Jackson by Billie Ed Wheeler and Jerry Leiber (1963)

C	С	C		С		
We got marri	ed in a fever	hotter th	nan a pep	per sprout		
C		С	C	•	C7	
We've been t	talking 'bout .	Jackson,	ever sinc	e the fire wer	nt out. I	'm goin' to
F F	· ·	C	C7			_
Jackson, I'n	n gonna mes	s around	d. Yeal	n I'm goin' to		
<i>F G</i> 7		C	,	_		
Jackson, lool	k out Jacksor	n town				

Go on down to Jackson, go ahead and wreck your health Go play your hand, you big talking man, and make a big fool of yourself Yeah, go to Jackson, go comb your hair Yeah, 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 aw, I'm going to Jackson, turn a-loose of my coat, yeah, I'm going to Jackson, goodbye, that's all she wrote

I'm gonna laugh at you in Jackson, and I'll be dancin' on a pony keg they'll lead ya round town like a scalded hound, with your tail tucked between your legs yeah, go to Jackson, you big talking man and I'll be waiting in Jackson, behind my jaypan(Japan) fan

We got married in a fever, hotter than a pepper sprout We've been talking 'bout Jackson, ever since the fire went out I'm going to Jackson, and that's a fact yeah, I'm going to Jackson, ain't never comin' back