## Chris Young, The Shoebox

I stumbled on a bunch of junk of mine

In a shoebox the other night

In between cleaning up files and messes

That I'd made of my life

Ticket stubs, poems and old letters

I dumped them all out on the bed

Found a homemade birthday card from 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 turnin' nine

He said, " You want that knife? It's yours"

I remember runnin' off in the yard

Carved my name in every tree

I haven't held it since he passed away

And it meant the world to me

Because he meant the world to me

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

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

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

I stumbled on a bunch of junk of mine

In a shoebox the other night