

Magnolia Wind
Guy Clark

Guy Clarke sings this in Eb, the John Prine/Emmylou Harris version is in Db, so transpose accordingly :)

CAPO 1 for Eb

I d rather sleep in a box like a bum on the street
Than a fine feather bed without your little ol cold feet
And I d rather be deaf, dumb, and stone blind
Than to know that your mornings will never be mine
And I d rather die young than to live without you
I d rather go hungry than eat lonesome stew
You know 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 walk through the garden again
If I can t catch your scent on a magnolia wind

Break:

D	A	G	A	
D	A	G A	D	

Well if it ever comes time that it comes time to go
Sis 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
If I can t catch your scent on a magnolia wind