

## Joan Baez

### "Tumbleweed 332 Douglas Van Arsdale"

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I feel like a lonesome tumbleweed  
rolling across an open plain,  
I feel like something nobody needs  
I feel my life drifting away,  
drifting away -

I feel like a broken wagon wheel  
when I can't hop a slow-moving train  
Think I know how a coyote feels  
when he's howling just to  
ease the pain, since he's been away.

Lord, I feel like rolling,  
rolling along, so keep your big  
wind blowing till all my natural  
days are gone -  
till my days are all gone.

I'm just a lonesome tumbleweed  
turning end over end.  
Once I pulled all my roots free  
I became a slave to the wind,  
a slave to the wind

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