

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.

Swoonsong