

# **Grampa's Tackle Box**

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I recall being just a kid going fishin' out on the lake  
We'd start out before the sun came up before I was awake  
With fishin' poles in a pickup truck, we'd drive out to the docks  
There on the floor beside my feet was Grampa's tackle box

Grampa always talked with me while we waited for the fish to bite  
We'd talk about life and fish and girls and how to know what's right  
I'd tell him what I'd be when I grew up, something different every time  
We'd talk for what would seem like hours, 'til a fish would jerk the line

A pocketknife with a broken blade, fishin' lures of every kind  
The lure he made from my own hair, fishin' hooks and line  
A scale to weigh the fish we'd catch, a couple of pretty rocks  
I never knew just what I'd find in Grampa's tackle box

He said I could do anything and be anything I chose  
Some will tell you that's not true, pay no mind to those  
Don't be afraid to have a dream but dreamin' won't make it true  
A dream can tell you which path to take but the walkin's up to you

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Grampa told me lots of things about what he'd done in life  
He talked about going off to war and how much he missed his wife  
He'd take a little sip every now & then from a shiny metal flask  
Medicine for his aches & pain, he told me when I asked

A pocketknife with a broken blade, fishin' lures of every kind  
The lure he made from my own hair, fishin' hooks and line  
A scale to weigh the fish we'd catch, a couple of pretty rocks  
The answer to most everything was in Grampa's tackle box

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