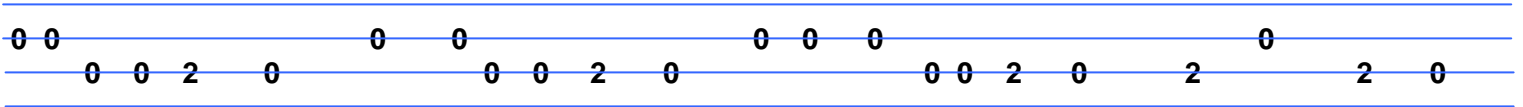
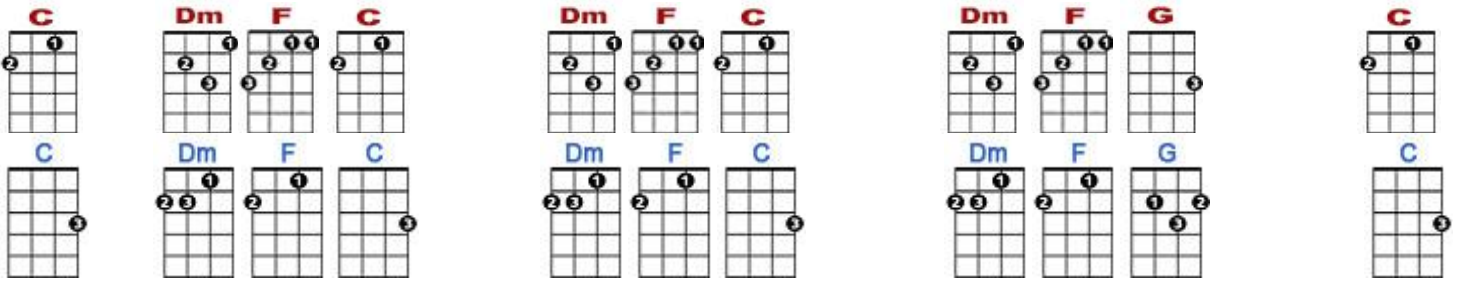
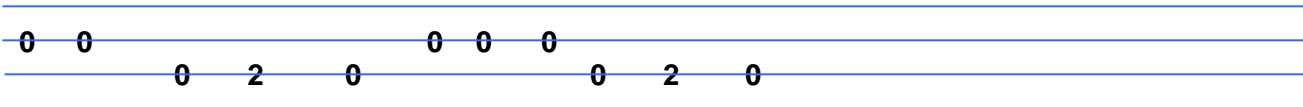
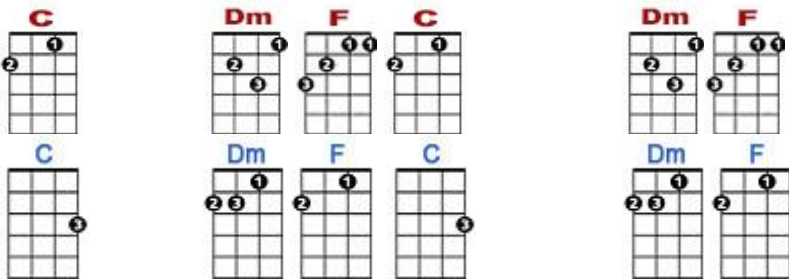


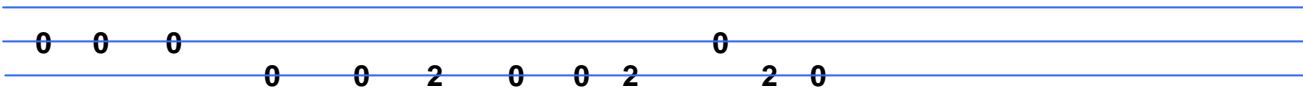
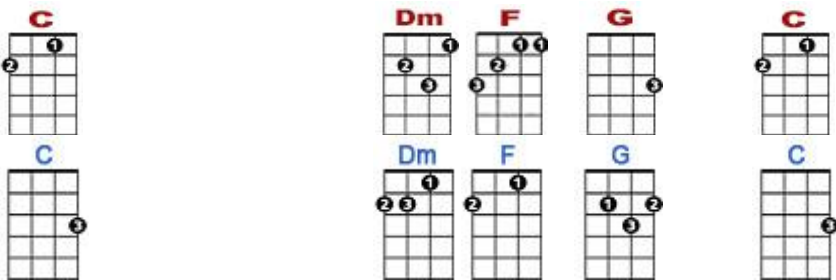
Angel From Montgomery by John Prine



I am an old wo – man, named after my mo – ther, my old man is a - no – ther child that's grown old.



If dreams were light – ning, thunder was de – si – re,



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

CHORUS:

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

0 2 0 2 0 0 2 0 2 2 0

3 3 3 3 3

Make me an angel that flies from Montgom'ry. Make me a poster of an old ro - de - o.

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

0 2 0 2 0 0 0 2 0 2 0

3 3

Just give me one thing that I can hold on to. To believe in this liv - ing is just a hard way to go.

2nd VERSE:

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

CHORUS:

3rd VERSE:

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.

CHORUS: