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 forgetNow 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' onPedal 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 PasoGuess 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 forgetNow, 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 assSo 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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