

## **Tim O'Brien**

### **"Restless Spirit Wandering"**

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Restless spirit, wandering, come on home again  
Tell me about your days of old, wander back again  
You won't admit your life is taken, to your death not yet  
awakened  
Restless spirit wandering, come on home again

Oglethorpe was around this place some hundred fifty  
years  
Since a Union bullet hit its mark, and his teenaged  
heart it pierced  
Years ago a young girl lived here, she became his  
friend  
But when their family moved away their friendship had  
to end

When we bought this house the neighbors came and  
talked about him  
Though we've not heard or seen a thing, I hope he  
comes again  
I'd like to ask him lots of things, and hear the way he  
talks  
Describing local battle scenes on some slow morning  
walk

Restless spirit, wandering, come on home again  
Tell me about your days of old, wander back again  
Don't admit your life is taken, to your death not yet  
awaken  
Restless spirit wandering, come on home again

The room I write used to be a two car garage  
A nineteen fifties chrome and fin and white wall tired  
montage  
Years later it became a church, and they moved an  
organ in  
And these walls would shake with holy songs and  
sermons against sin  
I like to think this place was made for the kind of work I  
do  
I'll try to be ready when the spirit comes back through  
I'll write it down and sort it out and make it fairly rhyme  
And marry it to melody of the highest flying kind

I want to try be to a friend to souls that cannot rest  
I would not blame their anger, don't claim to know  
what's best  
But souls are all connected like the branches on a tree  
And things they see beyond the grave might help out  
you and me

Restless spirit, wandering, come on home again  
Tell me about your days of old, wander back again  
Tell me as you come and go, things that people need  
to know  
Restless Spirit, wandering, come on home again  
Don't admit your life is taken, to your death not yet  
awaken  
Restless spirit wandering, come on home again

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