

Grampa's Tackle Box

Richard 'Daddy' Love

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

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

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

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

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

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