

# Restless

## Gordon Lightfoot

There's a kind of a restless feeling and it pulls me from within  
It sets my senses reeling and my wheels begin to spin  
In the quietude of winter you can hear the wild geese cry  
And I will always love that sound until the day I die  
There's a plain and a simple answer to each and every quest  
From every quiet dance who might be a special guest  
In a movie made for TV or a late night interview  
You might even find them on the Young and the Restless too  
Do ya get that restless feelin' when you hear a whistle blast  
Like an echo from the past  
Of an old engine flyin' down a road that's iron cast  
The lake is blue, the sky is gray, the leaves have turned to gold  
The wild goose will be on her way, the weather's much too cold  
When the muskie and the old trout too have all gone down to rest  
We will be returning to the things that we love best  
Do ya get that restless yearning when you think about your dad  
And the scrimshaw that he had  
Of an old schooner rovin' 'neath a sky that's ironclad  
There's a kind of a restless feeling and it catches you off guard  
As we gaze off at the distance through the trees in my back yard  
I can feel that restless yearning of those geese as off they roam  
Then trade that for a warm bed and a place I can call home  
Will ya get that restless yearning when you hear the wicked blast  
Of a specter from the past  
Of a cold diesel rollin' down a road that's built to last  
Still I get that restless feelin' when I hear a whistle blast  
See an image from the past  
Of an old schooner flyin' down a sky that's overcast

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