Numbers

Jason Michael Carroll

I'm doing seventy two in a sixty five
On I-24 in a four wheel drive
Got a ten o'clock on Eighteenth Avenue
And there's a thirty percent chance of rain all week
And the high today is gonna be eighty three
They're playing Highway 101 on 1025
An eighteen wheeler by my side
Numbers all around, flying by up and down
Some as slow as Christmas coming
Some like the speed of sound
And we all wonder what they mean
The highs, the lows, the in-betweens
Most of them mean absolutely nothing
But some of them mean everything
I met her at nine fifteen on my buddy's back porch
Shooting bottle rockets on July fourth
We were both nineteen and she was a perfect ten
Then three years later 'neath a million stars
In my F-150 on her granddad's farm
I slipped a half carat diamond on the third finger, of her left hand
And asked to be her one and only man
Numbers all around, flying by up and down
Some as slow as Christmas coming
Some like the speed of sound
And we all wonder what they mean
The highs, the lows, the in-betweens
Most of them mean absolutely nothing
But some of them mean everything
John three sixteen, the fab four
The fifty yard line, the thirteenth floor
9/11, the dirty dozen
We're all waiting on the second coming
Numbers all around, flying by up and down
Some as slow as Christmas coming
Some like the speed of sound
And we all wonder what they mean
The highs, the lows, the in-betweens
Most of them mean absolutely nothing
Oh, most of them mean absolutely nothing

But some of them mean everything
Oh, numbers
I'm doing seventy two in a sixty five
On I-24 in a four wheel drive
Got a ten o'clock on Eighteenth Avenue

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/