Tumbleweed Stew

Slaid Cleaves

I work as a hand in San Saba
Fences and windmills to mend
I been out on a crew, eating tumbleweed stew
Three weeks in the rain and the windI got mud on my boots and blood on my money
And I'm looking to head into town
But as soon as my truck rounds the corner
That old deputy is staring me downWhere can a good man go crazy?
Where can a cowboy get stoned?
If I get a wild hair, and go off on a tear
I'm liable to end up aloneNobody wants to run with me now
But I'm restless down to the bone
Where can a good man go crazy?
Where can a cowboy get stoned?Old man, are you listening?
'Cause I'm down here, asking you
I know you made me this way
So what do you expect me to do?I drove out of town with my paycheck
Bad snake blood running through my veins
Hooked up with a truckload of illegals
And a pocket full of cocaineWe had us some fun, now I'm on the run
And I won't be coming back soon
Just me and some rangy coyotes
Howlin' up at the cold desert moonWhere can a good man go crazy?
Where can a cowboy get stoned?
Nobody wants me hanging around
I guess I'll have to go it aloneI'll have to head down to the border I guess
And I don't know when I'll be back home
Where can a good man go crazy?
Where can a cowboy get stoned?And if I don't ever make it back
You can carve this right on my tombstone
Where can a good man go crazy?
Where can a cowboy get stoned?

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