



## **Tumbleweed**

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Waltz with the Wind  
It's what she does best  
He's her only friend  
Spins her in his arms until she lays to rest

And she is so misunderstood  
About the paths that she chooses  
But rolling with the Wind  
Is your only choice when you've got no roots

Brush of juniper tangled in her hair  
Symbol of someone who lives without a care  
For the vagabond, it's treasure for her cart  
It's meaning locked away deep down in her heart

Scrapes from the road or a barbwire fence  
Marks of honor of a life well lived  
Leaving pieces of herself behind  
We won't forget her soon but she won't be looking back

And oh, it's not easy being free  
But for the Tumbleweed  
It's the only way she can be

Dusty smile and sunburned cheeks  
Who needs water when you've got the sunshine?  
She's been on the road for weeks and weeks  
Rolling from town to another

Hard to say when the journey ends  
She's the only one who says when it's over  
Living life with fair-weather friends  
But only the Wind really knows her

And oh, it's not easy being free  
But for the Tumbleweed  
It's the only way she can be



So don't go saying she's just no good  
Honey she's just doing the best she could  
Until you've walked a mile  
Until you've walked a mile  
Don't go throwing stones

And oh, it's not easy being free  
But for the Tumbleweed  
It's the only way she can be