

Angel From Montgomery

Written by: John Prine

[G] I am an old [C] woman [G] named after my [C] mother.
[G] My old man is a-[C]nother [D] child that's grown [G] old.
If dreams were [C] thunder [G] and lightning was de-[C]sire
[G] this old house would've [C] burnt down a [D] long time a-[G]go.

[G] Make me an [F] angel that [C] flies from Mont-[G]gomery.
Make me a [F] poster of [C] an old rode-[G]o.
Just give me [F] one thing that [C] I can hold [G] on to.
To believe in this [C] living is just a [D] hard way to [G] go. [C] [G] [C]

[G] When I was a young [C] girl [G] I had me [C] a cowboy,
[G] wasn't much to [C] look at, [D] just a free rambl-in' [G] man.
But that was a [C] long time, and [G] no matter how [C] I try,
[G] the years can't go [C] back like a [D] broken down [G] dam.

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To believe in this [C] living is just a [D] hard way to [G] go. [C] [G] [C]

[G] There's flies [C] in the [G] kitchen, I can [C] hear all their buzzin'
[G] but I ain't done [C] nothin' since I [D] woke up to-[G]day.
But how the hell [C] can a person go to [G] work in the [C] morning
[G] come home in the [C] evenin' and have nothin' [D] to say? [G]

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