

# Emmylou Harris, Wild Montana Skies

(John Denver)

He was born in the Bitterroot Valley in the early morning rain  
Wild geese over the water, heading 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 his 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

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

Now he never told the story of the time that he was gone  
Some say he was a lawyer, some say he was a john  
There was something in the city that he said he couldn't breathe  
There was something in the country that he said he couldn't leave  
Now some say he was crazy and some are glad he's gone

But some of us will 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