

John Denver - Whispering Jesse

Tom: D

I often had wandered, in deep contemplation
 It seems that the mind runs wild when you're all alone
 The way that it could be, the ways that it should be
 Things I'd do differently, if I could do them again
 I've always loved springtime, the passing of winter
 The green of the new leaves and life goin' on
 The promise of morning, the long days of summer
 Warm nights of loving her, beneath the bright stars
 I'm just an old cowboy, from high Colorado

To old to ride anymore, too blind to see
 I sleep in the city now, away from my mountains
 Away from the cabin we always called home
 I dreamed I left there, on an old palamino
 Whispering Jesse rode right by my side
 I long to hold her, to hear her soft breathing
 The touch of her cool hand, on my fevered brow
 (G A D G A D G A Bm G A)
 Whispering Jesse, still rides in the mountains
 Still sings in the canyons, still lives in my heart

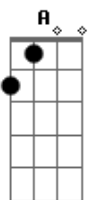
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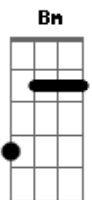
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