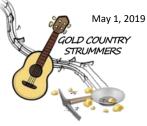


Music & lyrics by Billy Edd Wheeler & Jerry Leiber Published 1963 Modified with thanks to Taunton Ukulele Strummers

<u>Jackson</u>



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 a-round 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, yeah, go to Jackson, go comb your hair I'm gonna snowball Jackson, see if I care When I breeze into that city, the people gonna stoop and bow (hah!) 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 goodbye, that's all she wrote 'Cause I'm goin' to Jackson, But they'll laugh at you in Jackson an' I'll be dancin' on a pony keg They'll lead you 'round town like a scalded hound With your tail tucked 'tween your legs Yeah, go to Jackson, you big-talkin' man And I'll be waitin' in Jackson, behind my Jaypan fan С 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 and that's a fact Yea, we're goin' to Jackson, ain't never comin' back

