

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

[www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

## My Proud Mountains

My Proud Mountains  
(Townes Van Zandt)

My home is Colorado, where there's proud mountains tall,  
Where the rivers like Gypsies down her black canyons fall.  
Well, I'm a long, 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 company but the wind and a dream  
'Bout all the fast ladies and livin' I'd find  
When I left my proud mountains and rivers behind.

So I rolled and I rambled like a leaf in the wind.  
Well, I found my fast ladies and some hard livin' men.  
Well 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 hills  
And lay me down easy where the cool rivers run  
With only my mountains 'tween me and the sun.

Yeah, my home is Colorado.  
DS