

WALKING BACK MY SOUL

By John Cecca Jr.



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About the Album

Walking Back My Soul is a collection of introspective country songs - psychological at times, autobiographical at others, and always rooted in the stories people carry through life.

The songs move through uncertainty, relationships, work, memory, temptation, disappointment and self-examination. Some look outward at the people and circumstances around us; others turn inward, asking how we arrived where we are and what parts of ourselves may have been left behind along the way.

There is humor here, but also regret, reflection and resilience. These are stories about ordinary lives and complicated minds - about looking backward without necessarily wanting to go back.

Sometimes walking back your soul is simply remembering who you were before life got in the way.

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Track List

1. Quicksand Road
2. Failure In Asking
3. Work Place Family (Written in Soft Sand)
4. Two Cheeseburgers and French Fries
5. Shifting Sand Mind
6. Forbidden Taste
7. The Wind Whispers Maybe
8. One and One is One
9. Who Knew This Was Heaven
10. We'll Get Fooled Again
11. What Went Wrong
12. Irish Goodbye Girl

QUICKSAND ROAD

Track 1 - Walking Back My Soul



John Cecca Jr.

The Story Behind the Song

Quicksand Road is about one of life's delayed lessons: when we're young, people speaking from experience can sound like background noise. Advice goes in one ear and out the other. Years later, a sentence someone said decades ago can suddenly return with perfect clarity.

The song follows that change in perspective. Youth remembers the roads, family voices and warnings that seemed old-fashioned at the time. Age hears those same voices differently. What once sounded like yesterday becomes wisdom - sometimes comforting, sometimes haunting.

At the center is a much more personal regret. As a family member lay dying, there was a final opportunity to say "I love you." Hesitation won, and then the opportunity was gone. The song turns that moment into the emotional center of the quicksand: the things we mean, the things we fail to say, and the realization that some chances do not return.

The song grew from the poem *Athazagoraphobia*. The word means the fear of being forgotten, but the poem reaches beyond the definition. It confronts a final bedside moment, the emotions surrounding death, and the memory that remains afterward. That experience became part of the reason for writing at all: memory preserved in words.

John's Note: When we're young, people talking from experience often go in one ear and out the other. Then years later something they said suddenly makes total sense. Words of wisdom come back to haunt you. In this case, so does a moment when I hesitated to say what needed to be said - and then it was sadly too late.

Music / Style: Introspective Country.

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The Poem Behind the Song

Athazagoraphobia

From *Autobiographica-Poetica*

This poem was and is one of the most difficult to face. I failed in a moment when the last chance said, "You cannot!" We get lost in our lives and forget about what life is. We get agitated when death lingers to what appears to be irritation. I am eternally sorry.

Athazagoraphobia is the fear of being forgotten. This is why I write.

"You'll miss me."

Barely audible whisper,
Reverberated

The must damp.
Urine perfumed cell,
Into a cosmic cryogenic mist.

Chilling the stage,
Freezing the moment,
Playing before the final act.

Complexities, excuses,
Rationalization,
Strife, strain, selfishness,
Scramble emotions.

Bitter uncommon sense.

Depleted, drained,
Humbling,
Dehumanizing journey,
Beaten,
Finality,
Mystifying.

Unable to warm the scene.

Unceasing, haunting, sorrowful rerun,
Remains for meditation,
Contemplation,
Growth.

Yes,

“Lucy, you’re home”

Lyrics

Days of youth
Yeah those days of glory
Running wild
Through somebody else's story

Things we did
The roads we'd meet
Family voices
Down every street

They tried to warn me
But I laughed it away
Every lesson sounded
Like yesterday

The road looked sweet
Under neon dreams
Candy cane promises
And broken schemes

Sweet poison pills
With a sugar shine
Selling forever
For borrowed time

I hear those voices
Late at night
Echoing soft
Through fading light

Words that never made sense back then
Come back louder now and again

Every heartbeat
Every clock tick
Turns old wisdom
Into something thick

Stories we built on a **quicksand road**
Fear took the wheel, I lost control

What I meant
And what I said
Got buried deep
In the words unsaid

Yesterday comes
Like a photograph
Negative light
From a broken past

Tidal waves
On sandcastles
We swore would always
Forever last

Faces fade
But echoes stay
In quiet rooms
At the end of day

You start to hear
What they were saying
When silence comes
With a price for paying

Words that never made sense back then
Come back louder now and again

Every heartbeat
Every clock tick
Turns old wisdom
Into something thick

Stories we built on a **quicksand road**
Fear took the wheel, I lost control

What I meant
And what I said
Got buried deep
In the words unsaid

"You'll miss me..."
A whisper through the room

Machines breathing
In the gloom

I stood frozen
By the bed

Three small words
Inside my head

One moment late
One heartbeat gone

Now they echo
All night long

Words that never made sense back then
Now they cut like truth and sin

Every heartbeat
Every clock tick
Turns old wisdom
Into something thick

Stories we built on a **quicksand road**
Fear took the wheel, I lost control

What I meant
And what I said
Got buried deep
In the words unsaid

Days of youth
Days of glory

Every life
Writes its story

Sometimes truth
Comes crashing home

When it's too late
To say it.

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