

The House That Jack Built

Jesca Hoop

I carried a bag of rock and stone full of memory
Of our family
Aboard a plane to Tulsa
Five years of waiting for his life to end suddenly
Tearing it's way through me
All of the way to Tulsa

It's not enough
It's not enough
It's not enough
It's not enough
To know you through them

I walked through the door of living room that I do not
Know
To a couch where he slept alone
In the bone yard of the house that jack built
My brothers were sorting through his fine shoes and
Fine cologne
Pictures of our childhood home
The glory of the house that jack built
It's not enough
It's not enough
It's not enough
It's not enough
To know you through them

Purple hearts and racing cars and the words for her you
Wrote
Your deal was raw but you loved us all and we know it
Note for note

Now they tell us of your life until the end your sister
And your best friend
The stories are a revelation
All of a brother and a sailor and an honourable man
A boy driving as fast as he can
To this man I have no relation
It's not enough
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