

# 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

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