

Hank Snow, The Restless One

Words and Music by Hank Snow

This old train is speeding southbound and her whistle moans the blues;
And my heart's as cold as the ice and snow that fills these walkin' shoes.
That old smoke-stack keeps barkin' back to me and seems to say:
We'll carry you on, oh, Restless One.

I had mushed my way on a Husky sleigh, to the land of Midnight Sun;
And I kissed the squaw at the wigwam door, many times I faced a gun.
Brown Eskimo didn't want me to go, when I told her I must run.
And she gave me the name of the Restless One.

Then I strolled into a tavern in that frozen land afar;
Where I met a beautiful Indian maid, she was known as the Morning Star.
Her eyes were bright like the Northern Lights, when they chase the Arctic moon.
And I knew she was born for the Restless One.

As we danced I gently kissed her in the path of the morning sun;
Love was sweet and oh, so blissful, with a romance just begun.
The Restless One had gone and fell in love with the Yukon Queen.
And she fell in love with the Restless One.

Through the door came an angry red-skin, on his head was a beaded band;
I was courtin' the wife of an Indian chief, who ruled with an iron hand.
With a knife he run, but I pulled my gun and I shot him to the floor.
Then the hunt began for the Restless One.

Many days and nights they trailed me out under the northern sky;
Where the wild birds song was mournful and the timber wolf did cry.
But they tracked me down and I'm Frisco bound, I've made my final run.
It's the end of the line for the Restless One.