

# Wild Montana Skies

## John Denver & Emmylou Harris

He was born in the Bitterroot valley in the early morning rain  
Wild geese over the water, heading north and home again  
Bringin' a warm wind from the south, bringin' the first taste of the spring  
His mother took him to her breast, softly she did sing Oh, oh, oh, oh, Montana, give this child a  
home  
Give him a love of a good family and a woman of his own  
Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light in his eyes  
Give him the wild wind for a brother and the wild Montana skies His mother died that summer  
and he never learned to cry  
He never knew his father and he never did ask why  
And he never knew the answers that would make an easy way  
But he learned to know the wilderness and to be a man that way His mother's brother took him  
in to his family and his home  
Gave him a hand that he could lean on and a strength to call his own  
And he learned to be a farmer and he learned to love the land  
And he learned to read the seasons and he learned to make a stand  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, Montana, give this child a home  
Give him a love of a good family and a woman of his own  
Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light in his eyes  
Give him the wild wind for a brother and the wild Montana skies On the eve of his twenty first  
birthday, he set out on his own  
He was thirty years and runnin' when he found his way back home  
Ridin' a storm across the mountains and an achin' in his heart  
Said he came to turn the pages and to make a brand new start Now he never told the story of the  
time that he was gone  
Some say he was a lawyer, some say he was a John  
There was something in the city that he said he couldn't breathe  
There was something in the country that he said he couldn't leave Oh, oh, oh, oh, Montana, give  
this child a home  
Give him a love of a good family and a woman of his own  
Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light in his eyes  
Give him the wild wind for a brother and the wild Montana skies  
Now some say he was crazy, some are glad he's gone  
Some of us will miss him, we'll try to carry on  
Giving a voice to the forest, giving a voice to the dawn  
Giving a voice to the wilderness and the land that he lived on Oh, oh, oh, oh, Montana, give this  
child a home  
Give him a love of a good family and a woman of his own  
Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light in his eyes  
Give him the wild wind for a brother and the wild Montana skies Oh, oh, oh, oh, Montana, give  
this child a home  
Give him a love of a good family and a woman of his own

Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light in his eyes  
Give him the wild wind for a brother and the wild Montana skies

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>