

# Back of My Mind

John Hiatt

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  
This ball of confusion, of feelings and junk  
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, some way to exist  
With this stuff in the back of my mind So I took me a job and I took me a wife  
And I took to a bottle of wine  
And it did not take long, till all I had left  
Was this stuff 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 Well, the end of the tunnel just never came up  
Till I got 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 Drivin' like rain or a runaway train  
Flyin' blind shot from the dark  
In the back of my mind Shot from the dark  
In the back of my mind  
Shot from the dark  
In the back of my mind

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