

Tackle Box

Luke Bryan

[Verse 1]

It was two shades of brown, scratched-up plastic.
It held extra line, lures, hooks, and matches.
And his last name engraved in black,
Right there by the handle on the top.
I'd slide it out of the back of his station wagon.
Lug it down the bank with my arm draggin'.
And I could hardly wait for him
To lift the lid on that tackle box.

[Chorus 1]

'Cause I'd sail with him across the South Pacific.
Stand beside him on the bow of that battleship.
See him kiss the ground and thank the good Lord Jesus.
And watch him run to Grandma, cryin' on the dock.
He opened up, every time he opened up
That old tackle box.

[Verse 2]

He'd bait my hook and keep on tellin' stories
'Bout nickel Cokes, girls, and sandlot glories.
Pickup trucks and golden fields
Long before this town knew blacktop.

[Chorus 2]

I was almost ridin' with him shotgun down those dirt roads
Takin' turns on a jug of homemade shine
As he raced his buddies down through Mason Holler
Fillin' the sky with dust and kicked up rocks
He opened up, every time he opened up
That old tackle box.

He's been gone twenty years tomorrow
And I'm still holdin' on to one wish
That God above could let me borrow Grandpa
For one more afternoon and one more fish.

[Chorus 1]

And I'd sail with him across the South Pacific.
Stand beside him on the bow of that battleship.
See him kiss the ground and thank the good Lord Jesus.
And watch him run to Grandma, cryin' on the dock.
He'd open up, every time he opened up
That old tackle box.

Everything he loved he kept locked up in that old tackle box.

It was two shades of brown scratched up plastic.