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 readNow 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 nameOh 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 westWell his boot heals 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 grillWhen 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 you hopes to be the very best that you can beOh 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 westSo 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 westOh the desert blows old tumbleweed like some spirit of the west

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/