

Numbers on the Cars

Riley Green

Stopped by that house on Esmond Lake
He's sittin' in his easy chair, watchin' a Sunday evenin' race
Tells me my grandma's in the other room
Guess he forgot we laid her down, it'll be a year come June
Then he mumbles about Vietnam
He don't know who the hell I am
But the drivers, well, he tells me who they are
He still knows the numbers on the cars

We try to get him out like we used to
But now I load the truck and I drive the boat
'Cause there ain't much he can do, no
Cast him a line and watched it as it sank
Thinkin' how we'd used to talk for hours
Now he just stares at the bank
He used to know every stop in this fishin' hole
Though he probably thinks that we're in Mexico
But he knows his way around that boat, even in the dark
And he still knows the numbers on the cars

I know he ain't all there but I don't care
My mind's still full of memories with him
And he may not know all the words to the songs
But he still knows Merle Haggard's voice when he hears it

I stopped by that house on Esmond Lake
With a couple of tickets to go see a Sunday evenin' race
As we watched those cars fly around the track
I asked the Lord if just one more time
He'd bring my old friend back
Then somewhere around lap 23
That old man turned and smiled at me
And for a moment I know he knows where we are
'Cause he still knows the numbers
Yeah, he still knows the numbers
He still knows the numbers, numbers on the cars
Yeah, he still knows the numbers