

Taking Flight

Rodney Crowell

We were somewhere east of Hattiesburg
On a lonely stretch of nightmare
Gas gauge screaming empty, headlights in a fog
Two refugees from Greenville in line to wind up roadkill
With a parakeet named Chester and a one-eyed spotted dog

We'd been plowing through each day like so much Mississippi red dirt
Burning with no purpose save get out while we still can
Hell bent past the point of no return and going nowhere
With the best of good intentions, one more line drawn in the sand

Taking flight, forget about tomorrow
Wrong or right, the chips are gonna fall
Taking flight, going nowhere 'til we get there
Next time Hell starts freezing over, we'll be sure to give a call

So we got our education from a backwoods country station
Proof that there's a world out there came wrapped up in a song
Riding high on one wing and a foxhole prayer might get you there
But ten won't get you twenty if you bet your money wrong

I never was the smartest, but I didn't try to hide it
But that don't mean you get off light for leaving me alone
We were twenty feet from stardom, now you're staring down post-partum
An unwed mother soon to be that small voice on your phone

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Wrong or right, the chips are gonna fall
Taking flight, going nowhere 'til we get there
Next time Hell starts freezing over, we'll be sure to give a call
Next time Hell starts freezing over do be sure to give a call
Be sure to give a call

Taking flight, forget about tomorrow
Wrong or right, any somewhere says it all
Taking flight, going nowhere 'til you get there
Next time Hell starts freezing over be sure to give a call
Next time Hell starts freezing over do be sure to give a call