

# Jeannie C. Riley, Box Of Memories

The class reunion invitation was delivered to me today  
It brought back burning memories of a happy yesterday  
I went to my cedar chest got down on my knees  
The chest that once was full of hope is now a box of memories  
As I carefully open up the box my mind wanders back  
To all the things we used to do me and Billy Jack  
Here's the first note he wrote and gave me in the hall  
It asked if I'd stay after school to watch him play football  
The chest that once was full of hope is now a box of memories

Here are the tickets dubbed for my first picture show  
I'd seen him talkin' to Rita Gail and I almost didn't go  
The corsage I wore to the senior prom pressed and dried  
The scarf he tied around my hair for a motorcycle ride  
The chest that once was full of hope is now a box of memories  
Here's his lettered sweater with a patch Player of the year  
And the handkerchief I'd used to wipe away all my tears  
When he was playing chicken to prove the greatness of his nerve  
And a speeding car killed my dreams on Dead Man's Curve  
The chest that once was full of hope is now a box of memories  
Yes the chest that once was full of hope is now a box of memories