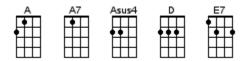
Bruised Orange (Chain Of Sorrow)

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 hoard [A] sirons on the train track

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]

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]

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]**

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Grows [D] weak and grows bitter

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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]

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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]

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That was [E7] coming so [A] slow [Asus4] / [A] / [A7]

CHORUS:

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So **[E7]** help me I **[A]** know **[Asus4] / [A] / [A7]**

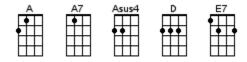
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Of your [E7] very own chain of sor-[A]row [Asus4] / [A] \downarrow



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