

A Feather's Not A Bird

Rosanne Cash

I'm going down to Florence, gonna wear a pretty dress
I'll sit atop the magic wall with the voices in my head
Then we'll drive on through to Memphis, past the strongest shoals
Then on to Arkansas just to touch the gumbo soul

A feather's not a bird
The rain is not the sea
A stone is not a mountain
But a river runs through me

There's never any highway when you're looking for the past
The land becomes a memory and it happens way too fast
The money's all in Nashville but the light's inside my head
So I'm going down to Florence just to learn to love the thread

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I burned up seven lives and I used up all my charms
I took the long way home just to end up in your arms
That's why I'm going down to Florence, now I got my pretty dresses
I'm gonna let the magic wall put the voices in my head

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