

# Restless Highway

Richard Thompson

I am a travelling man, I have no country  
And travelling people are my kin by birth  
No chains will keep me from my destination  
And far flung are my footsteps on this earth

There's something in my mind that makes me  
Something in the wind that takes me  
Like the dust, I'm blown out on the street again

Restless highway,  
I need to leave this town behind  
Restless highway,  
Some sweeter country on my mind  
You'll hear my footsteps  
Wherever this rocky road will wind  
This empty restless highway is my home

By way of trade I'm anything you fancy  
I'll solder pots or milk your gurning cow  
I'll shine your shoes or sew your silver buttons  
I'll blunt your nose or sharpen up your plough

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Oh, this empty restless highway is my home