

Sandy Denny, Restless

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.

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 it's 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...