

John Denver - Wild Montana Skies

Tom: D

Intro: D G A D

He was born in the Bitterroot Valley in the early morning rain

Wild geese over the water, heading north and home again

Bringin' a warm wind from the south, bringin' the first taste of the spring

His mother took him to her breast and softly she did sing
Refrão:

Oh, Montana, give this child a home

Give him the love of a good family and a woman of his own

Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light in his eyes

Give him the wild wind for a brother and the wild Montana skies

D G A D

His mother died that summer and he never learned to cry

He never knew his father and he never did ask why

He never knew the answers that would make an easy way

But he learned to know the wilderness and to be a man that way

His mother's brother took him in to his family and his home

Gave him a hand that he could lean on and a strength to call his own

D G

And he learned to be a farmer and he learned to love the land

And he learned to read the seasons and he learned to make a stand
Refrão...

On the eve of his 21st birthday, he set out on his own

He was 30 years and runnin' when he found his way back home

Ridin' a storm across the mountains and in achin' in his heart

Said he came to turn the pages and to make a brand new start

Now he never told the story of the time that he was gone
Some say he was a lawyer, some say he was a john

There was something in the city that he said he couldn't breathe

There was something in the country that he said he couldn't leave

Refrão..

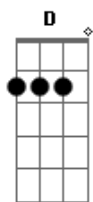
Now some say he was crazy and some are glad he's gone

But some of us will miss him and we'll try to carry on
Giving a voice to the forest, giving a voice to the dawn

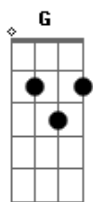
Giving a voice to the wilderness and the land that he lived on

Refrão 2x...

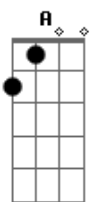
Acordes



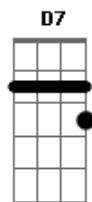
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