Rocky Mountain High

John Denver/Mike Taylor

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He was born in the summer, of his twenty seventh year

Coming home to a place he'd never been before

He left yesterday behind him, you might say he was born a-again

You might say he found a key for every door

When he first came to the mountains, his life was far a-way

On the road and hanging by a song

But the string's already broken, and he doesn't really care

It keeps changing fast, and it don't last for long

But the Colorado Rocky Mountain high, I've seen it raining fire in the sky

The shadow from the starlight is softer than a lullaby – y – y – y

Rocky Mountain high, Colorado, Rocky Mountain high, Colorado

He climbed cathedral mountains, he saw silver clouds be-low

He saw everything as far as you can see

And they say that he got crazy once, and he tried to touch the sun

And he lost a friend but kept the memory

Now he walks in quiet solitude, the forests and the streams

Seeking grace in every step he takes
His sight has turned inside himself to try and understand

The serenity of a clear blue mountain lake

And the Colorado Rocky Mountain high, I've seen it raining fire in the sky

Talk to God and listen to the casual reply – y – y – y / . . .

Rocky Mountain high, Colorado, Rocky Mountain high, Colorado

Now his life is full of wonder, but his heart still knows some fear

Of a simple thing he cannot comprehend

Why they try to tear the mountains down, to bring in a couple more

More people, more scars upon the land

And the Colorado Rocky Mountain high, I've seen it raining fire in the sky

I know he'd be a poorer man if he never saw an eagle fly – y – y – y / . . .

Rocky Mountain high

And the Colorado Rocky Mountain high, I've seen it raining fire in the sky

Friends around the campfire and everybody's high – igh – igh / . . .

Rocky Mountain high, Colorado, Rocky Mountain high, Colorado

Rocky Mountain high, Colorado, Rocky Mountain high – igh – igh / / /