

# 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

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