

Back Of My Mind

E/B Amaj7/C# E/B B E
. E A
Well my daddy he stood at the foot of the stairs
E B
He was calling to me at the time
E A
And I knew even then, I could die for the thoughts
E B7 E
That I kept in the back of my mind

But I dared not to speak
How I felt for my dad
Cause there were no words to define
The ball of confusion, of feelings and stuff
That I kept in the back of my mind

E
So I took to the highway
A
And I kept to myself
E E/G# B
Just a lookin' and hopin' to find
E E/G# A
Some solutions, some answers, some way to exist
E B7 E
All this stuff in the back of my mind

So I took me a job
And I took me a wife
And I took me a bottle of wine
And it did not take long, 'til all I had left
Was this junk in the back of my mind

Well the end of the tunnel
It never came up
'til I came to the end of the line
And I saw that the light I'd been hoping to see
Was just a spark in the back of my mind

And the cold wind that blew
Through the hole in my heart
Made a fire for the very first time
From some branches of trust
And a kindling of faith
And that spark in the back of my mind

E/G# A C#m/G#m F#m A B
Drivin' like rain, or a runaway train

G# G#7/B# C#m A E B E
Fly - in' blind, shot from the dark in the back of my mind