

Roots and Wings

Miranda Lambert

I got red dirt stains
On my boots and jeans
Calloused fingers
From my guitar strings
Wild like the wind
In the tall pine trees
I got roots
And I got wings I raise my glass
On a Saturday night
I thank the Lord above
On my Sunday drive
For Daddy's hands
And Mama's dreams
He gave me roots
She gave me wings
He said run on love
And run on life
And plant some seeds
Until you're tired
Don't take anything at all for granted She said raise your hands
And raise your babies
Be yourself
And never change it
Be everything you ever wanna be He said run on love
And run on life
And plant some seeds
And take your time
Don't take anything at all for granted
She said raise your hands
And raise your babies
Be yourself
And never change it
Be everything you ever wanna be I saddle up
When I get down
Sing every night
In a different town
And I've got a man who wears my ring
And I got roots
And I got wings
Yeah I got roots
I got wings

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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