

## Clear "Jackson"

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Parody of Jackson by Johnny Cash (G. Rogers/E. Weeler), Bexhill Music Corp. (ASCAP)/Quarter Music Inc. (ASCAP)

New lyrics by Cledus T. judd and Chris Clark, La-Po Music (BMI)/Music Genesis (ASCAP)

Well, I start runnin' a fever  
Every time he opens his mouth  
She's been gawkin' at Jackson  
Ever since his first song came out

Oh, she loves Alan Jackson  
And his pretty blonde hair

Oh, I love Alan Jackson

I ain't got a prayer

Well, he tried dressin' like Jackson

Belt buckles, boots, and a hat  
She said,  
"Sorry hon, that won't help you none  
Because you're just too dang fat."

Oh, I hate Alan Jackson  
She sleeps with a piece of his coat

Oh, I love Alan Jackson

'Cause of them songs he wrote

Well, I went backstage at his concert  
I got on his bus somehow

That big talkin' man and his little five piece band  
Just taught her what I didn't know how  
Gosh, I hate Alan Jackson

Now I'm his openin' act  
Oh, I love Alan Jackson

She's never comin' back  
...She loves you man!

Oh, I start runnin' a fever  
Every time he opens his mouth  
She's been gawkin' at Jackson  
Ever since his first song came out  
Oh, she loves Alan Jackson  
Makes me want to cuss

(Ha!) Oh, he hates Alan Jackson

Think I'll blow up his bus

Yeah,  
Someday I'll Rock His Jukebox!

No You're not!

Ha! Might hit him with a Tall, Tall, Tree!

Well, he just might hit you back!

Well, I tell you what!  
I'll show him The Real World!  
He'll think Real World when they find him way down  
yonder in the bottom of the Chattahoochie!

Oh yeah! He just might run ya over with his Mercury!

I tell ya what, tell him to meet me somewhere!

Hey Hoss, meet him at Midnight In Montgomery!

Wanted, my life back!

Who Says You Can't Have It All?

Alan Jackson.

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