

# Tumbleweed

Bill Miller

Far across the Mississippi and out on the open plains  
In an Oklahoma cow town where the sky begins to rain  
In a dusty run-down honky tonk sits a drifting tumbleweed  
Thumbing through some magazine that he can't even read

Now tumbleweed remembers how the west was won and lost  
The homestead act and the dust bowl, everybody paid the cost  
And the great white father promised to treat his children all the same  
Back when Indian territory was Oklahoma's name

Oh tumbleweed keep rollin', he just roams from town to town  
It ain't easy for a half-breed kid to try and settle down  
Tumbleweed keep rollin', he can't find no place to rest  
Yeah the desert wind blows tumbleweed like some spirit of the west

Well his boot heels tap in time to an old flat top guitar  
And he's a guitar local hero and he sings straight from the heart  
And his tip jar just a jungle of worn old dollar bills  
He makes his rent and grocery in the local bar and grill

When he starts to picking that old guitar you know the people turn and stare  
When he starts to sing the songs he wrote wells there's magic in the air  
'Cause his song can heal your wounded heart, he can set you spirit free  
He can raise your hopes to be the very best that you can be

Oh tumbleweed keep rollin', he just roams from town to town  
It ain't easy for a half-breed kid to try and settle down  
Tumbleweed keep rollin', he can't find no place to rest  
Yeah the desert wind blows tumbleweed like some spirit of the west

So if you cross the Mississippi, you head out on the open plain  
And you pass through Oklahoma and the sky begins to rain  
And you feeling kind of rootless, you can't find no place to rest  
Just remember tumbleweed, he's the spirit of the west

Oh the desert blows old tumbleweed like some spirit of the west