

Toots & The Maytals "Take Me Home Country Roads"

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Almost heaven, West Jamaica
True ridge mountains, shining down the river
All my friends there, older than those ridge
Younger than the mountains, blowin' like a breeze

Country roads take me home
To the place I belong
West Jamaica, my ol' momma
Take me home country roads

I heard her voice, in the mornin' hour she calls me
Said "Son you remind me of my home far away"
And drivin' down the road I feel a sickness
I should have been home yesterday, yesterday

All my memories, all gathered 'round her
My my lady swingin' through the water, water
Dark and dusty painted on the sky
Misty taste of moonshine, tears gone from my eyes

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To the place

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