

Number 37405

Tim McGraw

Oh, he listens to the countdown, every Sunday morning
From a cold solitary prison cell
And the music from his radio is like freedom down a dirt road
Makes that eight by ten a brighter hill
Before he started doing all the hard time that he's doing
He was singing in them honky-tonks and dives
He dreamed of being somebody, now he's number 37405
Well she used to come and see him, every other
weekend
And bring him all the news from way back home
It's been two birthdays since he's kissed her,
Five seconds since he's missed her
Now the perfume on those letters ain't that strong
He's got too much time to think about the night he had too
much to drink
And all his buddies, they begged him not to drive
Mr. Life of the Party, he's now number 37405
Old judge on the bench said, "Son, your crime's got
consequences."
It's what he told him, fifteen years ago
He took a life and that's a fact, he'd give his own to give it back
Today's the day he finally gets parole
He turns in them prison clothes, and stands there at the forkin' road
And mama prays and waits while he decides
And the angels close their eyes...
Listens to the birds sing on a perfect autumn morning
Just down the road, rings an old church bell

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