

Joan Baez, Tumbleweed

I feel like a lonesome tumbleweed
rolling across an open plain,
I feel like something nobody needs
I feel my life drifting away,
drifting away -
I feel like a broken wagon wheel
when I can't hop a slow-moving train
Think I know how a coyote feels
when he's howling just to
ease the pain, since he's been away.
Lord, I feel like rolling,
rolling along, so keep your big
wind blowing till all my natural
days are gone -
till my days are all gone.
I'm just a lonesome tumbleweed
turning end over end.
Once I pulled all my roots free
I became a slave to the wind,
a slave to the wind.