

Rolling Stone

Wild Rivers

I wanna be a rolling stone
Rolling 'til the land don't touch the sky
Taken on my way by the wind that blows
Sailing to the sun for a thousand miles

I'm the right taste to the wrong bite
I'm a lover mostly when the time is right
I'm my own rule
I'm a coward, I'm a fool
I'm a builder but I cannot tear apart
Curse my stubborn heart

Momma did you hear I'm coming home
I'd love to find a place where I can lay
The well's run dry
The gardens overgrown
I'll help as best I can before July

I'm a phone ring on a cold night
I'm the wrong choices never worth the fight
I'm a hard rain
I'm a sinner, I'm a saint
I'm the wise words I only took in part
Curse my stubborn heart