

# Restless Heart

## Knucklehead

Some are born with a chip on their shoulder, and some are born with a restless heart  
I had the latter and as I got older, I could feel the anxious beating start

And I could hear it say, over and over again

Wake up son, the future's calling, the world's turning don't get left behind  
Start moving or you'll end up stalling right now, we're all losing time

I had trouble meeting expectations, no patience waiting for my turn to come  
In a constant search for action, I found that I'm not the only one

Is this a problem or is this motivation, I'm still asking cause I can't decide  
Is this a permanent situation, to be forever unsatisfied?

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Lyrics submitted by Rod Beaudry.

Lyrics provided by  
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