

Tumbleweed

Joan Baez

I feel like a lonesome tumbleweed
Rolling across an open plain,
I feel like something nobody needs
I feel my life drifting away,
Drifting away -

I feel like a broken wagon wheel
When I can't hop a slow-moving train
Think I know how a coyote feels
When he's howling just to
Ease the pain, since he's been away.

Lord, I feel like rolling,
Rolling along, so keep your big
Wind blowing till all my natural
Days are gone -
Till my days are all gone.

I'm just a lonesome tumbleweed
Turning end over end.
Once I pulled all my roots free
I became a slave to the wind,
A slave to the wind.