

Jackson (feat. Lee Hazlewood)

[Nancy Sinatra](#)

We got married in a fever hotter than a pepper sprout
We been talkin' 'bout Jackson
Ever since the fire went out
I'm goin' to Jackson, I'm gonna mess around (yeah?)
Yeah, I'm goin' to Jackson, look out Jackson town Well, go on down to Jackson, go ahead and wreck your
health (hmm)
Go play your hand, you big-talkin' man, make a big fool of yourself
Yeah, yeah, go to Jackson, but go comb that hair
I'm gonna snowball Jackson
Go ahead and see if I care When I breeze into that city, the people gonna stoop and bow (ha ha)
All them women gonna make me teach 'em what they don't know how
I'm goin' to Jackson, ya turn-a loose-a my coat
'Cause I'm goin' to Jackson
Goodbye, that's all she wrote They'll laugh at you in Jackson (I doubt it)
And I'll be dancin' on a pony keg
They'll lead you 'round that town like a scalded hound
With your tail tucked between your legs
Yeah, yeah, yeah, go to Jackson, you big-talkin' man
And I'll be waitin' there in Jackson behind my Japan fan We got married in a fever hotter than a pepper sprout
We been talkin' 'bout Jackson ever since the fire went ou-ou-out
Go to Jackson and that's a natural fact
We're goin' to Jackson, ain't never comin' back We got married in a fever hotter than a pepper sprout
We been talkin' 'bout Jackson

Songwriters

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