

Steve Spurgin "Tumbleweed Town"

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Newspaper blowing on the living room floor,
Wind is howlin' through the torn screen door.
The dust in my boots must weigh a pound,
And I feel like a tumbleweed.
The well's dried up and the work has too.
Nothin' much left here for me to do.
Time to transplant to fertile ground.
I think that's what I need.
So, hey Daisy, what do you say—
Let's do-si-do in the Chevrolet.
Ain't no reason now to stick around.
Let's leave this tumbleweed town.
Grandma and Grandpa are Heaven bound.
Their bones are resting beneath the ground.
They went to glory, Lordy, how they flew
The year the twister came.
They heard the sound of a big F4
Headed up the draw right for their back door.
It all went up like an atom bomb,
And the old home place was gone.
So, hey Daisy, what do you say—
Let's do-si-do in the Chevrolet.
Ain't no reason now to stick around.
Let's leave this tumbleweed town.
I saw a picture of Idaho.
I think that that might be the place to go.
There's rivers and mountains and lots of snow,
And the trees are evergreen.
We could live in a house of logs,
An old boy from Texas and his scrawny dog.
We could get fat as a couple of hogs.
I'm tired of being lean.
So, hey Daisy, what do you say—
Let's do-si-do in the Chevrolet.
We could make Amarillo before the sun goes down.
Let's leave this tumbleweed town..

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