

Rocky Mountain High
by John Denver

He was born in the summer of his 27th year, coming home to a place he'd never been before.
He left yesterday behind him, you might say he was born again,
you might say he found a key for every door.
When he first came to the mountains, his life was far away on the road and hanging by a song.
But the strings already broken and he doesn't really care,
it keeps changing fast, and it don't last for long.

And the Colorado Rocky Mountain high, I've seen it raining fire in the sky.
The shadows from the starlight are softer than a lullaby.
Rocky Mountain high, Colorado. Rocky Mountain high.

He climbed cathedral mountains, he saw silver clouds below,
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 forest and the streams, seeking grace in every step he takes.
His sight is 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.
You can talk to God and listen to the casual reply.
Rocky Mountain high, Colorado. Rocky Mountain high.

Now his life is full of wonder, but his heart still knows some fear,
of a simple thing he can not 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 poor man if he never saw an eagle fly,
Rocky Mountain high, the Colorado Rocky Mountain high, I've seen it raining fire in the sky.
Friends around the campfire and everybody's high
Rocky Mountain high, Colorado. Rocky Mountain high.
Rocky Mountain high, Colorado. Rocky Mountain high.