

Tackle Box
Luke Bryan

Luke Bryan - Tackle Box

Capo 1

Verse 1

D

It was two shades of brown and scratched up plastic.

G

It held extra line, lures, hooks, and matches.

A

With his last name engraved in black,

G

D

Right there by the handle on the top.

D

I d slide it out of the back of his station wagon.

G

Lug it down the bank with my arm draggin .

A

I could hardly wait for him

G

D

To lift the lid on that tackle box.

Chorus 1

G

D

Cause I d sail with across the South Pacific.

A

D

Stand beside him on the bow of that battle ship.

G

D

See him kiss the ground and thank the Good Lord Jesus.

A

Bm

And watch him run to Grandma, cryin on the dock.

Em

G

He opened up, every time he opened up

A

D

That ole tackle box.

Verse 2

D

He d bait my hook and keep on tellin stories

G

About nickel Cokes, girls, and sandlot glories.

A

Pickup trucks and golden fields

G

D

Long before this town knew blacktop.

Chorus 2

I was almost ridin with him shotgun down those dirt roads
G D
A D
Takin turns on a jug of homemade shine
G D
As he raced his buddies down through Mason Holler
A Bm
Fillin the sky with dust and kicked up rocks
Em G
He opened up every time he opened up
A D
That ole tackle box.

Bridge

Bm G
He s been gone twenty years tomorrow
D A
But I m still holdin on to one more wish
Bm G
That God above would let be borrow Grandpa
D G A
For one more afternoon and one more fish.

Chorus 1

G D
Cause I d sail with across the South Pacific.
A D
Stand beside him on the bow of that battle ship.
G D
See him kiss the ground and thank the Good Lord Jesus.
A Bm
And watch him run to Grandma, cryin on the dock.
Em G
He opened up, every time he opened up
A D
That ole tackle box.

Outro

Em G
Everything he loved, he kept locked up
A D
In that ole tackle box.

D
It was two shades of brown and scratched up plastic.