

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