

Townes Van Zandt, My Proud Mountains

by Townes Van Zandt
My home is Colorado
with their proud mountains tall
where the rivers like gypsies
down her black canyons fall
I'm a long, long way from Denver
with a long way to go
so lend an ear to my singing
cause I'll be back no more

I left as a young man
not full seventeen
with nothin' for company
but the wind and a dream
'bout all the fast ladies
and livin' I'd find
when I left my proud mountains
and rivers behind

So I rolled and a-rambled
like a leaf in the wind
Well, I found my fast ladies
and some hard livin' men
Well, I sometimes went hungry
with my pockets all bare
Lord, I sometimes had good luck
with money to spare

I made me some friends, Lord,
that I won't soon forget
Some are down under
and some are rambling yet
but as for me
I'm headed for home
back to high Colorado
never more for to roam

So friends, when my time comes
as surely it will
you just carry my body
out to some lonesome hill
and lay me down easy
where the cool rivers run
with only my mountains
'tween me and the sun

My home is Colorado