

## Brakes

# "Jackson"

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We got married in a fever.  
Hotter than a pepper sprout.  
We been talkin' 'bout Jackson  
Ever since the fire went out.

I'm going to Jackson,  
I'm going to mess around.  
Yah I'm going to Jackson.  
Look out Jackson town.

Go on down to Jackson.  
Go ahead and wreck yer hill.  
Go play yer hand, you big talkin' gal  
And make a big fool of yerself.

Get on to Jackson.  
Go comb yer hair.  
I'm gonna smoke Paul Jackson (yah?)  
See if I care.

I breeze into that city,  
People gonna stoop and bow.  
All them fellas gonna make me  
Teach 'em what they don't know how.

I'm goin' to Jackson,  
Turn my loose in my coat.  
I'm goin' to Jackson,  
Goodbye, that's all she want.

They'll laugh at you in Jackson,  
I'll be dancin' on a pony keg.  
They'll lead you 'round town like a scolded hound  
With your tail stuck between your legs.

Yah, I'm goin' to Jackson,  
And that's a matter of fact.  
Well, get home to Jackson,  
Ain't never comin' back.

We got married in a fever.

Hotter than a pepper sprout.  
We been talkin' 'bout Jackson  
Ever since the fire went out.

I'm going to Jackson,  
I'm going to mess around.  
Yah I'm going to Jackson.  
Look out Jackson town.

See, I'm going to Jackson.  
Look out Jackson town.

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