

Angel From Montgomery

John Prine

G C G C
I am an old woman, named after my mother
G C D G
My old man is another, child that's grown old
G C G C
If dreams were lightening, and thunder was desire
G C D G
This old house would've burnt down a long time ago

CHORUS:

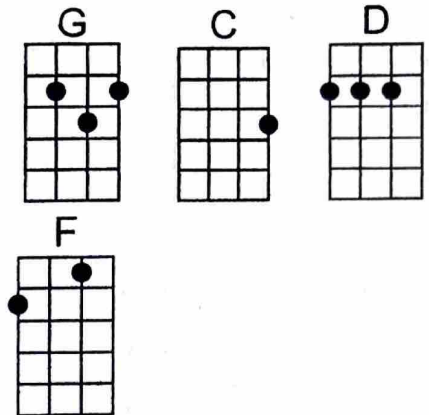
G F C G
Make me an angel that flies from Montgomery
G F C G
Make me a poster of an old rodeo
G F C G
Just give me one thing that I can hold on to
G F D G
To believe in this living is just a hard way to go

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

-CHORUS-

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

-CHORUS-



boulder ukulele group