Angel From Montgomery John Prine

G	C	G	C
G	C	D	G

G	F	C	G
G	F	C	G
G	F	C	G
G	C	D	G

I am an old woman named after my mother
My old man is another child that's grown old
If dreams were lightning thunder was desire
This old house would have burnt down a long time ago

Make me an angel that flies from Montgom'ry
Make me a poster of an old rodeo
Just give me one thing that I can hold on to
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.

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Make me a poster of an old rodeo
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To believe in this living is just a hard way to go

There's flies in the kitchen I can hear 'em there buzzing
And I ain't done nothing since I woke up today.
How the hell can a person go to work in the morning
And come home in the evening and have nothing to say.

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Make me a poster of an old rodeo
Just give me one thing that I can hold on to
To believe in this living is just a hard way to go