

# JACKSON

Johnny Cash & June Carter 1967

Music Jerry Leiber/ Billy Edd Wheeler

4er in C-Dur (A-Dur Capo 3)



1 | We got married in a fever, | hotter than a pepper sprout,  
We've been talkin' 'bout Jack- son,	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.	

2 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 your self, Yeah, go to |  
| Jackson; | go comb your hair! Honey, I'm gonna snow ball |  
| Jack- son | See if I care. |

3 When | I breeze into that city, | 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.	'Cause I'm goin' to
Jackson.	"Goodbye," that's all she wrote. But	

4 they'll | laugh at you in Jackson, | and I'll be dancin' on a Pony Keg.  
They'll | lead you 'round town like a scalded hound, with your tail tucked between your legs, Yeah, go to |  
| Jackson, | you big-talkin' man. | and I'll be waitin' in |  
| Jackson, | behind my Jaypan Fan, | Well now, |

5 | We got married in a fever, | hotter than a pepper Sprout, |  
We've been talkin' 'bout Jack-son,	ever since the fire went out, I'm goin' to	
Jackson,	and that's a fact.	Yeah, we're goin' to
Jackson,	and never comin' back	