

Restless

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 ironcast

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 spectre 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