**This Old Box –** ©2012 Bob Campbell/RBFC Publishing

**Verse** This old box was my best friend when daddy died

Became my tears when I found I couldn’t cry

Spent a life of time together day and night

This guitar was right there by my side

My grandfather showed me how to pick these strings

Taught me my first song, that was everything

And every time I play I share these memories

With this guitar they’re never very far from me

**Chorus** This old box has long been my best friend

Carries me through every thick and thin

It’s filled with every note I’ve ever played

It may look a little worn out, but this old box still has a lot to say

**Verse** This guitar was right there when I met my wife

Wrote a song for our first baby, still makes her cry

And dreams we’ve shared as time and life keep moving on

This guitar has always been there with a song

**Chorus** This old box has long been my best friend

Carries me through every thick and thin

It’s filled with every note I’ve ever played

It may look a little worn out, but this old box still has a lot to say

**Bridge**  Every string’s a thread that weaves a melody

I thank God this guitar’s been here with me

One day when I finish that last song

I’ll thank this old box with a brand new set of strings to carry on

**Chorus** This old box has long been my best friend

Carries me through every thick and thin

It’s filled with every note I’ve ever played

It may look a little worn out… Top is wearing thin…

But every scar on this guitar’s a map to where we’ve been

I think about it every time I play

Yeah…this old box still has a lot to say

**Tag** This old box was my best friend when daddy died