Almost Heaven, West Virginia, Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River.
Life is old there, older than the trees, younger than the mountains, blowin like a breeze.

Country Roads, take me home, to the place I belong
West Virginia, mountain mama, 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.

I hear her voice in the morning hours 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.

Country Roads, take me home, to the place I belong
West Virginia, mountain mama, take me home, country roads.

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Take me home, country roads.
Take me home, country roads.