

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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