

Rolling Stone

Barbara Mandrell

I don't want to tie you down
With some lines spoken in sorrow
With some hopes pinned on tomorrow
You've got your bedroll and your guitar
And there you are
Ready to be alone - Rolling Stone

I don't want the phone to ring
I can't talk when I'm crying
Your voice shakes when you're lying
Saddle the wind and ride for the sun
The way you run
You'll never have a home - Rolling Stone

But if you don't love what you've found
Just remember the world is round
And whatever rolls away
Can always roll back home some day

When you sleep beneath the sky
With your coat making your pillow
As the wind cries on the willows
And your bed holds no tenderness
Remember this
You made it on your own - Rolling Stone - roll on