Boxes

Ben Rector

I found boxes of first CDs
Trying to get my office clean
Took 10 years of folks giving them to me
Till I sat down

And I saw hesitant poses and torn up jeans
In cover photos friends took for free
For their 6 minute songs and all their lifelong dreams
The world turned down...

And they're just dreaming up some life out on the road, oh
And all I dream about's a day that I'll be home
I'd long forgotten how it feels to chase a dream
Thank God for boxes of first CDs

On through this rolodex of railroad tracks and fresh cut hair
I see Joey who won some Grammys and is now a millionaire
Looks different now than she does right there
But that's how it goes, as for the rest...

I bet they're teachers or pastors now
Pictured in jackets girlfriends picked out
All their hometowns turned these up
All the labels turned them down
And never wrote, whoa

They're just dreaming up some life out on the road, oh
All I dream about's a day that I'll be home
Guess I forgot the way it feels to chase a dream
Thank God for boxes of first CDs

Thrift store jacket and 10 less pounds
Looking like a fool in some big field with my bare feet on the ground
Bad song titles and worse drum sounds, I didn't know

That all my dreams'd come true out here on the road
I never dreamed that I could call this life my own
Thought I'd forgotten how it feels to chase a dream
But thank God for how it feels to chase a dream
But thank God for boxes of first CDs, yeah

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