We were sittin' round the supper table
And the buzz of the frigid air
Was the only sound til Mama laid down
A book she found upstairs
It was covered in dust in the back of the closet
Goodwill box
We almost tossed it out
We could've lost all those memories

There was a picture of Mama in the pourin' rain Ticket stubs to a Braves game Silver Star and a baggage claim From Hanoi, Vietnam There was a picture of 'em crawlin' on Grandpa Leather skin from a baseball We laughed and cried Told stories all night long From the Book of John

Now the pot of coffee's almost gone As we turn another page Climbin' on him like a jungle gym Watchin' his hair turn grey All the Polaroids are just reminders

You can't hold life in a three-ring binder But we flipped on through 'em anyway

There's a picture of his sister
Taken mid-July
On the steps of the church
Pullin' at his tie
Hair still wet from gettin' baptized
A brand new blue suit on
An old set of keys to his Chevrolet
A crumpled up receipt for a wedding ring
We watched ourselves grow up there in his arms
In the Book of John

That sun came up
Were were wide awake
Head to toe in black and grey
A long, black Lincoln waitin' down the drive
He was father, son, husband and friend
I still flip through it every now and then
When I need just a few words of advice

It's almost like he's not really gone And I know one day I'll be passin' on The Book of John