

The Kingston Trio

"Jackson"

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Billy Edd Wheeler/Jed Peters

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. Gonna mess around. I'm goin' to
Jackson. You know I'm pleasure bound.

Well, you go on, sweet daddy, go ahead and wreck
your health. Play your hand like a lover man and make
a big fool of yourself.

Go on to Jackson. Comb your hair. Gotta snowball
Jackson. See if I care.

When I breeze into that city, people gonna scrape and
bow. All them women gonna beg me teach 'em what
they don't know how.

I'm goin' down to Jackson. Turn loose my coat. I'm goin'
to Jackson. "Goodbye," that's all she wrote.

When they laugh at you in Jackson, I'll be dancin' on the
pony keg. Then I'll lead you 'round town like a scolded
hound,

With your tail tucked between your legs.

So, go on down to Jackson. You big talkin' man. I'll be
waitin' in Jackson behind my Japan fan.

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