

Red Clay Halo  
By Gillian Welch

In G

[G]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 [D]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 darned old [D]dirt won't [G]go.

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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

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 colour,  
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

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.