

John Denver

"Matthew"

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Had an uncle named Matthew
Was his fathers only boy
Born just south of Colby, Kansas
Was his mothers pride and joy

Yes, and joy was just the thing that he was raised on
Love was just the way to live and die
Gold was just a windy Kansas wheatfield
Blue, just a Kansas summer sky

All the stories that he told me
Back when I was just a lad
All the memories that he gave me
All the good times that he had

Growing up a Kansas farmboy
Life was mostly having fun
Riding on his Daddys shoulders
Behind a mule beneath the sun

Yes, and joy was just the thing that he was raised on
Love was just the way to live and die
Gold was just a windy Kansas wheatfield
Blue is just a Kansas summer sky

Well, I guess there were some hard times
And I'm told some years were lean
They had a storm in forty-seven
A twister came and stripped them clean

He lost the farm and lost his family
He lost the wheat and lost his home
But he found the family Bible
Faith as solid as a stone

Yes, and joy was just the thing that he was raised on
Love was just the way to live and die
Gold was just a windy Kansas wheatfield
Blue, just a Kansas summer sky

So he came to live at our house
And he came to work the land

He came to ease my Daddys burden
And he came to be my friend

So, I wrote this down for Matthew
And it's for him the song is sung
Riding on his Daddy's shoulders
Behind a Mule beneath the sun

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Words and music by John Denver

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