All them women gonna 1 <mark>beg me</mark> 4 teach-'em what-they don't know How I'm goin' to Jack son 3 4 you turn-a loose my coat 2 3 4 good bye-that's all she wrote 2 3 4 1 2 3 they'll Cause I'm going to Jack son 3 4 Laugh at you in Jack son _ and-I'll-be dancin' on-a po ny keg 2 3 they'll Lead-you round town like-a scol ded hound with-your tail a-tucked-be tween your Legs yeah yeah go-to Jack son 3 4 1 2 you-big talkin' 1 I'll-be waitin' in behind my jay pan fan 2<u>34</u> Jack son <u>3</u> <u>4</u> All We got married in-a fe ver <u>3 4</u> hotter than-a pep per sprout 2 3 4 **G7**

We've been talkin' 'bout 1 Jack son 4 ever since-the fire went out and-we're goin' to

Jack son 3 4 1 and that's a fact 2 3 4 1 we're goin to Jackson 3 4 never comin' back 2 3 4