

## Tumbleweed

Joan Baez

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.