Tumbleweed

Boilermaker

Just a stray little Gypsy boy,
Trying on the highway for size
A cowboy kid cracking 105
Crossing the New Mexico line
I believe we got a live one here
No inhibitions no fear
Hey you wanna play your hand
Or are you just playing for the girls in the grandstand
Don't you wanna roll them bones
Are you a tumbleweed or a rolling stone
Tag along with my little vagabond
As long as you got something to burn
We'll slide on over to old Antone's
There's a little game I think you should learn
There's a big shot of the owner hanging over the bar
Shaking hands with some rock and roll star
Hey you wanna play your hand

Or are you just playing for the girls in the grandstand
Don't you wanna roll them bones
Are you a tumbleweed or a rolling stone
Well I'm glad I let you find me boy
I been waiting for you
Won't you be my brand new pride and joy
I've been savin' up all my good luck until tonight
On a roll he was on top of the world
Till he laid it all on seven and nine
Lost his shirt and his keys to the highway
Looks like I'll be driving tonight
Ten to one we'll take the long way home
We've got ignition, so let's go
Hey you wanna play your hand
Or are you just playing for the girls in the grandstand
Don't you wanna roll them bones
Are you a tumbleweed or a rolling stone

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