

Angel From Montgomery

(By John Prine)

G - C - G - C - G G - C - G - C - G

G C G C
I am an old woman... named after my mother.

G C F G
My old man is another... child that's grown old.

G C G C
If dreams were lightning, and thunder were desire,
G C F G
This old house would have burned down a long time ago.

Chorus:

G F C G C G
Make me an angel that flies from Montgomery.

G F C G C G
Make me a poster of an old rodeo.

G F C G C G
Just give me one thing that I can hold on to.

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

G C G C
When I was a young girl... well, I had me a cowboy.

G C F G
He weren't much to look at, just a free rambling man.

G C G C
But that was a long time.... and no matter how I try,

G C F G
The years just flow by like a broken down dam.

(Repeat Chorus)

G C G C
There's flies in the kitchen... I can hear 'em, they're buzzing.

G C F G
And I ain't done nothing, since I woke up today.

G C G C
How the hell can a person.... go to work in the morning,

G C F G
And come home in the evening and have nothing to say?

(Repeat Chorus)