

Jackson
Album: Sunny Side!

We got married in a fever.
Hotter than a pepper sprout.
We've been talkin' 'bout Jackson ever since the fire went out.
I'm goin' to Jackson.
Gonna mess around.
I'm goin' to Jackson.
You know I'm pleasure bound.

Well, you go on, sweet daddy, go ahead and wreck your health.
Play your hand like a lover man and make a big fool of yourself.
Go on to Jackson.
Comb your hair.
Gotta snowball Jackson.
See if I care.

When I breeze into that city, people gonna scrape and bow.
All them women gonna beg me teach 'em what they don't know how.
I'm goin' down to Jackson.
Turn loose my coat.
I'm goin' to Jackson.
"Goodbye," that's all she wrote.

When they laugh at you in Jackson, I'll be dancin' on the pony keg.
Then I'll lead you 'round town like a scolded hound,
With your tail tucked between your legs.
So, go on down to Jackson.
You big talkin' man.
I'll be waitin' in Jackson behind my Japan fan.