Back On the Track

J.A.M.

Bad reputation, seems to be my style
I've been categorized as a little wild
The police took my photograph
A hunted boy running from his past
Some even called me the devil's childAt seventeen, I was on my own
Had the clothes on my back, from a broken home
Slapped in the face 'til my daddy got straight
I knew it was time to runNow I'm back, back on the track again, I'm back
I'm holding my own, I'm leading the pack, I'm back
From a shattered home and a living hell, I'm back
Back on the trackFirst indication of trouble's up ahead
I saw the flashing blues, I saw the color red
A big commotion at the friendly store
Found a poor man robbed and a kid at the door
"Guilty as charged" or so the judge saidI was sent to school to try to learn a trade
But when the schoolboys laughed I became enraged
I prayed to God that's the last mistake I'd madeNow I'm back, back on the track again, I'm back
I'm holding my own, I'm leading the pack, I'm back
From a shattered home and a living hell, I'm back
Back on the trackBad reputation, freedom's my desire
I tried to clear my name, I came under fire
A bad situation was a way of life
With a cutthroat lawyer, given bad advice
The only hope I had was a proven liarIt was win or lose, out to clean the slate
It was some big news when I made the break
And I ran for years to avoid the state
Another chance I was forced to takeNow I'm back, back on the track again, I'm back
I'm holding my own, I'm leading the pack, I'm back
From a shattered home and a living hell, I'm back
Back on the track again, I'm back
Back on the track again, I'm back
I'm back on the track again

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/