

Bruised Orange
John Prine

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Date: Sun, 29 Mar 1998 19:22:16 -0500
From: Ray Allis
Subject: CRD:p/prine_john/bruised_orange.crd

BRUISED ORANGE
by John Prine
interpreted by Ray Allis

G

My heart s in the ice house
2) I ve been brought down to zero

come hill or come valley
2) pulled out and put back there

C

like a long ago Sunday
2) I sat on a park bench

when I walked through the alley
2) kissed the girl with the black hair

G

on a cold winters morning
2) and my head shouted down

D

to the church house
2) to my heart

G

just to shovel some snow
2) you better look out below

I heard sirens on the train tracks
2) Well it ain t such a long drop

howl naked , gettin nuder
2) don t stammer, don t studder

C

an alter boy had been hit
2) from the diamonds in the sidewalk

by a local comuter
2) to the dirt in the gutter

G

just from walking with his back turned
2) you ll be carrying those bruises

D

to a train
2) to remind you

G G7

that was coming so slow
2) wherever you go

(CHORUS)

C

You can gaze out the window

get mad and get madder

G

throw your hands in the air

and say what does it matter

D

but it don t do no good

C

to get angry

G G7

so help me I know

C

for a heart stained with anger

grows weak and grows bitter

G

you become your own prisoner

as you watch yourself sit there

D

wrapped up in a trap

C

of your very own

G

chain of sorrow

3) (Repeat first verse and chorus)

Please send corrections or suggestions.