

Bound To Forget

Jim White

Fools wind blowing up brown bible verses.
Dust storm of memory.
Truck stop reverie.
3 AM in my home town,
not a soul stirring around.
Mr. Trucker Man,
don't slow down in this little town.

'Cause I'm traveling 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.

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 keeping 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 traveling 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.
Now, 24/7 in the end my friend,
gotta go at God's speed,
no never relent, lest the soul-sucking,
sneaky-deaky, belly-aching past
like a ssssnake in the grassssssssss
ssssstrike and bury your assssssss.

So keep your eyes on the prize
on the distant horizon.
Be wary of the wind and the bad moon rising.
Knowing in your going, somehow, some way,
that you'll out-run your shadow...
yes you will, one fine day.

'Cause you're traveling 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.