

Country Roads

by John Denver

A

Moderately

Intro: II: A I % :II

A F#m E D A
Almost hea-ven, West Virginia__, Blue Ridge Moun-tains, She-nan-do-ah Riv-er__
A F#m E D A
Life is old there, old-er than the trees__, younger than the mountains blowing like a breeze

A E F#m D
Country roads__ take me home__ to the place__ I be-long__
A E D A
West Vir-gin-ia__, Moun-tain Mam-a__ take me home__, country roads__

A F#m E D A
All my mem'ries__, gath-ered 'round her__, miner's la-dy, stranger to blue wa-ter__
A F#m E D A
Dark and dus-ty__, painted on the sky__, misty taste of moon-shine__ tear-drop in my eye

A E F#m D
Country roads__ take me home__ to the place__ I be-long__
A E D A
West Vir-gin-ia__, Moun-tain Mam-a__ take me home__, country roads__

F#m E A
I hear her voice__, in the mornin' hour_ she calls__ me__
D A E

The radio reminds me of my home__ far a-way__
F#m G D A E
And drivin down the road I get the feeling that I should have been home yesterday yesterday

A E F#m D
II: Country roads__ take me home__ to the place__ I be-long__
A E D A
West Vir-gin-ia__, Moun-tain Mam-a__ take me home__, country roads__ :II
E A
Won't you take me home__, country roads__