The Shoebox

Chris Young

I stumbled on a bunch of junk of mine
In a shoebox the other night
In between cleaning up files and messes
That I'd made of my life
Ticket stubs, poems and old letters
I dumped them all out on the bed
Found a homemade birthday card from mom
And this is what it said, yeah, this is what it said
Don't forget the little moments
They're the ones that mean the most
When the way home seems so far away
Take 'em out and hold them close
And take a picture with your father
'Cause one day he'll be gone
And don't forget to fill an old shoebox
Full of things to look back on, full of things to look back on
I opened up my grandpa's pocket knife
And I was back to his back porch
It was summertime I was turnin' nine
He said, "You want that knife? It's yours"
I remember runnin' off in the yard
Carved my name in every tree
I haven't held it since he passed away
And it meant the world to me
Because he meant the world to me
Don't forget the little moments
They're the ones that mean the most
When the way home seems so far away
Take 'em out and hold them close
And take a picture with your father
'Cause one day he'll be gone
And don't forget to fill an old shoebox
Full of things to look back on
Look back on, a little window to the past
Look back on, God knows life goes by so fast
If ever you should ever doubt the blessings that you've had
Don't forget the little moments
They're the ones that mean the most
When the way home seems so far away

Take 'em out and hold them close
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'Cause one day he'll be gone
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