

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

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
Touch something near
Find out which way to go
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 its 99 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

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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

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