

Bruised Orange (Chain of Sorrow) by John Prine. 3/4 time

Intro: A

A

My hearts in the ice house come hill or come valley.

D

Like a long ago Sunday when I walked through the alley

A

E

On a cold winter's morning to a church house

A

Just to shovel some snow.

A

I heard sirens on the train track howl naked getting nuder

D

An altar boys been hit by a local commuter

A

E

Just from walking with his back turned to the train

A

That was coming so slow.

D

You can gaze out the window get mad and get madder

A

Throw your hands in the air say "What does it matter"

E

A

But it don't do no good to get angry so help me I know

D

for a heart stained in anger grows weak and grows bitter

A

You become your own prisoner as you watch yourself sit there

E

A

wrapped up in a trap of your own very chain of sorrow

A

I've been brought down to zero pulled out and put back there

D

I sat on a park bench, kissed the girl with the black hair

A

E

And my head shouted down to my heart

A

“You better look out below”

A

Hey it ain't such a long drop don't stammer don't stutter

D

From the diamonds on the sidewalk to the dirt in the gutter

A

E

And you carry those bruises to remind you

A

Wherever you go

D

You can gaze out the window get mad and get madder

A

Throw your hands in the air say “What does it matter”

E

A

But it don't do no good to get angry so help me I know

D

for a heart stained in anger grows weak and grows bitter

A

You become your own prisoner as you watch yourself sit there

E

A

wrapped up in a trap of your own very chain of sorrow

Instrumental: A A A A D D D D A A E E A A A A

Repeat first verse

Repeat chorus

Instrumental out