

# 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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