

Ida Jenshus, Restless Kind

How many oceans must you travel
How many mountains must you climb
How many seasons are yet to come along the way
Before you settle down

On the road that leads to nowhere
Is where you find your kind of peace
You're never satisfied when everyday grows old
You're always on the run

Somewhere far away you hear
The singing of a bird
The promise of freedom leads you
Down that road you've learned
When you go they ask of you
What's out there to find?
With a smile you answer
You're just the restless kind

How many days will be remembered
How many moments will you keep
How many friends will stay
When you're just being you
When all the lights are gone