

# Country Roads

John Denver

**E** **C#m** **B**

Al-most Hea - ven, West Vir - gin - ia, Blue Ridge Moun - tains,  
All my mem - 'ries gath - er round her, Min - er's la - dy,

**A** **E** **C#m**

Shen - an - do - ah Riv - er. Life is old there, Ol - der than the trees,  
Stran - ger to blue wa - ter. Dark and dus - ty paint - ed on the sky,

**B** **A** **E**

youn - ger than the moun - tains, Grow - ing like a breeze, Coun - try roads,  
Mis - ty taste of moon - shine, Tear drop in my eye.

**B** **C#m** **A** **E**

take me home, to the place I be - long, West Vir - gin - ia,

**B** **A** **E**

Moun - tain Mom - ma, take me home, coun - try roads.

**C#m** **B** **E** **A**

I hear her voice in the morn - in' hours she calls me, The ra - di - o re -

**E** **B** **C#m** **D** **A**

minds me of my home, far a - way, And driv - in' down the road I get a feel - in'

**E** **B** **B7**

that I should have been home yes - ter - day, yes - ter - day.