

Country Roads

Me First and the Gimme Gimmes

Almost Heaven, West Virginia,
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River,
Life is old there, older than the trees,
Younger than the mountains, blowing like a breeze.

Country roads, take me home,
To the place, where I belong,
West Virginia, mountain momma,
Take me home, country roads.

All my memories, gather around her,
Miners' lady stranger to blue water,
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky,
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye.

Country roads, take me home,
To the place, where I belong,
West Virginia, mountain momma,
Take me home, country roads.

I hear her voice, in the morning hours she calls to me,
The radio reminds me of my home far away,
And driving down the road I get a feeling,
That I should have been home yesterday, yesterday.

Country roads, take me home,
To the place, where I belong,
West Virginia, mountain momma,
Take me home, country roads.

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