Jackson (Alan That Is)

Cledus T. Judd

Well, I start runnin' a fever
Every time he opens his mouth
She's been gawkin' at Jackson
Ever since his first song came outOh, she loves Alan Jackson
And his pretty blonde hair
Oh, I love Alan Jackson
I ain't got a prayerWell, he tried dressin' like Jackson
Belt buckles, boots, and a hat
She said, "Sorry hon, that won't help you none
Because you're just too dang fat"Oh, I hate Alan Jackson
She sleeps with a piece of his coat
Oh, I love Alan Jackson
'Cause of them songs he wroteWell, I went backstage at his concert
I got on his bus somehow
That big talkin' man and his little five piece band
Just taught her what I didn't know howGosh, I hate Alan Jackson
Now I'm his openin' act
Oh, I love Alan Jackson
She's never comin' back
She loves you manOh, I start runnin' a fever
Every time he opens his mouth
She's been gawkin' at Jackson
Ever since his first song came outOh, she loves Alan Jackson
Makes me want to cuss
Oh, he hates Alan Jackson
Think I'll blow up his busYeah, someday I'll rock his jukebox
No, you're not
Might hit him with a tall, tall, tree
Well, he just might hit you backWell, I tell you what
I'll show him the real world
He'll think real world when they find him
Way down yonder in the bottom of the chattahoochie
Oh yeah, he just might run ya over with his mercuryI tell ya what, tell him to meet me somewhere
Hey Hoss, meet him at midnight in Montgomery
Wanted, my life back
Who says you can't have it all
Alan Jackson

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