

It All Comes Back Someday

John Hiatt

You shot bolt upright in the middle of the dark
As she drove her motorcycle through the trailer park
A hundred miles an hour, no helmet on her head
'Til that concrete drain was runnin' cherry red

Used to sit and drink coffee at the Waffle House
Had to spin up her wheels just to get it out

Now it all comes back to haunt you
Yeah, it comes back anytime it wants to
It all comes back through the holes and the cracks
Where you thought you let it slip away
Yeah, it all comes back some day

Feelin' bad about yourself, you were seven years old
So you got her in the bushes where you had some control
Tied up her hands so she couldn't fight fair
Threw a jar of silver model car paint in her hair

After all these years does the shoe still fit?
Have you only just now started wearin' it?

The way she combed her hair
Straight across a minute where you could have died
You thought love was something that you had to hide
To survive

All those lives you thought you lived away
There ain't a one showin' any kinda sign of decay
They're all stacked on your head like infinity's crown
The truth is you ain't never lived anything down

You're bound up forever to the blood on the trail
To the tires on the gravel to the rust on the rail