Al-Most heaven, West Virginia.
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River.
Life is old there, older than the trees.
Younger than the mountains, growing like a breeze.

Country roads, take me home.
To the place I belong.
West Virginia, mountain momma.
Take me home, country roads.

All my memories gather ‘round her.
Miner’s lady, stranger to blue water.
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky.
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye

Chorus

I hear her voice, in the morning hour she calls to me.
The radio reminds me of my home far away.
And driving down the road, I get a feeling that I should have been home yesterday, yesterday.

Chorus