

Red Clay Halo

by Gillian Welch and David Rawlings (2001)

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

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

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

^{G(½)} And the red clay stains my feet. ^{D(½)} ^G

And it's *under* my nails and it's *under* my collar

And it shows on my Sunday clothes.

I *do* my best with soap and water

But the *damned* old dirt won't go.

^C But when I pass through the Pearly Gates, will my gown be gold instead? ^G ^D ^G

^C Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings And a red clay halo for my head? ^G ^D ^G

Now it's *mud* in the spring and it's *dust* in the summer

When it *blows* in a crimson *tide*,

Until the *trees* and the leaves and the cows are the color

Of the *dirt* on the *mountain* side.

Now *Jordan's* banks, they're *red* and muddy

And the *rolling* water is *wide*,

But I got no *boat* so I'll be *good* and muddy

When I get to the other side.

^C But when I pass through the Pearly Gates, will my gown be gold instead? ^G ^D ^G

^C Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings and a red clay halo for my heart? ^G ^D ^G

^C I'll take a red clay robe with red clay wings and a red clay halo for my head. ^G ^D ^G