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]↓**

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