



C6 – Country roads

Almost heaven, West Virginia.
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River
Life is old there, older than the trees.
Younger than the mountains, growin' 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,
Miners 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 drivin' down the road I get a feelin' that I should have been home
Yesterday, Yesterday

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