Angel From Montgomery - John Prine

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

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

Chorus:

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

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

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

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

(Chorus)

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

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

(Chorus)

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