

Take me home, country roads

John Denver
Satz: Martin Biedermann

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1. Al-most heav-en West Vir-gin-ia, Blue Ridge Moun-tains
2. All-my mem-ries gath-er 'round her, min-er's la-dy

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Shen-an-do-ah Riv-ver. Life is old there, old-er than the trees,
stran-ger to blue wa-ter. Dark and dust-y paint-ed on the sky,

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young-er than the moun-tains grow-in' like a breeze. Coun-try Roads take me
mist-y taste of moon-shine tear-drop in my eye.

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home to the place I be-long West Vir-gin-ia, moun-tain

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mom-ma take me home Coun-try Roads. I hear her voice, in the

Fine

morn-in' hours she calls me, the ra-di-o re-minds me of my home far a-way, and

duh duh duh duh

driv-in' down the road I get a feel-in' that I should have been home

duh duh duh duh

yes-ter-day yes-ter-dax. Coun-try