



# 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 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 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 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 Yeah, happy birthday, Jackson—here's to you, my son