

# Red Clay Halo

Gillian Welch

All the girls, all dance with the boys from the city  
And they don't care to dance with me  
Now it ain't my fault that the fields are muddy  
And the red clay stains my feet And it's under my nails and it's under my collar  
And it shows on my Sunday clothes  
Though I do my best with the soap and the water  
But the damned old dirt won't go But when I pass through the Pearly Gate  
Will my gown be gold instead?  
Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings  
And a red clay halo for my head? Now it's mud in the spring and it's dust in the summer  
When it blows in a crimson tide  
Until trees and leaves and the cows are the color  
Of the dirt on the mountainside But when I pass through the Pearly Gate  
Will my gown be gold instead?  
Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings  
And a red clay halo for my head? Now Jordan's banks, they're red and muddy  
And the rolling water is wide  
But I got no boat, so I'll be good and muddy  
When I get to the other side And when I pass through the Pearly Gate  
Will my gown be gold instead?  
Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings  
And a red clay halo for my head? I'll take the red clay robe with the red clay wings  
And a red clay halo for my head

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