

Song Of Wyoming

John Denver

I'm weary and tired, I've done my day's riding, nighttime is rolling my way.
The sky's all on fire and light's slowly fading, peaceful and still ends the day.
Out on the trail, night birds are calling, singing their wild melody.
Down in the canyon, cottonwood whispers a song of Wyoming for me.

Well I've wandered around the town and the city, tried to figure the how and the why.
I stopped all my scheming, I'm just drifting and dreaming, watching the river roll by.
Here comes that big old prairie moon rising, shining down bright as can be.
Up on the hill there's a coyote singing a song of Wyoming for me.

Now it's whiskey and tobacco and bitter black coffee, a lonesome old dogie am I.
But waking up on the range, Lord, I feel like an angel, Feel like I almost could fly.
Drift like a cloud out over the badlands, sing like a bird in the tree.
The wind in the sage sounds like heaven singing a song of Wyoming for me.
A song of Wyoming for me.