

Matthew

John Denver

Had an uncle named Matthew
Was his father's only boy
Born just south of Colby, Kansas
Was his mother's pride and joy Yes, and joy was just the thing that he was raised on
Love was just the way to live and die
Gold was just a windy Kansas wheatfield
Blue, just a Kansas summer sky All the stories that he told me
Back when I was just a lad
All the memories that he gave me
All the good times that he had Growin' up a Kansas farmboy
Life was mostly havin' fun
Ridin' on his daddy's shoulders
Behind a view beneath the sun
Yes, and joy was just the thing that he was raised on
Love was just the way to live and die
Gold was just a windy Kansas wheatfield
Blue is just a Kansas summer sky Well, I guess there were some hard times
And I'm told some years were lean
They had a storm in forty-seven
A twister came and stripped them clean He lost the farm and lost his family
He lost the wheat and lost his home
But he found a family Bible
Faith as solid as a stone Yes, and joy was just the thing that he was raised on
Love was just the way to live and die
Gold was just a windy Kansas wheatfield
Blue, just a Kansas summer sky
So he came to live at our house
And he came to work the land
He came to ease my daddy's burden
And he came to be my friend So, I wrote this down for Matthew
And it's for him the song is sung
Ridin' on his daddy's shoulders
Behind a mule beneath the sun Yes, and joy was just the thing that he was raised on
Love was just the way to live and die
Gold was just a windy Kansas wheatfield
Blue, just a Kansas summer sky Yes, and joy was just the thing that he was raised on
Love was just the way to live and die
Gold was just a windy Kansas wheatfield
Blue, just a Kansas summer sky
Words and music by John Denver
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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