

# Bob Lind, I Just Let It Take Me

Star bright gypsy night spring is on your breezes  
Young wild Friday's child going where he pleases  
Coquettish blooming lilacs float their perfume through the window  
Teasing me and tempting me to leave my restless limbo  
Some may call it wanderlust, some may call it crazy  
I don't call it anything, I just let it take me

Dark blue slips into closing skies of twilight  
Til streets take my feet dancing toward the midnight  
It's just the kind of night that brings a special kind of hunger  
Searching for the kind of love you had when you were younger  
Some may call it wanderlust, some may call it crazy  
I don't call it anything, I just let it take me

Soft wind rolling in settles down upon me  
I'm bound toward the sound of something just beyond me  
Through the sleeping city with confetti starlight falling  
Open eyed and moving toward the distant voice that's calling  
Some may call it wanderlust, some may call it crazy  
I don't call it anything, I just let it take me