I love the morning.

Burning sundowns, colored autumn trees, mountain rivers, country rivers put my mind at ease.

And to realize such perfect harmony, standing in the dawn of a new day coming on,

I'm looking for no tomorrow.

I can still hear the lonely sound, the engines of the midnight freight train northward bound.

And to feel my life, my life slowly losing ground.

I never quite understood though I see it for the good and it seems like I've just been dreaming.

The way she holds me close to comfort me.

My empty days are done, my running days are run, for the first time I love the morning.

For the first time I love the morning, for the first time, the first time.