Magnolia Wind ***Bb*** by John Prine

Magnona wind Do by John Time	
[Verse 1]	[Break]
Bb F	Bb F Eb F
I'd rather sleep in a box like a bum on the street	Bb F Eb F Bb
Eb F	
Than a fine feather bed without your little ol' cold	[Verse 3]
feet	Bb F
Bb F	Well if it ever comes time that it comes time to go
And I'd rather be deaf, dumb, and stone blind	Eb F
Eb F Bb	Sis' pack up your fiddle, Sis' pack up your bow
Than to know that your mornings will never be	Bb F
mine	If I can't dance with you then I won't dance at all Eb F Bb
[Verse 2]	I'll just sit this one out with my back to the wall
Bb F	
And I'd rather die young than to live without you	[Chorus]
Eb F	Ab Eb Bb
And I'd rather go hungry than to eat lonesome	I'd rather not hear pretty music again
stew	F Bb
Bb F	If I can't catch your fiddle on a magnolia wind
You know it's once in a lifetime and it won't come	
again	F Bb
Eb F Bb	If I can't catch your scent on a magnolia wind
It's here and it's gone on a magnolia wind	
[Chorus]	
Ab Eb Bb	
I'd rather not walk through the garden again F Bb	
If I can't catch your scent on a magnolia wind	