

Jackson

Shirma Rouse, Kim Hoorweg

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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