

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 movings in my soul I guess a Gypsy got ahold
Of somebody in my family long ago
If some night while half asleep you hear the 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 Lord the 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
Till it warms me up and takes another row
You can roll seven every time so there ain't no use in tryin'
It don't take an educated head to know.

That when I'm moving down the road I won't need no overload
Nor 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.

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