

# 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

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