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Boxes
Ben Rector
[Intro]
C G D G
      One, two, three
[Verse 1]
                D G C
                                  G D
I found boxes of first CDs tryin to get my office clean
                       D B
                                Em
Took ten years of folks givin them to me til I sat down
                          D
                G
And I saw hesitant poses and torn up jeans
              D
In cover photos friends took for free
                   G
                                     D
                                          В
                                              Em
For the six minute songs, and all their lifelong dreams the world turned down
[Chorus]
               C
                                G
 They re just dreamin up some life out on the road, oh
 When all I dream about s the day that I ll be home
I d long forgotten how it feels to chase a dream
Thank God for boxes of first CDs (yeah)
[Instrumental]
GDCGDC
[Verse 2]
               C
                       G
On through this Rolodex of railroad tracks and fresh-cut hair
                      G
                                   D
I see Joy who won some Grammys and is now a millionaire
                               B Em
                           D
Looks different now than she does right there, but that s how it goes
                             G
As for the rest, I bet they re teachers or pastors now
Pictured in jackets girlfriends picked out
 C
All their hometowns turned these up, all the labels turned them down, and never
wrote (whoa)
[Chorus]
                C
Em
                                G
                                              D
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They re just dreamin up some life out on the road, oh Em When all I dream about s the day that I ll be home I d long forgotten how it feels to chase a dream Thank God for boxes of first CDs (yeah) [Instrumental] GDCGDC [Bridge] D A thrift store jacket and ten less pounds Lookin like a fool in some big field with my bare feet on the ground D В Em Bad song titles and worse drum sounds, I didn t know [Chorus] G That all my dreams had come true out here on the road I never dreamed that I could call this life my own Thought I d forgotten how it feels to chase a dream But thank God for how it feels to chase a dream And thank God for boxes of first CDs (yeah)

[Outro]

GDCGDCG