

a restless wind

Bobby Bare

A stone thrown from heaven
Skipping cross the water
With disappearing ripples left behind
A book with no cover
A rhyme with no reason
Guess I'll always be one of the roving kind

'Cause moving's in my soul
I guess a Gypsy got ahold
Somebody in my family long ago
So if some night while half asleep
You hear your backdoor softly squeak
You'll touch my empty pillow then you'll know

That a restless wind
Is calling me again
Her warming hand is tugging at my soul
Summer's gone (Summer's gone)
Lord, winter's coming on
I can't let it catch me standing in the cold

Life may dice out of my bones
And it won't leave me alone
'Til it warms me up and takes another row
You can't roll seven every time
So there ain't no use in trying
It don't take an educated head to know

That when I'm moving down the road
I won't need no overload
Or memories of you to weigh my mind
So every step I take
Will just be one more I can make
That would put those memories further down the line

That a restless wind
Is calling me again
Her warming hand is tugging at my soul
Summer's gone (Summer's gone)
Lord, and winter's coming on
I can't let it catch me standing in the cold