**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