

Something's Wrong

James Taylor

Something's wrong, that restless feeling's been praying 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 praying on
my mind

When things get bad I'm bound to pack my bags and just

Leave them all behind