

John Denver – Country Roads

/G **/Em** **/D** **/C** **G**

Almost Heaven; West Virginia, Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River.

/G **/Em** **/D**

Life is old there, older than the trees, younger than the mountains,

/C **G**

Blowin' like a breeze.

/G **/D** **/Em** **/C**

Country Roads, take me home, to the place, I belong,

/G **/D** **/C** **/G**

West Virginia, mountain mama, 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.

Country Roads, take me home, to the place, I belong,

West Virginia, mountain mama, take me home, country roads.

/Em **D** **/G**

I hear her voice in the morning hour she calls me,

/C **G** **/D**

The radio reminds me of my home far away.

/Em **F** **/C**

And driving down the road I get a feeling

/G **/D** **/D7**

That I should have been home yesterday, yesterday.

Chorus: x2