







Red Clay Halo





Gillian Welch

 **C** All the
 **C** girls all dance with the
 **C** boys from the city, and they



2. And it's under my nails and it's
 3. Now it's mud in the spring and it's
 4. Now Jordan's banks they're red and muddy, and the



4  **C** don't care to dance with
 **G** me. Now it
 **C** ain't my fault that the





shows on my Sunday
 blows in a crimson
 rolling water is clothes. Though I
 tide. Until
 wide. but I do my best with the
 trees and leaves and the
 got no boat, so I'll

7  **C** fields are muddy, and the
 **C** red clay
 **G** stains my
 **C** feet.

soap and the water, but the
 cows are the colour, of the
 be good and muddy, when I darned old
 dirt on the
 get to the other
 go.
 side.
 side.

10  **F** when I pass through the
 **C** pearl -y gate, will my

12  **G** gown be gold in
 **C** stead? Or just a

14  **F** red clay robe with red clay wings, and a red clay ha -lo for my head
 **C**
 **G**
 **C**