

Richard Thompson, Restless Highway

(Richard Thompson)

I am a travelling man, I have no country
And travelling people are my kin by birth
No chains will keep me from my destination
And far flung are my footsteps on this earth

There's something in my mind that makes me
Something in the wind that takes me
Like the dust, I'm blown out on the street again

Restless highway,
I need to leave this town behind
Restless highway,
Some sweeter country on my mind
You'll hear my footsteps
Wherever this rocky road will wind
This empty restless highway is my home

By way of trade I'm anything you fancy
I'll solder pots or milk your gurning cow
I'll shine your shoes or sew your silver buttons
I'll blunt your nose or sharpen up your plough

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Oh, this empty restless highway is my home