i'd be better off red
if all the things i've learned would just fall out of my head
'cause a blade of bluegrass left a scar on my neck and it ain't
 quit hurtin' yet
i'd be better off red

i want ten little acres instead of the world
i'd be a homemaker instead of the girl who had
to make it out of her nowhere town
just to make her mama proud

see, my daddy's not well-read
he don't give a damn about these things in my head
he's got a Chevy, front porch and a TV set
he ain't hurtin' yet
i'd be better off red

i'd want the bank of a river instead of the sea
i'd be a schoolteacher instead of the freak
who had to run away from the only place
where everybody knew my name

'cause the world ain't got no front porch swing the city ain't got no fresh green beans i ain't found one finer thing, mama

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