

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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