**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, blowing like a breeze.

CHORUS:

Country roads,

take me home

to the place I belong.
West Virginia

mountain mamma,

take me home,

Country roads.

All my memories gather round her,

miner's lady, stranger to blue water.
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky

misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye.

REPEAT CHORUS

I hear her voice in the morning hour, she calls me,

the radio reminds me of my home far away.
And driving down the road I get a feeling that I should have been home

yesterday, yesterday.

REPEAT CHORUS