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