

# ANGEL FROM MONTGOMERY

by John Prine

D. C F C F  
G D G  
I am an old woman, named after my mother  
DC GF AG DC  
My old man is another, child that's grown old  
DC GF DC GF  
If dreams were lightning, thunder was desire  
DC GF AG DC  
This old house would have burnt down, a long time ago

## Chorus:

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

When I was a young girl well, I had me a cowboy  
He weren't much to look at, just free rambling man  
But that was a long time, and no matter how I try  
The years just flow by, like a broken down dam

Chorus...

There's flies in the kitchen, I can hear 'em there buzzin'  
And I ain't done nothin' since I woke up today.  
Now how the hell can a person, go to work in the mornin'  
Come home in the evenin' and have nothin' to say.

Chorus...