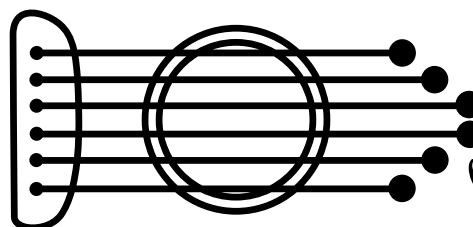


John Denver

WELL I'M WEARY AND
TIRED, I'VE DONE MY DAY'S
RIDING NIGHTTIME IS ROLLING MY
WAY THE SKY'S ALL ON FIRE AND THE LIGHT'S
PEACEFUL AND STILL ENDS THE DAY OUT ON THE TRAIL NIGHT BIRDS ARE
CALLING SINGING THEIR WILD MELODY DOWN IN THE CANYON COTTON-
WOOD WHISPERS A SONG OF WYOMING FOR ME WELL, I'VE WANDERED
AROUND THE TOWN AND THE CITY TRIED
TO FIGURE THE HOW AND THE WHY WELL,
I'VE STOPPED ALL MY SCHEMING I'M JUST
DRIFTING AND DREAMING WATCHING
THE RIVER ROLL BY HERE COMES THAT
BIG OLD PRAIRIE MOON RISING SHINING
DOWN BRIGHT AS CAN BE UP ON THE
HILL THERE'S A COYOTE SINGING A SONG OF WYOMING FOR ME NOW IT'S WHIS-
KEY AND TOBACCO AND BITTER BLACK COFFEE A LONESOME OLD DOGIE AM I
BUT WAKING UP ON THE RANGE LORD I FEEL LIKE AN ANGEL FREE LIKE I
ALMOST COULD FLY DRIFT LIKE A CLOUD OUT OVER THE BADLANDS SING
LIKE A BIRD IN THE TREE THE WIND IN THE
HEAVEN SINGING A SONG OF WYO-
MING FOR ME A SONG OF
WYOMING FOR ME

SLOWLY FADING



Song of Wyoming

