

Gillian Welch, Wrecking Ball

Look out boys, 'cause I'm a rollin' stone.
That's what I was when I just left home.
I took every secret that I'd ever known
And headed for the wall
Like a wrecking ball.

Started down a little road of sin
Playin' bass under a pseudonym.
The days were rough, and it's all quite dim,
But my mind cuts through it all
Like a wrecking ball.

Oh, just a little 'Deadhead
Who's watching,
Who's watching.
I's just a little 'Deadhead.

Won a dollar on a scholarship.
I got tired and let my average slip.
And I's a farmer in the pogonip
Of a weed that I recall
was like a wrecking ball.

I met a lovesick daughter of the San Joaquin.
She showed me colors I'd never seen
And drank the bottom out of my canteen
Then left me in the fall
Like a wrecking ball.

Standin there in the morning mist,
A Jack & Coke at the end of my wrist.
Yes, I remember when first we kissed,
Though it was nothing at all
Like a wrecking ball.

Hey, boys, a little 'Deadhead
Who's watching,
Who's watching.
I's just a little 'Deadhead,

Too much trouble for me to shake
Oh, the weather and the blinding ache
We was ridin high 'til the eighty-nine quake
Hit the Santa Cruz Garden Mall
Like a wrecking ball.