

# Tumbleweed

Keith Urban

Hotter than a two dollar shot of whiskey  
Looking pretty sitting at the bar  
Looking 'round the room with the devil on your shoulder  
Like you're 'bout to steal a cowboy's heart

I'm your Billy the kid  
So baby, let's giddy-up, gone  
I ain't even sure just a where you're headed  
But I'd sure like to tag along

Hey Ms. Tumbleweed  
I believe two tumbleweeds is better than one  
Everybody needs a buddy when they're on the run  
Hey Ms. Tumbleweed  
Let's ride the breeze  
Town to town, just a-kicking up dust  
Make a little trouble, might make a little love  
Mmm

Teach me your gypsy ways  
Come on, baby, show me the ropes  
The real world can chase us girl  
But we'll leave 'em in a cloud of smoke

No telling where we might end up  
Rebels like you and me  
Nowhere, anywhere, everywhere, out there  
Somewhere in between

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Mmm

Tumbleweed, tumbleweed  
I'll roll with you, you roll with me  
Tumbleweed, tumbleweed  
I'll roll with you, you roll with me  
Tumbleweed, tumbleweed  
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Tumbleweed, tumbleweed  
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