

Randy Travis

"The Box"

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On the top shelf in the closet
In the workshop where he spent his extra time
Was a dusty wooden box that I had never noticed
Until that night
Then we set it on the table and carefully we opened up
the top
And stared into the memories Daddy kept inside the
box

There was a letter from Mamma, when she went out to
Reno
To help her sister out in 1962
And a flower from Hawaii, when they went on vacation
It was the first time that my Daddy ever flew

And the pocket knife I gave to him on Fathers day
Years ago I thought it had been lost
We all thought his heart was made of solid rock
But that was long before we found the box

I guess we always knew it, but "I love you" was hard for
him to say
Some men show it easily and some just never seem to
find the way
But that night I began to see the softer side of
someone I had lost
I saw the love he kept inside the first time that we
opened up the box

There was a picture that was taken when he and Mom
were datin'
Standing by his 1940 Ford
And a faded leather Bible, he got when he was
baptized
I guess no one understood him like the Lord

And a poem that he had written all about his wife and
children
The tender words he wrote were quite a shock

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