**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