

# Box of Memories

## Jeannie C. Riley

The class reunion invitation was delivered to me today  
It brought back burning memories of a happy yesterday

I went to my cedar chest got down on my knees

The chest that once was full of hope is now a box of memoriesAs I carefully open up the box, my mind wanders  
back

To all the things we used to do me and Billy Jack

Here's the first note he wrote and gave me in the hall

It asked if I'd stay after school to watch him play footballThe chest that once was full of hope is now a box of  
memoriesHere are the tickets dubbed for my first picture show

I'd seen him talking to Rita Gail and I almost didn't go

The forage I wore to the senior prom pressed and dried

The scarf he tied around my hair for a motorcycle rideThe chest that once was full of hope is now a box of  
memories

Here's his lettered sweater with a patch player of the year

And the handkerchief I'd used to wipe away all my tears

When he was playing chicken to prove the greatness of his nerve

And a speeding car killed my dreams on Dead Man's KerbThe chest that once was full of hope is now a box of  
memories

Yes, the chest that once was full of hope is now a box of memories

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