

# Magnolia Wind

## Shawn Camp

### MAGNOLIA WIND

Pick intro:

I'd rather sleep in a box like a bum on the street  
Than a fine feather bed without your little ol' cold feet  
I'd rather be deaf, dumb, and stone blind  
Than to know that your mornings will never be mine

I'd rather not walk through the garden again  
If I can't catch your scent on a magnolia wind

Break:

If it ever comes time that it comes time to go  
Sis just pack up your fiddle Sis pack up your bow  
If I can't dance with you then I won't dance at all  
I'll just sit this one out with my back to the wall

I'd rather not hear pretty music again  
If I can't hear your fiddle on a magnolia wind

Break:

I'd rather die young than to live without you  
I'd rather go hungry than eat lonesome stew  
It's once in a lifetime and it won't come again  
It's here and it's gone on a magnolia wind

I'd rather not hear pretty music again  
If I can't hear your fiddle on a magnolia win if I can't catch your scent,  
On a magnolia wind.

Lyrics Submitted by Wilson Pettipas

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>