

# 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  
It's not enough  
It's not enough  
Its' not enough  
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