

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,
growing like a breeze.

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

All my mem'ries gather 'round her,
minder's lady, stranger to blue water.
Dark and dusty painted on the sky,
misty taste of moonshine,
teardrop in my eye.

Country roads...

I hear the voice in the morning hours 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.