

# Bound to Forget

Jim White

Fools wind blowing up, brown Bible verses  
Dust storm of memory, truck stop reverie  
Three a.m. in my home town, not a soul stirring around  
Mr Trucker Man, don't slow down in this little town 'Cause I'm travelling faster than the speed of regret  
What I was born knowin' I was bound to forget  
Blindness of being, what I was born seeing I was  
Just plain bound to forget yes, I was just plain bound to forget Now my tank run dry two hours out of Tucson by  
Three little crosses on the side of the highway  
Still as a box full of busted watches  
I settle debts with the dead and keep right on  
I keep on, keepin' on Pedal to the metal on the wide open highway  
Criss-cross the high plains of bright eyed solitude  
I tailgate a truck load of tabula rasa  
'Til my mind go clearer than the highway west of El Paso Guess I'm travellin' faster than the speed of regret  
What I was born knowing I was bound to forget  
In the blindness of being what I was born seeing  
I was just plain bound to forget, yes I was just plain bound to forget  
I was just plain bound to forget Now, twentyfour seven in, end my friend, gotta go at God's speed  
Never relentless, the soul sucking, sneaky-deaky  
Belly aching past like, a snake in the grass, strike and bury your ass So keep your eyes on the prize on the distant  
horizon  
Be wary of the wind and the bad moon risin'  
Knowing in your going, somehow, someway, that  
You'll out run your shadow, yes you will, one fine day 'Cause you're travellin' faster than the speed of regret  
What I was born knowing I was bound to forget  
In the blindness of being what I was born seeing  
I was just plain bound to forget, yes I was just plain bound to forget  
Yes, I was wake about goin' what  
I was born knowin' I was just plain bound to forget  
Bound to forget  
Just plain bound to  
Bound to, bound to forget I was  
Bound to forget I was  
Just plain

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