

Fairport Convention "Restless"

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(Trevor Lucas, Roach)

Born between a river and a railroad

Restlessness has ruled me since I can't remember
when

There's something in the wind seems to call me like a
friend

So I guess that I'll be on my way, on my way again

There are dreams that I have carried all my lifetime

And the dreams have made me a stranger

In the eyes of many a man

For I do not count the time and my reasons do not
rhyme

And down the line and on my way, on my way again

Oh, rolling along like a shipwrecked sailor

Who never finds a home

Broken lines and signs of failure

Rub me to the bone

Well, I'm weary of the company of strangers

I'm weary of the city with its heart of hollow stone

Something in the wind seems to call me like a friend

So I guess that I'll be on my way, on my way again

There's something in the wind seems to call me like a
friend

So I guess that I'll be on my way, on my way again

Yes, I guess that I'll be on my way, on my way again

Yes, I guess that I'll be on my way, on my way again

I guess that I'll be on my way, on my way again (x6)

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