

# Wild Montana Skies

John Denver

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

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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

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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

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