

Guy Clark, Magnolia Wind

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

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