

John Denver, Angel From Montgomery

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

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 kinda person go to work in the morning
And come home in the evening and have nothing to say
Make me an angel...
Make me an angel...
Make me an angel...
Make me an angel...