

110-1000
Usually restless

Why am I so restless
Why can't I sit still
You'd think after 50 years of life
I would have had my fill
But I still crave the action
I'm just wired that way
I envy those contented souls
Who enjoy each and every day

Maybe they are lying
Or maybe they've given up
Those terminally happy folks
Who claim a half full cup
I yearn for attention
Without it I will crumble
self- concerned and needy
Pretending to be humble

For me there's always something
Better to be done
Something that will make me rich
Something that's more fun
A girlfriend who's more lovely
Who daily rubs my back
A mansion calling out my name
Instead of my current shack

I know that I'm just restless
It's simply how I'm built
I'm learning to accept my lot
I'm feeling much less guilt
But that doesn't alter
The fact that I still vent
About my sorry nature
My persistent discontent

Restless heart
Restless mind
Nature's cage
So confined
Restless soul
Restless life
Better than
A restless wife