

Red Clay Halo — Gillian Welch (2001)

G
Oh the girls all dance with the boys from the city

D
And they don't care to dance with me.

G
Now it ain't my fault that the fields are muddy

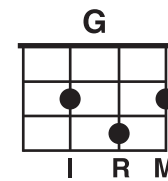
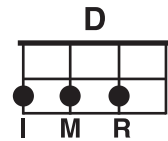
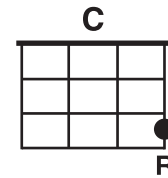
D G
And the red clay stains my feet.

G
Well it's under my nails and it's under my collar

D
And it shows on Sunday clothes.

G
Well I do my best with soap and water

D G
But the derved old dirt won't go.



==== CHORUS:

C G D G
But when I pass through the Pearly Gates, my gown'll be gold instead,
C G D G
Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings, and a red clay halo for my head
=====

G
Now it's mud in the spring and dust in the summer
D
When it blows in a crimson tide,
G
Until the trees and the leaves and the cows are the color
D G
Of the dirt on the mountain side CHORUS

G
Now Jordan's banks, they're red and muddy
D
And the rolling water is wide,
G
But I got no boat so I'll be good and muddy
D G
When I get to the other side. CHORUS, repeat last line