

Backtrack

Eddie Money

Ooh it's cold
I can feel some kinda cold wind blow
My eyes are closed
I can feel some kinda eerie cold
But late at night I look twice
Thought I saw someone staring over my, over my shoulder

It's in the room I can feel it in the room
Something dead and gone
Still somehow it's hanging on
I can hear the sounds like it's all around
And then I hear it over and over and over
Telling me to backtrack this old road
To look back at the things I've been told
Seems you teach the young by getting old
Sometimes you can backtrack your own road

It's in the room
I know it's in the room
Something I can't really see
But somehow it's calling me and calling me and calling me
And late at night you better look twice
He'll be standing on your shoulder
Telling you and me
To backtrack this old road
To look back at the things that I been told

Seems you teach the young
Seems you teach the by getting old
Everybody backtrack your own road

Listen to me, listen to me
Backtrack your own road
Look back at the things
Look back at the things that we've been told
Backtrack your own road
Backtrack your own road
Listen to me
Listen to me