Fairport Convention, Restless

(Trevor Lucas, Roach)
Born between a river and a railroad
Restlessness has ruled me since I can't remember when
There's something in the wind seems to call me like a friend
So I guess that I'll be on my way, on my way again
There are dreams that I have carried all my lifetime
And the dreams have made me a stranger
In the eyes of many a man
For I do not count the time and my reasons do not rhyme
And down the line and on my way, on my way again
Oh, rolling along like a shipwrecked sailor
Who never finds a home
Broken lines and signs of failure
Rub me to the bone
Well, I'm weary of the company of strangers
I'm weary of the city with its heart of hollow stone
Something in the wind seems to call me like a friend
So I guess that I'll be on my way, on my way again
There's something in the wind seems to call me like a friend
So I guess that I'll be on my way, on my way again
Yes, I guess that I'll be on my way, on my way again
Yes, I guess that I'll be on my way, on my way again
I guess that I'll be on my way, on my way again (x6)