

James Taylor, Something's Wrong

Something's wrong, that restless feeling's been preying on your mind.
Road maps in a well-cracked ceiling, the signs aren't hard to find.
Now I'm not saying that you've been mistreated,
no one's hurt you, nothing's wrong. A moment's rest was all you needed,
So pack your things and kindly move along.

Like dust in the wind you're gone forever.
You're wind-blown leaves, you're a change in the weather.
Just a town like any other, a second brand new start.
A third or fourth hand, wife or lover, no, you won't break her heart.
Take some bacon, go on and leave your watch chain,
She won't count on nothing more.
Wrap your hands around that small change and tiptoe barefoot out the door.

Yes, something's wrong, that restless feeling's been preying on my mind.
When things get bad I'm bound to pack my bags and just leave them all behind.