

# Wrecking Ball

Gillian Welch

Look out boys, 'cause I'm a rollin' stone  
That's what I was when I first left home  
I took every secret that I'd ever known  
And headed for the wall  
Like a wrecking ball

Started down on the road to sin  
Playin' bass under a pseudonym  
The days were rough and it's all quite dim  
But my mind cuts through it all  
Like a wrecking ball

Oh, just a little deadhead  
Who is watching, who is watching?  
I's just a little deadhead  
I won a dollar on a scholarship  
Well, I got tired and let my average slip  
Then I's a farmer in the pogonip  
Where the weed that I recall  
Was like a wrecking ball

I met a lovesick daughter of the San Joaquin  
She showed me colors I'd never seen  
Drank the bottom out of my canteen  
Then left me in the fall  
Like a wrecking ball

Standin' there, in the morning mist  
A Jack and Coke at the end of my wrist  
Yes, I remember when first we kissed  
Though it was nothing at all  
Like a wrecking ball

Hey boys, just a little deadhead  
Who's watching, who's watching?  
I's just a little deadhead  
With too much trouble for me to shake  
Oh, the weather and the blindin' ache  
Was ridin' high until the '89 quake  
Hit the Santa Cruz garden mall  
Like a wrecking ball