Restless Spirit Wandering

Tim O'Brien

Restless spirit, wandering, come on home again
Tell me about your days of old, wander back again
You won't admit your life is taken, to your death not yet awakened
Restless spirit wandering, come on home againOglethorpe was around this place some hundred fifty years
Since a Union bullet hit its mark, and his teenaged heart it pierced
Years ago a young girl lived here, she became his friend
But when their family moved away their friendship had to endWhen we bought this house the neighbors came and talked about him
Though we've not heard or seen a thing, I hope he comes again
I'd like to ask him lots of things, and hear the way he talks
Describing local battle scenes on some slow morning walkRestless spirit, wandering, come on home again
Tell me about your days of old, wander back again
Don't admit your life is taken, to your death not yet awaken
Restless spirit wandering, come on home againThe room I write used to be a two car garage
A nineteen fifties chrome and fin and white wall tired montage
Years later it became a church, and they moved an organ in
And these walls would shake with holy songs and sermons against sinI like to think this place was made for the kind of work I do
I'll try to be ready when the spirit comes back through
I'll write it down and sort it out and make it fairly rhyme
And marry it to melody of the highest flying kindI want to try be to a friend to souls that cannot rest
I would not blame their anger, don't claim to know what's best
But souls are all connected like the branches on a tree
And things they see beyond the grave might help out you and meRestless spirit, wandering, come on home again
Tell me about your days of old, wander back again
Tell me as you come and go, things that people need to know
Restless Spirit, wandering, come on home again
Don't admit your life is taken, to your death not yet awaken
Restless spirit wandering, come on home again

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