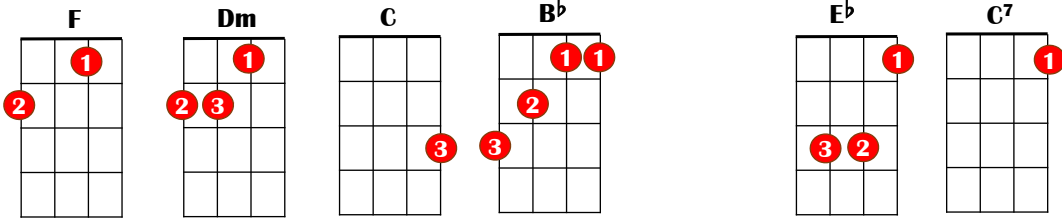


# Take Me Home Country Roads

John Denver

Country



F Dm C Bb Eb C7

Al-most heav-en, mem-'ries West Vir-gin - a, gath-er 'round her Blue Ridge Mont-tains, Min-er's la-dy,

Bb F F Dm

Shen-an-do-ah Riv-ver Strang-er to blue wa-ter... Life is old there, old-er than the Dark and dust - y paint-ed on the

C Bb F

— trees Young-er than the moun-tains grow-in' like a breeze. Coun-try Roads, sky, mist-y taste of moon-shine, tear-drop in my eyes...

F C Dm Bb

take me home to the place I be-long

F C Bb

West Vir-gin-ia moun-tain mam-ma take me home,

F 1. 2. Dm C F

Coun-try roads All my I hear her voice, in the morn-in' hours she

Bb F C Dm

calls me, The ra-di-o re-minds me' of my home far a way and driv-in' down the road

Eb Bb F C C7 *D.S. REPEAT AL*

I get a feel-in' that I should have been home yes-ter day, yes-ter day. Coun-try Roads

F (OPEN) F C F

Roads take me home Coun-try Roads (FINE)