

# Book of John

## The Maledictions

We were sittin' round the supper table  
And the buzz of the frigid air  
Was the only sound til Mama 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've lost all those memories  
There was a picture of Mama in the pourin' rain  
Ticket stubs to a Braves game  
Silver Star and a baggage claim  
From Hanoi, Vietnam  
There was a picture of 'em crawlin' on Grandpa  
Leather skin from a baseball  
We laughed and cried  
Told stories all night long  
From the Book of John  
Now the pot of coffee's almost gone  
As we turn another page  
Climbin' on him like a jungle gym  
Watchin' his hair turn grey  
All the Polaroids are just reminders

You can't hold life in a three-ring binder  
But we flipped on through 'em anyway  
There's a picture of his sister  
Taken mid-July  
On the steps of the church  
Pullin' at his tie  
Hair still wet from gettin' baptized  
A 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  
That sun came up  
Were were wide awake  
Head to toe in black and grey  
A long, black Lincoln waitin' down the drive

He was father, son, husband and friend  
I still flip through it every now and then  
When I need just a few words of advice  
It's almost like he's not really gone  
And I know one day I'll be passin' on  
The Book of John

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