

## **Gordon Lightfoot**

### **"Restless"**

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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

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