

The Kingston Trio, Jackson

We got married in a fever. Hotter than a pepper sprout. We've been talkin' 'bout Jackson ever since
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
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
I'm goin' down to Jackson. Turn loose my coat. I'm goin' to Jackson. "Goodbye," that's all.

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