

Tackle Box

[Luke Bryan](#)

It was two shades of brown, scratched up plastic
It held extra line, lures, hooks and matches
And his last name engraved in brass
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 '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 docks
He opened up, every time he opened up that old tackle box He'd bait my hook and keep on tellin' stories
About nickel cokes, girls and sandlot glories
Pickup trucks and peanut fields
Long before this town knew blacktop 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 this one wish
That God above can let me borrow grandpa
For one more afternoon and one more fish 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 docks
He'd open up, every time he opened up that old tackle box
Yeah, I sure loved, every time he opened up that old tackle box It was two shades of brown, scratched up plastic

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