

"Take Me Home, Country Roads"

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 I belong.
West Virginia, mountain momma, 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 momma, take me home, country roads.

I hear her voice in the morning hour she calls 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 I belong.
West Virginia, mountain momma, take me home, country roads.

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