

# Country Roads

by John Denver



Almost heaven, \_\_\_\_\_ Virginia  
\_\_\_\_\_ Ridge Mountains,  
Shenandoah River  
Life is old there,  
older than the \_\_\_\_\_  
Younger than the \_\_\_\_\_,  
growin' like a breeze

*Country roads, take me \_\_\_\_\_*  
*To the place I belong*  
*West Virginia, mountain mama*  
*Take me home, country \_\_\_\_\_*

All my memories gather 'round her  
Miner's lady, stranger to blue \_\_\_\_\_  
Dark and \_\_\_\_\_, painted on the sky  
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my \_\_\_\_\_

*Country roads, take me home...*

I hear her \_\_\_\_\_ in the mornin' hour, she calls me  
The \_\_\_\_\_ reminds me of my home far away  
Drivin' \_\_\_\_\_ the road, I get a feelin'  
That I should've been home \_\_\_\_\_, yesterday

*Country roads, take me home...*