# Jackson

## 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 townWell, 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, yeah, go to Jackson, but go comb that hair
I'm gonna snowball Jackson go ahead and see if I careWhen I breeze into that city, the people gonna stoop and bow
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 wroteThey'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 fanWe got married in a fever hotter than a pepper sprout
We been talkin' 'bout Jackson ever since the fire went out
Go to Jackson and that's a natural fact
We're goin' to Jackson, ain't never comin' backWe got married in a fever hotter than a pepper sprout
We been talkin' 'bout Jackson

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