

# 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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