




Red Clay Halo


Gillian Welch


 **C** All the
 2. And it's
 3. Now it's
 4. Now


 **C** girls all dance with the
 under my nails and it's
 mud in the spring and it's
 Jordan's banks they're

 **C** boys from the city, and they
 under my collar, and it
 dust in the summer, When the
 red and muddy, and the


4


 **C** don't care to dance with
 shows on my Sunday
 blows in a crimson
 rolling water is


 **G** me. Now it
 clothes. Though I
 tide. Until
 wide. but I


 **C** ain't my fault that the
 do my best with the
 trees and leaves and the
 got no boat, so I'll

7


 **C** fields are muddy, and the
 soap and the water, but the
 cows are the colour, of the
 be good and muddy, when I


 **C** red clay
 darned old
 dirt on the
 get to the

 **G** stains my
 dirt won't
 mountain
 other


 **C** feet.
 go.
 side.
 side.


10

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


 **C**


12


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


 **C**

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

 **C**

 **G**

 **C**