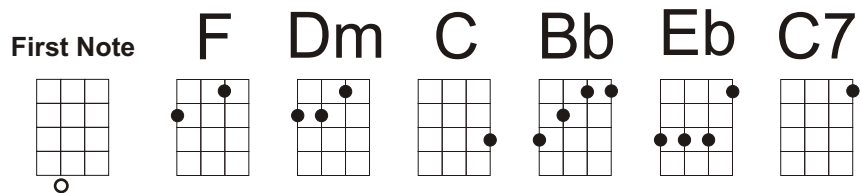


Take Me Home Country Roads

B340



Almost [F] heaven, [Dm] West Virginia,
[C] Blue Ridge Mountains, [Bb] Shenandoah [F] River.
Life is old there, [Dm] older than the trees,
[C] younger than the mountains, [Bb] blowing like a [F] breeze.

Country roads, take me [C] home
to the [Dm] place I be[Bb]long.
West Vir[F]ginia, mountain mom[C]ma,
take me [Bb] home, country [F] roads.

All my [F] memories [Dm] gather round her,
[C] miner's lady, [Bb] stranger to blue [F] water.
Dark and dusty, [Dm] painted on the sky,
[C] misty taste of moonshine, [Bb] teardrop in my [F] eye.

Country roads, take me [C] home
to the [Dm] place I be[Bb]long.
West Vir[F]ginia, mountain mom[C]ma,
take me [Bb] home, country [F] roads.

[Dm] I hear her [C] voice in the [F] morning hour she calls me,
the [Bb] radio re[F]minds me of my [C] home far away.
And [Dm] driving down the [Eb] road I get a [Bb] feeling
that I [F] should have been home [C] yesterday, yester[C7]day.

Country [F] roads, take me [C] home
to the [Dm] place I be[Bb]long.
West Vir[F]ginia, mountain mom[C]ma,
take me [Bb] home, country [F] roads.
take me [C] home, country [F] roads.
take me [C] home, country [F] roads.