

Red Clay Halo

E

Well the girls all dance, with the boys from the city

B

But they don't care to dance with me

E

Well it ain't my fault, that the fields are muddy

B

E

And the red clay stains my feet

It's under my nails, and it's under my collar,

And it shows on my Sunday clothes

Though I do my best with soap and water,

That dammed old dirt won't go

Chorus

A

E

But when I pass through the pearly gates

B

E

Will my gown be gold instead

A

E

Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings

B

E

hold 4 extra counts

And a red clay halo for my head

It's mud in the spring and it's dust in the summer

When it rolls in crimson tide

Til the trees and leaves and the cows are the colour

Of the dirt on the mountain side

Chorus

Now Jordan's banks are red and muddy,

And the rollin water is wide

But I got no boat, So I'll be good and muddy

When I get to the other side

Chorus

Last two lines :||