

## 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