

"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 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.

Country roads, take me home to the place I belong.
West Virginia, mountain mamma, 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 mamma, take me home, country roads.

Country roads, take me home to the place I belong.
West Virginia, mountain mamma, take me home, country roads

Take me home now, country roads,
Take me home now, country roads.