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 betweens, 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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