

Numbers

Jason Michael Carroll

I'm doin' 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 102.5
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 between,
Most of them mean absolutely nothing
But some of them mean everything

I met her at 9:15 on my buddy's back porch
Shootin' bottle rockets on July fourth
We were both nineteen and she was a perfect 10,

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

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John 3:16, the Fab four,
The fifty yard line, the thirteenth floor,
9/11, the dirty dozen,
We're all waiting on the Second Coming

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Oh most of them mean absolutely nothing,
But some of them mean everything
Oh numbers

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