

Wild Montana Skies

John Denver

He was born in the Bitterroot Valley in the early morning rain
Wild geese over the water headin' north and home again
Bringin' a warm wind from the south
Bringin' the first taste of the spring
His mother took him to her breast and softly she did sing

Oh Montana, give this child a home
Give him the love of a good family and a woman of his own
Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light in his eyes
Give him the wild wind for a brother and the wild Montana skies

His mother died that summer and he never learned to cry
He never knew his father and he never did ask why
He never knew the answers that would make an easy way
But he learned to know the wilderness and to be a man that way

His mother's brother took him in to family and his home
Gave him a hand that he could lean on and a strength to call his own
And he learned to be a farmer and he learned to love the land
And he learned to read the seasons and he learned to make a stand

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On the eve of his 21st birthday he set out on his own
He was 30 years and runnin' when he found his way back home
Ridin' a storm across the mountains and an aching in his heart
Said he came to turn the pages and to make a brand new start

Now he never told a story of the time that he was gone
Some say he was a lawyer, some say he was a John
There was somethin' in the city that he said he couldn't breathe
And there was somethin' in the country that he said he couldn't leave

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Now some say he was crazy and they're glad that he is gone
But some of us miss him and we'll try to carry on
Giving a voice to the forest, giving a voice to the dawn
Giving a voice to the wilderness and the land that he lived on

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