

# If I Had Wings

Matraca Berg

If I had wings I would fly  
Over the river and into the night  
And if I had wheels I would roll  
Ten years of dreams tethered to my soul

Well, it's 59 miles to Memphis  
Ain't really that far to go  
With a little money in your pocket  
It'll get you right down that road

But all I got are these voices  
Telling me this is your life  
Tobacco fields, textile mills or  
Be some roughneck's wife

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So I get up every morning  
And fix his coffee strong  
Then he stumbles into the kitchen  
Acting like nothing's wrong

And that hurts worse than the bruises  
But what cuts deeper still  
Dark and jagged in my soul  
An emptiness that kills

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Well, I guess they must heard it  
All the way to Arkansas  
Momma said call the preacher  
I just called the Lord

'Cause this ain't no place for angels  
No time for talk of sin  
We all knew sooner or later  
It was gonna be me or him

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But if I had wings