

Wrecking Ball

Gillian Welch

Look out boys, 'cause I'm a rollin' stone
That's what I was when I first left home
I took every secret that I'd ever known
And headed for the wall
Like a wrecking ball

Started down on the road to sin
Playin' bass under a pseudonym
The days were rough and it's all quite dim
But my mind cuts through it all
Like a wrecking ball

Oh, just a little deadhead
Who is watching, who is watching?
I's just a little deadhead
I won a dollar on a scholarship
Well, I got tired and let my average slip
Then I's a farmer in the pogonip
Where the weed that I recall
Was like a wrecking ball

I met a lovesick daughter of the San Joaquin
She showed me colors I'd never seen
Drank the bottom out of my canteen
Then left me in the fall
Like a wrecking ball

Standin' there, in the morning mist
A Jack and Coke at the end of my wrist
Yes, I remember when first we kissed
Though it was nothing at all
Like a wrecking ball

Hey boys, just a little deadhead
Who's watching, who's watching?
I's just a little deadhead
With too much trouble for me to shake
Oh, the weather and the blindin' ache
Was ridin' high until the '89 quake
Hit the Santa Cruz garden mall
Like a wrecking ball