Book of John

Tim McGraw

We were sittin' round the supper table and the buzz of the frigidaire
Was the only sound 'til momma laid down, a book she found upstairs
It was covered in dust in the back of the closet,
Goodwill box we almost tossed it out
We could have lost all those memoriesThere was a picture of mama in the pouring rain
Ticket stubs to a Braves game
Silver star and a baggage claim from Hanoi, Vietnam
There was a picture of him callin' on grandpa
Leather skin from a baseball
We laughed and cried, told stories all night long
From the book of JohnNow the pot of coffee's almost gone, as we turn another page
We're climbing on him like a Jungle Jim, watching his hair turn gray
All the Polaroids are just reminders,
You can't hold life in a three ring binder
We flipped on through 'em anywayThere's a picture at his sister taken in July
On the steps of the church pulling out his tie
Hair's still wet from gettin' baptized, the brand new blue suit on
An old set of keys to his Chevrolet
A crumpled up receipt for a wedding ring
We watched ourselves grow up there in his arms
In the book of John

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