My Proud Mountains Townes Van Zandt

Submitted by Neal

A D A

My home is Colorado with her proud mountains tall

Where the rivers, like gypsies, down her black canyons fall

D E

Well I m a long way from Denver with a long way to go

So lend an ear to my singin , cause I ll be back no more.

Well I left as a young man, not full seventeen With nothin for comp ny but the wind and a dream Bout all the fast ladies and the livin I d find When I left My Proud Mountains and rivers behind.

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

Well I made me some friends Lord, that I won t soon forget Well some are down under and some are ramblin yet But as for me, well 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

Yeah my home is Colorado.

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