Country Roads

John Denver

SOPRANO

ALTO

Coun-try roads, take me home to the place I be-long, West Vir-

giny,
moun-tain ma ma,
Take me home, coun-try roads.

TENOR

BASS

Al-most hea-ven,
West Vir-gi-nia,
blue ridge moun-tains,

She-nan-do-ah Ri-ver,
Life is old there, old-er than the trees,

Young-er than the moun-tains, blow-in' like a breeze. Coun-try

roads, take me home to the place I be-long, West Vir-
21  F     C  A7(#9)  Dm  Bb  F
  gi-  nia,  _  moun-tain  ma ma,  _  Take  me  home,  coun-try  roads.

25  Dm  C  Bb  F
  All  my  mem'ries  gath-er  round  her,  Mi-ner's  la-dy,  stran-ger  to  blue  wa-ter.

29  Dm  C  Bb  F
  Dark  and  dus-ty,  pain-ted  on  the  sky,  Mis-ty  taste  of  moon-shine,  tear-drop  in  my  eye.  Coun-try

33  F  C7  Dm  Bb
  roads,  take-me  home  to  the  place  I  be-long,  West  Vir-

37  F  C  A7(#9)  Dm  Bb  F
  gi-  nia,  _  moun-tain  ma ma,  _  Take  me  home,  coun-try  roads.
I hear her voice, in the mornin' hours she calls me, the radio reminds me of my home far away, driving down the road I get a feeling that I should-a been home yesterday, yesterday, Country roads, take me home to the place I been long, West Virginia, mountain mama, Take me home, country roads. West Virginia, mountain mama, Take me home, country roads. Take me home, country roads.