

Verse 2

E A E A
When I was a young girl... Well, I had me a cowboy,
E A B B/C# E
Weren't much to look at... just a free ramblin' man.
E A E A
But that was a long time... and no matter how I try,
E A B B/C# E
Those years just flow by... like a broken-down dam.

Chorus

E D A E
Make me an angel... that flies from Montgomery.
E D A E
Make me a poster... of an old rodeo.
E D A E
Just give-a me one thing... that I can hold on to.
E A D A/C# E
To believe in this living... is just a hard way to go.

|| E A/C# | E A/C# || {ad lib}

Verse 3

E A E A
There's flies in the kitchen... I can hear them buzzin'
E A B B/C# E
And I ain't done nothin'... since I woke up today.
E A E A
How the hell can a person... go to work in the morning
E A B B/C# E
And come home in the evenin'... and have nothin' to say.

Chorus

E D A E
Make me an angel... that flies from Montgomery.
E D A E
Make me a poster... of an old rodeo.
E D A E
Just give-a me one thing... that I can hold on to.
E A D A/C# E
To believe in this living... is just a hard way to go.

Tag Ending

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