

## **John Denver**

# **"Wild Mountain Skies"**

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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 couldnt  
breathe  
And there was somethin' in the country that he said he  
couldnt 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 well 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  
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