

John Denver "Wild Montana Skies"

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This song appears on nine albums, and was first released on the It's About Time Album, and has also been released on the Greatest Hits Vol 3, Changes, The Very Best of John Denver (Double CD), Country Classics, The Country Roads Collection and The Rocky Mountain Collection Albums. A live version also appears on The Wildlife Concert and The Best of John Denver Live Albums.

He was born in the Bitterroot Valley in the early
morning rain
Wild geese over the water headin' 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

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

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

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

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 an
aching in his heart
Said he came to turn the pages and to make a brand
new start

Now he never told a story of the time that he was gone
Some say he was a lawyer, some say he was a John
There was somethin' in the city that he said he
couldn't breathe
And there was somethin' in the country that he
said he couldn't leave

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

Now some say he was crazy and they're glad
that he is gone
But some of us 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

Oh Montana, give this child a home
Give him the love of a good family and a woman of his
own
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Words and music by John Denver

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