Stopping By

Jason Isbell

Driving to a baseball game on a Friday afternoon
Hotter than hell in Atlanta, Georgia.
I guess it's been fifteen years since I came through here
Probably should have called to warn you.But I'm stopping by. I'm stopping by, Daddy.How did your life turn out? Do you ever think about
a teenage girl in Chattanooga?
You ever tell your folks the truth?
That might've been the last of you.
Would've been a shame. We hardly knew ya.Now I'm stopping by. I'm stopping by, Daddy.I think the best of me's still standing in the doorway
Counting cars and counting days and counting years
I could say you made me go through life the hard way
But it might've been worse if you were here.Looking through a picture book. There's one I think my momma took.
You couldn't have been much over twenty.
Shirtless in your cutoff jeans, you hand a lollipop to me.
I probably asked where you got the money.A picture on another page. I recognize my eyes have aged.
I'd been alone for quite a while then.
Trying to get a match to burn. Waiting on a latch to turn.
I still have difficulty smiling.But I'm stopping by. I'm stopping by, Daddy.I think the best of me's still standing in the doorway.
Whatever's left is headed south on 85.
Passing families on vacation headed your way.
They look so happy and alive, and I'm stopping by, Daddy.

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