

John Anderson, I Just Came Home To Count The

I saw roses choking in the grass flaking paint in a broken window pane
A mailbox barely standin' by the driveway I can almost read the name
A swing set and forgotten toys where little girls and boys played happy games
Everything I ever about is gone now but the mem'ries still remain

The old man from the house across the street asked how's it goin' and I said fine
But the expression on his face would make me think that he could almost read my mind
That Johnson boy from down the road was asking if the kids could come and play
Lord I wish I could have told them yes but I just said I guess son not today

I just came home to count the mem'ries that I've been carrying in my mind
Just came home to count the mem'ries of a better day and time

All the birds that sang a pretty song aren't singing like they did when we were here
Cause there's no happiness in music if somebody isn't close enough to care
I picked arraged daisy from its home out in the corner of the yard
She loves me she loves me not now I don't have to wonder anymore

I just came home to count the mem'ries that I've been carrying in my mind
I just came home to count the mem'ries I guess it's time to say goodbye