

# ANGEL FROM MONTGOMERY

John Prine

[D] I am an old [G] woman, [D] named after my [G] mother.  
[D] My old man is [G] another, [A] child that's grown [D] old.  
If dreams were [G] lightning, [D] and thunder were [G] desire  
[D] this old house would've [G] burnt down a [A] long time [D] ago.

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

[D] When I was a [G] young girl, [D] I had me [G] a cowboy,  
[D] He weren't much to [G] look at, just a [A] free ramblin' [D] man.  
But that was a [G] long time, [D] and no matter how [G] I try,  
[D] the years just [G] flow by like a [A] broken down [D] dam.

*{chorus}*

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

*{chorus}*