

A Feather's Not a Bird

Rosanne Cash

I'm going down to Florence, gonna wear a pretty dress
I'll sit on top the magic wall with the voices in my head
Then we'll drive on through to Memphis, past the strongest shores
And on to Arkansas just to touch the crumbled 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
It's never any highway when you're looking for the blast
The land becomes a memory and it happens way too fast
Yea the moneys' home in Nashville, locked inside my gift
So I'm going down to Florence just to learn to love a friend
A feather's not a bird
The rain is not the sea
A stone is not a mountain
But a river runs through me
I've burned up 7 lives and I've 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 dress
(Going down to Florence, got a pretty dress)
I'm gonna let the magic wall put the voices in my head
A feather's not a bird
The rain is not the sea
A stone is not a mountain
But a river runs through me
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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