

The Shoebox

Chris Young

I stumbled on a bunch of junk of mine
In a shoebox the other night
In between cleaning up piles of messes
That I've made of my life
Ticket stubs, love poems and old letters
I dumped them all out on the bed
Found a homemade birthday card from my 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 turning nine
He said you want that knife, it's yours
I remember running off in the yard
Carved my name in every tree
I haven't held it since he passed away
Man it meant the world to me
Because he meant the world to me

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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

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