

## Number 37405

Tim McGraw

Oh, he listens to the countdown, every Sunday morning  
From a cold solitary prison cell  
And the music from his radio is like freedom down a dirt road  
Makes that eight by ten a brighter hill

Before he started doing all the hard time that he's doing  
He was singing in them honky-tonks and dives  
He dreamed of being somebody, now he's number 37405

Well she used to come and see him, every other weekend  
And bring him all the news from way back home  
It's been two birthdays since he's kissed her,  
Five seconds since he's missed her  
Now the perfume on those letters ain't that strong

He's got too much time to think about the night he had too much  
to drink  
And all his buddies, they begged him not to drive  
Mr. Life of the Party, he's now number 37405

Old judge on the bench said, "Son, your crime's got consequences."  
It's what he told him, fifteen years ago  
He took a life and that's a fact, he'd give his own to give it  
back  
Today's the day he finally gets parole

He turns in them prison clothes, and stands there at the fork in  
' road  
And mama prays and waits while he decides  
And the angels close their eyes...

Listens to the birds sing on a perfect autumn morning  
Just down the road, rings an old church bell