

# Jackson

## The Low Anthem

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

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