

# Angel From Montgomery

by John Prine (1971)

*E* *A* *E* *A*  
I am an old woman named after my mother,  
*E* *A* *D* *E*  
My father is another child that's grown old.  
*E* *A* *E* *A*  
If dreams were lightning and thunder was desire,  
*E* *A* *D* *E*  
This old house would've burnt down a long time ago.

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

*E* *A* *E* *A*  
When I was a young girl I had me a cowboy,  
*E* *A* *D* *E*  
He weren't much to look at, just a free ramblin' man.  
*E* *A* *E* *A*  
But that was a long time, and no matter how I try,  
*E* *A* *D* *E*  
These dreams go by like a broken-down dam.

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

