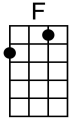


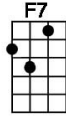
Tumbling Tumbleweeds

Written by: Bob Nolan of the Sons of the Pioneers (1932)

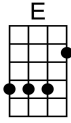
Arranged by: Ron Chamberlin



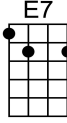
See



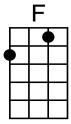
them tum - bl - ing down,



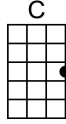
Ple



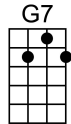
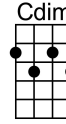
- dging their love to the ground,



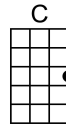
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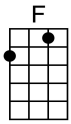
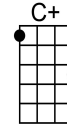
- nely, but free I'll be found



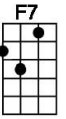
Drifting



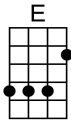
a - long with the tum - bl - ing tumble - weeds.



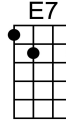
Cares



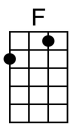
of the past are be - hind,



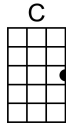
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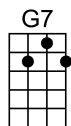
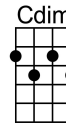
- where to go, but I'll find



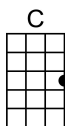
Just



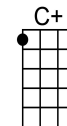
where the trail will wind,

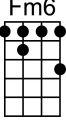
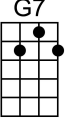
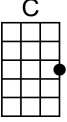


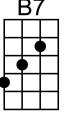
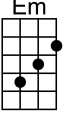
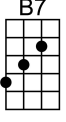
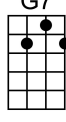
Drifting

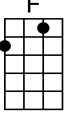
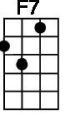


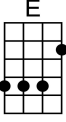
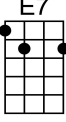
a - long with the tum - bl - ing tumble - weeds.

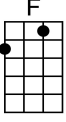
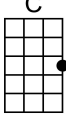
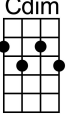


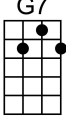
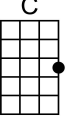
 / / / /   / / / /
I know when night has gone

 / / / /   
That a new world is born at dawn,

 /  / /
I'll keep roll - ing a-long,

 /  / /
Deep in my heart is a song,

 /  
Here on the range I be-long,

 /  / / /
Drifting a - long with the tum - bl - ing tumble - weeds.