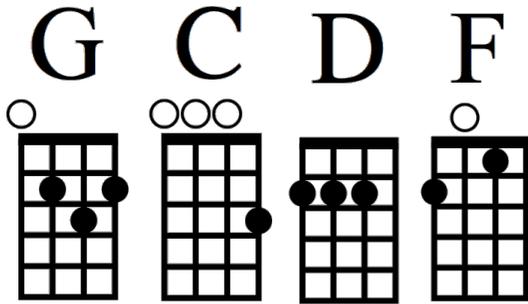


Angel from Montgomery – By John Prine



[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.
[G]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

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus:

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