

Magnolia Wind Guy Clarke

[Verse 1]

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

[Verse 2]

And I'd rather die young than to live without you
And I'd rather go hungry than to 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

[Chorus]

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

[Verse 3]

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

[Chorus]

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