

Book of John

Tim McGraw

We were sittin' round the supper table
And the buzz of the frigid air
Was the only sound til Mama laid down
A book she found upstairs
It was covered in dust in the back of the closet
Goodwill box
We almost tossed it out
We could've lost all those memories

There was a picture of Mama in the pourin' rain
Ticket stubs to a Braves game
Silver Star and a baggage claim
From Hanoi, Vietnam
There was a picture of 'em crawlin' on Grandpa
Leather skin from a baseball
We laughed and cried
Told stories all night long
From the Book of John

Now the pot of coffee's almost gone
As we turn another page
Climbin' on him like a jungle gym
Watchin' his hair turn grey
All the Polaroids are just reminders

You can't hold life in a three-ring binder
But we flipped on through 'em anyway

There's a picture of his sister
Taken mid-July
On the steps of the church
Pullin' at his tie
Hair still wet from gettin' baptized
A brand new blue suit on
An old set of keys to his Chevrolet
A crumpled up receipt for a wedding ring
We watched ourselves grow up there in his arms
In the Book of John

That sun came up
Were were wide awake
Head to toe in black and grey
A long, black Lincoln waitin' down the drive
He was father, son, husband and friend
I still flip through it every now and then
When I need just a few words of advice

It's almost like he's not really gone
And I know one day I'll be passin' on
The Book of John