

## **Luke Bryan**

### **"Tackle Box"**

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#### Verse 1

It was two shades of brown and scratched up plastic.  
It held extra line, lures, hooks, and matches.  
With 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'.  
I could hardly wait for him  
To lift the lid on that tackle box.

#### Chorus 1

Cause I'd sail with across the South Pacific.  
Stand beside him on the bow of that battle ship.  
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 ole tackle box.

#### Verse 2

He'd bait my hook and keep on tellin' stories  
About 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 ole tackle box.

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

## Chorus 1

Cause I'd sail with across the South Pacific.  
Stand beside him on the bow of that battle ship.  
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 ole tackle box.

Everything he loved, he kept locked up  
In that ole tackle box.  
It was two shades of brown and scratched up plastic.

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