

TOOL BOX

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Tempo: Slow
Times: Intro - 0:16, Total - 4:54

On a small tenant farm stand a rough weathered shed
With an old sliding door and noisy tin roof
Inside is collected a vast wealth of treasure
The junk that still captures the wonders of youth

To the right is a window, below it a table,
An anvil and grinder hooked on either side
On top in the middle with no handles or locks
Sets a dirty brown chest, my granddad's tool box

Chorus:
The tool box was all that Granddad had to leave
No priceless heirlooms, gold watches, or rings
Just an old tool box full of sweet memories
Worth more than all of the world to me

For out of that tool box not only came tools
But a whole love of love and a few simple rules
Like "Do unto others as you've have them do"
and "An honest day's work will never hurt you"

Repeat chorus

Today when I go and open that chest
I still find his tools, nuts and bolts, and the rest
But I find something more of my Granddaddy Doc's
There's a part of his life still in that box

Repeat chorus

Worth more than all of the world to me