

Red Clay Halo -- Gillian Welch

(Intro)

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

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

*But [C] when I pass through the [G] pearly gate,
will my [D] gown be gold in [G] stead?
Or just a [C] red clay robe with [G] red clay wings,
And a [D] red clay halo for my [G] head*

(Instrumental)

Now it's [G] mud in the spring and it's dust in the summer,
when it blows in a crimson [D] tide.
Until [G] trees and leaves and the cows are the color,
of the dirt on the [D] mountain[G] side.

*But [C] when I pass through the [G] pearly gate,
will my [D] gown be gold in [G] stead?
Or just a [C] red clay robe with [G] red clay wings,
And a [D] red clay halo for my [G] head*

(Instrumental)

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

*But [C] when I pass through the [G] pearly gate,
will my [D] gown be gold in [G] stead?
Or just a [C] red clay robe with [G] red clay wings,
And a [D] red clay halo for my [G] head*

*I'll take the [C] red clay robe with the [G] red clay wings,
And a [D] red clay halo for my [G] head.*