

John Denver, The Wrangell Mountain Song

Sunday, and it's raining in Alaska. Seven days, I haven't seen the sun.
Flying bush, flying low along the shoreline, doing everything I can to make it home.
I can't wait to see the Wrangell Mountains. I can't wait to do what I will do.
Honey, did I never say how time goes by so slowly
when I can't wait to get back home to you.

Three years from the war, settled down now.
I did my time and served my country well.
In the freedom I defended, I fly beneath the North Star,
And I just don't know a better way to feel.
I can't wait to see the Wrangell Mountains. I can't wait to do what I will do.
Honey, did I never say how time goes by so slowly
when I can't wait to get back home to you.

It's a quiet life out here among the mountains
in a cabin that was built with these two hands.

McCarthy lies asleep beside the glacier. It's colder now, winter's in the air.
If you think they're wild, it's just because they can't be broken,
it's a strong and gentle people living there.
I can't wait to see the Wrangell Mountains. I can't wait to do what I will do.
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