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

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: