

Blue Rodeo, Restless

You were so poised
like some matador raising his steel
it's the same old useless ceremony
and a last bow before the kill
Every junkie in this laundromat
is equal in the eyes of your lord
but you just put your hand to your hip
you're gonna give them a taste
a taste of your sword

I get so restless
I get so restless
I get so restless
restless sir

In what you hoped looked so dignified
you played your exit for a laugh
and like they've done so many times before
they made excuses on your behalf
and every street Jesus and suicide,
is just another voice that goes unheard
every candle in the cathedral
a prayer for a better world

I get so restless
I get so restless
I get so restless
restless sir

You were so poised
like some matador raising his steel
it's the same old useless ceremony
and a last bow before the kill
and in the not too distant future
you'll have the preacher and soldier
floating round in space
the soldier's finger on the trigger
the preacher's joined in a state of grace

I get so restless
I get so restless
I get so restless