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 lifeTicket 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 saidDon'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 closeAnd 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 onI 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 meDon'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 closeAnd 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 onLook 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 hadDon'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 closeAnd 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 onI stumbled on a bunch of junk of mine
In a shoebox the other night

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