

Circle Back

John Hiatt

Ward Bond
Was his sidekick rowdy Yates
Drove that wagon train out west
Right along this interstate 'Cross the high plains of Kansas
To the Colorado line
Spent a lot of sleepless nights 'round the campfire
They had mountains on their minds Well, those high plains people
They're different somehow
You spent your life leaning into a hard wind
I guess, you're less likely to take a bow All these stories buried out here
They're calling to me
Like the earthquakes in California
Like the hills back in Tennessee I gotta circle back and touch something near
Find out which way to go just to get on out of here
I lost my thread and I've lost some time
But it takes a lot of ground for me to change my mind Well, it's ninety nine in Topeka
The wind is blowin' hot
Blowin' through my oldest daughter's hair
With everything else I forgot I drove her out to college
Drove back through an empty space
Thinkin' back to when she was a baby
Tryin' hard to see that face I gotta circle back and touch something near
Find out which way to go just to get on out of here
Well, I lost my thread and I've lost some time
But it takes a lot of ground for me to change my mind Two kids up and at 'em
One more left at home
She's a spark plug, a real fire cracker
And in four years she'll be gone They just blow through your life
Like the wind on the plains
Like the dust that covers everything
'Til the rivers fill with rain I gotta circle back and touch something near
Find out which way to go just to get on out of here
Well, I lost my thread and I've lost some time
But it takes a lot of ground for me to change my mind Ohh, yeah, I got to circle back
I got to circle back, I got to circle back
I got to, got to, got to, got to, got to
Got to, got to, got to circle back

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