

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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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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