

# Tackle Box

## Luke Bryan

Luke Bryan - Tackle Box  
Verse 1  
It was two shades of brown, scratched-up plastic.  
It held extra line, lures, hooks, and matches.  
And his last name engraved in black,  
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.  
Chorus 1  
'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 dock.  
He opened up, every time he opened up  
That old tackle box.  
Verse 2  
He'd bait my hook and keep on tellin' stories  
'Bout nickel Cokes, girls, and sandlot glories.  
Pickup trucks and golden fields  
Long before this town knew blacktop.  
Chorus 2  
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 one wish  
That God above could let me borrow Grandpa  
For one more afternoon and one more fish.  
Chorus 1  
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 dock.  
He'd open up, every time he opened up  
That old tackle box.  
Everything he loved he kept locked up in that old tackle box.

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