Raymond

Brett Eldredge

I work down at Ashbury Hills
Minimum wage but it pays the bills
Cleanin' floors and leading hymns on Sunday

Katherine Davis, room 303
Sweetest soul you ever could meet
I bring her morning coffee everyday

She calls me Raymond
She thinks I'm her son
Tells me get washed up for supper
Before your daddy gets home

She goes on about the weather
How she can't believe it's already 1943
She calls me Raymond
And that's all right by me

She talks about clothes on the line in the summer air
Christmas morning and Thanksgiving prayer
And stories of a family that I never had
Well, sometimes I find myself wishing I'd been there

When she calls me Raymond
She thinks I'm her son
Tells me get washed up for supper
Before your daddy gets home

She goes on about the weather
How she can't believe it's already 1943
She calls me Raymond
And that's all right by me

There's a small white cross in Arlington
Reads Raymond Davis '71
Until she can see his face again
I'm gonna fill in the best I can

When she calls me Raymond
She thinks I'm her son

Tells me get washed up for supper
Before your daddy gets home

She goes on about the weather
How she can't believe it's already 1943
She calls me Raymond
And that's all right by me

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