

Angel of Montgomery

<abcjs> X:1 T:Angel of Montgomery (Verse) C:John Prine L:1/4 M:4/4 Q:1/4=125 I:linebreak \$ K:C

z/ „G“D/B/B/ B3/2 „C“A/	G2 z2	z „G“B/BA/G/„C“A/G-	G z3/2 „G“D/B	BA/G/„C“A/G3/2	z2 „D“B>G	A„G“G3
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w: I am an old wo-man, named af-ter my mo-ther_ my old man is an-ot-her child that's grown old
</abcjs>

<abcjs> X:2 T:Angel of Montgomery (Refrain) C:John Prine L:1/4 M:4/4 Q:1/4=125 I:linebreak \$ K:C

z „G“B A G/ „F“A/-	A/ F5/2 F	„C“G2 A B/„G“A/-	A/ G3 z/
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w:Make me an Ang_el that flies from Mont-gom-ery

z „G“B B B/ „F“A/-	A/ F5/2 G/G/	B3/2 B3/2 A	G2 z2
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w:Make am a pos-ter of an old ro-deo </abcjs>

Tabulatur und Text

Trau, schau wem: Der Akkord D-Dur ist Quatsch, hier gehört H-Dur (B), nämlich die Dominante von E-Dur, hin (probiert es aus - was da unten steht, klingt grausam!). Wir sollten es aber gar nicht in E-Dur singen, sondern in G-Dur - ist wesentlich einfacher und ich glaube auch für alle singbar (siehe Noten oben).

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----
---#
#This file is the author's own work and represents their interpretation of
the #
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or
research. #
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From: "Pamela N. Lindell"
Subject: Angel From Montgomery - Bonnie Raitt

ANGEL FROM MONTGOMERY - Bonnie Raitt version

E A E A
I am an old woman named after my mother.
E A D E
My old man is another child that's grown old.
 A E A
If dreams were thunder and lightning was desire
E A D E

this old house would've burnt down a long time ago.

CHORUS

 D A E
Make me an angel that flies from Montgomery.

 D A E
Make me a poster of an old rodeo.

 D A E
Just give me one thing that I can hold on to.

 D A E A E A
To believe in this living is just a hard way to go.

When I was a young girl I had me a cowboy,
wa'n't much to look at, just a free ramblin' 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 all their buzzin'
but I ain't done nothin' since I woke up today.
I am kind of person goes to work in the morning
come home in the evenin' and have nothin' to say.

(repeat chorus)

 D A E
To believe in this living is just a hard way to go.