

# Take Me Home, Country Roads

Almost <sup>G</sup>heaven, <sup>Em</sup>West Virginia, <sup>D7</sup>Blue Ridge Mountains, <sup>C</sup>Shenandoah <sup>G</sup>River.

Life is <sup>Em</sup>old there, older than the trees, <sup>D7</sup>younger than the mountains, <sup>D7</sup>blowing like a <sup>C</sup>breeze. <sup>G</sup>Country roads, <sup>G</sup>take me home to the place <sup>D7</sup>I belong. <sup>Em</sup>West Virginia, <sup>C</sup>mountain <sup>G</sup>momma, <sup>D7</sup>take me home, <sup>C</sup>country roads. <sup>G</sup>

All my <sup>G</sup>memories <sup>Em</sup>gather round her, <sup>D7</sup>miner's lady, <sup>C</sup>stranger to blue <sup>G</sup>water.

Dark and dusty, <sup>Em</sup>painted on the sky, <sup>D7</sup>misty taste of moonshine, <sup>D7</sup>teardrop in my eye. <sup>C</sup>Country roads, <sup>G</sup>take me home to the place <sup>D7</sup>I belong. <sup>Em</sup>West Virginia, <sup>C</sup>mountain <sup>G</sup>momma, <sup>G</sup>take me home, <sup>D7</sup>country roads. <sup>C</sup>

<sup>Em</sup>I hear her voice in the morning hour she calls me, <sup>D7</sup>the radio reminds me of my home <sup>G</sup>far away. <sup>G7</sup>And driving down the road <sup>C</sup>I get a feeling that I should have been home <sup>G</sup>yesterday, <sup>D7</sup>yesterday. <sup>Em</sup>Country roads, <sup>D7</sup>take me home to the place <sup>C</sup>I belong. <sup>G</sup>West Virginia, <sup>D7</sup>mountain

<sup>C</sup>momma, <sup>G</sup>take me home, <sup>D7</sup>country roads. <sup>Em</sup>Country roads, <sup>D7</sup>take me home to the place <sup>C</sup>I belong.

<sup>G</sup>West Virginia, <sup>D7</sup>mountain <sup>C</sup>momma, <sup>G</sup>take me home, <sup>D7</sup>country roads. <sup>C</sup>