

# John Hiatt, Back Of My Mind

Well my daddy he stood at the foot of the stairs

He was calling to me at the time

And I knew even then, I could die for the thoughts

That I kept in the back of my mind

But I dared not to speak

How I felt for my dad

Cause there were no words to define

The ball of confusion, of feelings and stuff

That I kept in the back of my mind

So I took to the highway

And I kept to myself

Just a lookin' and hopin' to find

Some solutions, some answers, someday to exist

All this stuff in the back of my mind

So I took me a job

And I took me a wife

And I took me a bottle of wine

And it did not take long, 'til all I had left

Was this junk in the back of my mind

Well the end of the tunnel

It never came up

'til I came to the end of the line

And I saw that the light I'd been hoping to see

Was just a spark in the back of my mind

And the cold wind that blew

Through the hole in my heart

Made a fire for the very first time

From some branches of trust  
And a kindling of faith  
And that spark in the back of my mind

Drivin' like rain, or a runaway train  
Flyin' blind, shot from the dark in the back of my mind