Philippe Lavil
"Aria Du Coursier"

Far across the Mississippi and out on the open plains
In an Oklahoma cow town where the sky begins to rain
In a dusty run-down honky tonk sits a drifting
tumbleweed
Thumbing through a magazine that he can't even read
Now tumbleweed remembers how the west was won
and lost
The homestead act and the dust bowl, everybody paid
the cost
And the great white father promised to treat his
children all the same
Back when Indian territory was Oklahoma's name
Oh tumbleweed keep rollin', he just roams from town to
town
It ain't easy for a half-breed kid to try and settle down
Tumbleweed keep rollin', he can't find no place to rest
Yeah the desert wind blows tumbleweed like some
spirit of the west
Well his boot heals tap in time to an old flat top guitar
And he's a guitar local hero and he sings straight from
the heart
And his tip jar just a jungle of worn old dollar bills
He makes his rent and grocery in the local bar and grill
When he starts to picking that old guitar you know the
people turn and
Stare
When he starts to sing the songs he wrote wells there's
magic in the air
Cause his song can heal your wounded heart, he can
set you spirit free
He can raise you hopes to be the very best that you can
be
Oh tumbleweed keep rollin', he just roams from town to
town
It ain't easy for a half-breed kid to try and settle down
Tumbleweed keep rollin', he can't find no place to rest
Yeah the desert wind blows tumbleweed like some
spirit of the west
So if you cross the Mississippi, you head out on the
open plain
And you pass through Oklahoma and the sky begins to

rain
And you feeling kind of rootless, you can't find no
place to rest
Just remember tumbleweed, he's the spirit of the west
Oh the desert blows old tumbleweed