

Angel From Montgomery

by John Prine

Intro: G - C 2x

G C G C

- 1) I am an old woman, named after my mother,
- 2) When I was a young girl, I had me a cowboy,
- 3) There's flies in the kitchen, I can hear 'em there buzzin',

G C D7 G

- 1) My old man is another, child that's grown old.
- 2) He weren't much to look at, just a free ramblin' man.
- 3) And I ain't done nothin', since I woke up today.

G C G C

- 1) If dreams were lightning, and thunder was desire,
- 2) But that was a long time, and no matter how I try,
- 3) How the hell can a person, go to work in the mornin',

G C D7 C G

- 1) This old house would've burnt down, a long time ago.
- 2) Those years just go by, like a broken-down dam.
- 3) And come home in the evenin', and have nothin' to say?

Chorus:

G F C G

Make me an angel that flies from Montgomery,

G F C G

Make me a poster of an old rodeo,

G F C G

Just give me one thing that I can hold on to,

G C D7 G

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

