

# 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, Miss Tumbleweed  
Well, I believe two tumbleweeds is better than one  
Everybody needs a buddy when they're on the run  
Hey, Miss Tumbleweed  
Let's ride the breeze  
Town to town, just a-kicking up dust  
Make a little trouble, might make a little love  
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  
Hey, Miss Tumbleweed  
Well, I believe two tumbleweeds is better than one  
Everybody needs a buddy when they're on the run  
Hey, Miss Tumbleweed  
Let's ride the breeze  
Town to town, just a-kicking up dust  
Make a little trouble, might make a little love  
Oh, yeah, that's right  
Tumbleweed, tumbleweed  
I'll roll with you, you roll with me  
Tumbleweed, tumbleweed  
I'll roll with you, you roll with me (hey)  
Tumbleweed, tumbleweed  
I'll roll with you, you roll with me  
Tumbleweed, tumbleweed  
I'll roll with you, you roll with me  
Hey, Miss Tumbleweed  
Well, I believe two tumbleweeds is better than one  
Everybody needs a buddy when they're on the run  
Hey, Miss Tumbleweed  
Let's ride the breeze  
Town to town, just a-kicking up dust  
Make a little trouble, might make a little love

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