

# 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[Chorus]  
A feather's not a bird  
The rain is not the sea  
A stone is not a mountain  
But a river runs through meIt'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 friendA feather's not a bird  
The rain is not the sea  
A stone is not a mountain  
But a river runs through meI've burned up seven 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 headA feather's not a bird  
The rain is not the sea  
A stone is not a mountain  
But a river runs through meA feather's not a bird  
The rain is not the sea  
A stone is not a mountainA feather's not a bird  
The rain is not the sea  
A stone is not a mountain  
But a river runs through me

Songwriters

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