

Bruised Orange (Chain Of Sorrow)

John Prine 1978

INTRO: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 / [A] / [A] / [A] / [A]

My [A] heart's in the ice house
Come [A] hill or come valley
Like a [D] long ago Sunday, when I walked through the alley
On a [A] cold winter's morning to a [E7] church house
Just to [E7] shovel some [A] snow [Asus4]/[A]/[A]
I heard [A] sirens on the train track
Howl [A] naked, gettin' nuder
An [D] altar boy's been hit by a local commuter
Just from [A] walking with his back turned to the [E7] train
That was [E7] coming so [A] slow [Asus4]/[A]/[A7]

CHORUS:

You can [D] gaze out the window
Get [D] mad and get madder
Throw you [A] hands in the air, say "What does it matter?"
But it [E7] don't do no good, to get angry
So [E7] help me I [A] know [Asus4]/[A]/[A7]
For a [D] heart stained in anger
Grows [D] weak and grows bitter
You be-[A]come your own prisoner
As you [A] watch yourself sit there wrapped [E7] up in a trap [E7]
Of your [E7] very own chain of sor-[A]row [Asus4]/[A]/[A]

OPTIONAL INSTRUMENTAL:

I heard [A] sirens on the train track
Howl [A] naked, gettin' nuder
An [D] altar boy's been hit by a local commuter
Just from [A] walking with his back turned to the [E7] train
That was [E7] coming so [A] slow [Asus4]/[A]/[A]

I been [A] brought down to zero
Pulled [A] out and put back there
I [D] sat on a park bench, kissed the girl with the black hair
And my [A] head shouted down to my [E7] heart
You better [E7] look out be-[A]low [Asus4]/[A]/[A]
It [A] ain't such a long drop
Don't [A] stammer, don't stutter
From the [D] diamonds in the sidewalk to the dirt in the gutter
And you [A] carry those bruises to re-[E7]mind you
Wher-[E7]ever you [A] go [Asus4]/[A]/[A7]

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Of your [E7] very own chain of sor-[A]row [Asus4]/[A]/[A]

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