Montana Moon In The Pines

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G Em C D
1) Up in Montana on the high Divide, where the mountains stand like Gods in the sky,
G Em C D
Where the air is so clean you can drink it, it seems, and the snow stays on 'til July,
G Em C D
There's strength in the sights and the Montana nights, that even a blind man could see,
G Em C D
And a man all alone could find his way home to something that he's never seen.
Em D Em D
Where the sun pores pure 'cross your sunburnt brow, and the mountains all seem to shine
Em C
Where the grizzly is king, and the coyotes still sing
D
To the Montana moon in the pines.

C G
Chorus: So if your life has gone stale, how 'bout hittin' the trail
F C G
And leavin' your street lights behind.
C G
'Cause that high country wind is a-singin' again,
F C G F C G
Through the Montana moon in the pines, Montana moon in the pines.

2) Now I'm just a singer with miles in my eyes, I'm a rich man with nothing to show,
I spend all my nights singing love songs, to ladies that I'll never know.
I once lived the life of a rambler, I lived off the fruit of the land
But now I'm living on burgers and ol' skunky beer, And I get my kicks in a can.
But in my memory's eye I go flyin', Back to that some other time,
When the owls are a hootin' and the wind comes a shootin'
Through the Montana moon in the pines.
(Chorus)