

Back to the Wall

Wynette Tammy

I've heard all your answers but there's one thing I wish you'd explain

How you sign a few papers and wash seven years down the drain

Pack up a few things and just walk away from it all

You with your freedom and me with my back to the wall

I suppose in my mind I could find things that I didn't do

But I heard it said somewhere that hindsight's a fool's point of view

And the point is it's over and you've walked away standin' tall

You with your reasons and me with my back to the wall

And you're leavin' me with a mind full of dreams made of sand

Headache and heartbreak and all kinds of time on my hands

I just sit in the back row and wait for the curtain to fall

You've got the future and I've got my back to the wall

But you can't pick a wild flower and not have it wither and die

Or build a sand castle that won't wash away with the tide

And you can't keep a wild bird from leavin' at the first signs of fall

You're got your freedom and I've got my back to the wall

You're got your freedom and I've got my back to the wall