

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 dancer
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 you get that restless feeling
When you hear a whistle blast ?
Like an echo from the past
Of an old engine flying 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 you get that restless yearning
When you think about your dad?
And the scrimshaw that he had
Of an old schooner roving
'Neath a sky that's ironclad
There's a kind of a restless feeling
And it catches you, off guard
As we gaze off in the distance
Through the trees in my back yard
I can feel the restless yearning
Of those geese as off they roam
Then trade that for a warm bed
And a place I can call home
Will you get that restless yearning
When you hear the wicked blast?
Of a sceptre from the past
Of a cold diesel, rolling down a road that's built to last
Still, I get that restless feeling
When I hear a whistle blast
See an image from the past
Of an old schooner flying down a sky that's overcast

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