

Magnolia Wind – © 2002

Shawn Camp and Guy Clark

Verse 1

I'd rather sleep in a box
Like a bum on the street
Than a fine feathered bed
Without your little ol' cold feet

Verse 2

I'd rather be deaf
Dumb and stone blind
Than to know that your mornings
Can never be mine

Verse 3

I'd rather die young
Than to live without you
And I'd rather go hungry
Than to eat lonesome stew

Verse 4

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

Verse 5

If it ever comes time
Well it comes time to go
Sis pack up your fiddle
Sis pack up your bow

Verse 6

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

Final 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

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