

Red Clay Halo -- Gillian Welch

v1

All the ¹girls all dance with the boys from the city,
And they don't care to dance with me.
Now it ain't my fault that the fields are muddy,
And the red clay stains my feet.

v2

And it's ¹under my nails and it's under my collar,
And it shows on my Sunday ⁵clothes.
Though I do my best with the soap and the water,
But the damned old dirt won't ¹go.

Chorus:

⁴But when I pass through the ¹pearly gate,
⁵will my gown be gold ¹instead?
⁴Or just a red clay robe with ¹red clay wings,
⁵And a red clay halo for my ¹head

v3

Now it's ¹mud in the spring and it's dust in the summer,
When it blows in a ⁵crimson tide.
Until ¹trees and leaves and the cows are the color,
Of the dirt on the ⁵mountain ¹side

(Chorus)

v4

Now ¹Jordan's banks they're red and muddy,
And the rolling water is ⁵wide.
But I got no boat, so I'll be good and muddy,
When I get to the ⁵other ¹side.

(Chorus + Tag:)

⁴I'll take the red clay robe with the ¹red clay wings,
⁵And a red clay halo for my ¹head.