

Take Me Home, Country Roads

By John Denver

Almost heaven, West Virginia,
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River.
Life is old there, older than the trees, younger than the
mountains, growin' like a breeze.

Chorus:

**Country Roads, take me home, to the place I belong:
West Virginia, mountain mamma, take me home,
Country Roads.**

All my memories gather 'round her, miner's lady, stranger to
blue water.
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky, misty taste of
moonshine, teardrop in my eye.

Chorus

I hear her voice in the mornin' hours, she calls me, the radio
reminds me of my home far away,
And driving down the road I get a feelin' that I should have
been home yesterday, yesterday.

Chorus

Take me home, down country roads
Take me home, down country roads

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