

Tumbleweed

Paul Cauthen

If tumbleweed were you've been
Right up your sit taken by the wind
The tumbleweed when you're coming home
You know put it in your moth and you by now
Which travel all alone

Roll on me, roll on me, to me
My tumbleweed

The tumbleweed you need to slow it down
You're trap in your vanity so long
You can't pull yourself out
You tumbleweed turn around while you still can
There's always been an open door for all to help

Roll on me, roll on me, to me
My tumbleweed

Roll on me, roll on to me, roll on me, roll on me, to me
My tumbleweed
Your tumbleweed, your tumbleweed