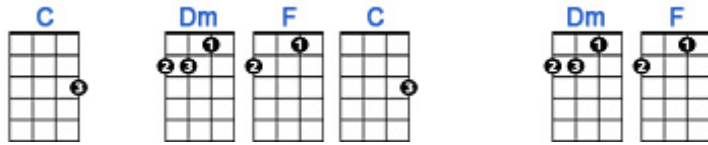
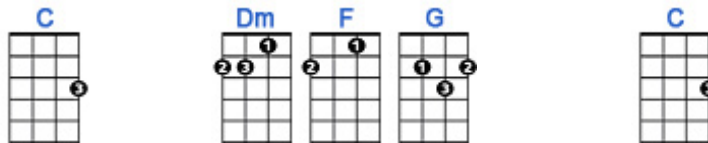


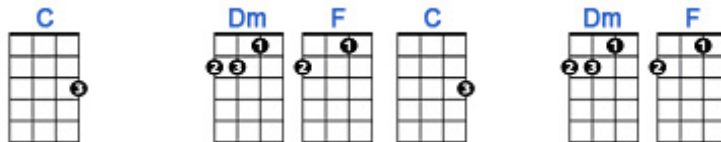
Angel From Montgomery by John Prine



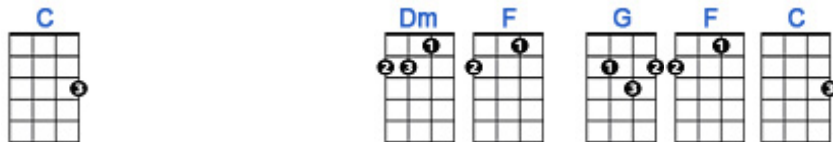
I am an old wo – man, named after my mo – ther,



My old man is ano – ther child that's grown old.

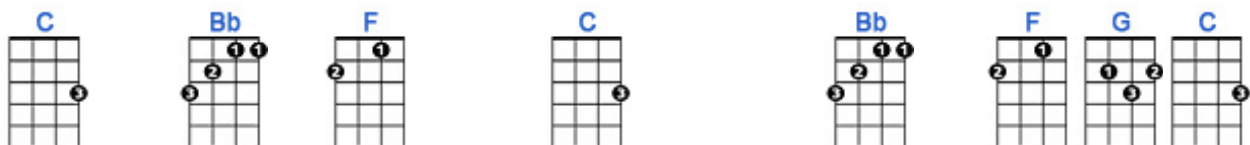


If dreams were light – ning, thunder was de – sire,

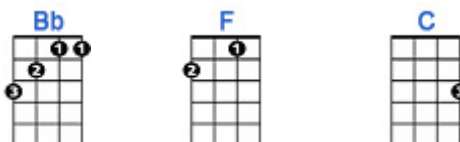


This old house would have burnt down a long time a–go.

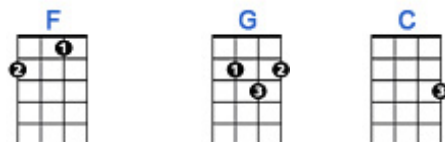
Chorus:



Make me an angel that flies from Montgom'ry. Make me a poster of an old rod – eo.



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.

Repeat Chorus:

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.

Repeat Chorus: