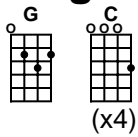


Angel From Montgomery - John Prine



G C G C G C D G
I am an old woman, named after my mother, My old man is another... child that's grown old.

G C G C G C D G
If dreams were lightning and thunder was desire, This old house would've burnt down a long time ago.

Chorus:

G F C G G F C G
Make me an angel that flies from Montgomery. Make me a poster of an old rodeo.

G F C G G C D G
Just give me one thing that I can hold on to. To believe in this living is just a hard way to go.

G C G C G C D G
When I was a young girl I had me a cowboy, He weren't much to look at, just a free ramblin' man.

G C G C G C D G
But that was a long time, and no matter how I try, These dreams go by like a broken-down dam.

(Chorus)

G C G C G C D G
There's flies in the kitchen, I can hear 'em there buzzin' and I ain't done nothin' since I woke up today.

G C G C G C D G
How the hell can a person go to work in the mornin' and come home in the evenin' and have nothin' to say?

(Chorus)

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