



Little Man

To: Jackson

From: Wade



Happy birthday, buddy — keep shining.

Jackson, you're ten years tall today
Swear I blinked and the years just ran away
From muddy boots to grass-stained knees
To casting lines down at the lake with me
Sun on your face, stories in your eyes
I see a little boy and a fine man on the rise
Every weekend, every sunrise
Laughing in the truck, just you and I
You always find a way to make me smile
Yeah, son, you make it all worthwhile
Happy birthday, Jackson, my pride, my son
Ten candles burning bright, and you're only just begun
You're reeling in the big ones, yeah, you're second to none
Throwing bags on the boards—always beating me at cornhole for fun
Time's rolling by, but I'm holding on tight
To these lake-side days and football nights
Watching you grow, I wanna shout to everyone
Happy birthday, Jackson, my boy, my son
You lace up your cleats, huddle up with your friends
Play your heart out, never want the day to end
Window down, radio up, just you and me
Riding that old back road to where we wanna be
Sometimes I wonder how the years slip by
But every memory's a trophy in my mind
Teaching you to cast and teaching me to let go
You teach me more than you'll ever know
You're the reason for the best days of my life
So here's to you, and this wild, sweet ride
Happy birthday, Jackson, my pride, my son
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You're reeling in the big ones, yeah, you're second to none
Throwing bags on the boards—always beating me at cornhole for fun
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Watching you grow, I wanna shout to everyone
Happy birthday, Jackson, my boy, my son
One day you'll drive that truck and haul your dreams
But you'll always be that little man beside me
So cast out your line, take your shot, run free
Know you'll always be my greatest victory
Happy birthday, Jackson, my pride, my son
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Time's rolling by, but I'm holding on tight
To these lake-side days and football nights
Watching you grow, I wanna shout to everyone
Happy birthday, Jackson, my boy, my son
Yeah, happy birthday, Jackson—here's to you, my son