Jumpin' Jack Flash

Bryan Clark

I was born in a cross-fire hurricane
And I howled at my ma in the driving rain
But it's alright now, in fact it's a gas
But it's alright, I'm jumpin' Jack Flash
It's a gas, gas, gas
I was raised by a toothless bearded hag
I was schooled with a strap right across my back
But it's alright now, in fact it's a gas
But it's alright, I'm jumpin' Jack Flash
It's a gas, gas, gas
I was drowned, I was washed up and left for dead
I fell down to my feet and I saw they bled

I frowned at the crumbs of a crust of bread
Yeah, yeah, yeah
I was crowned with a spike right through my head
But it's alright now, in fact it's a gas
But it's alright, I'm jumpin' Jack Flash
It's a gas, gas, gas
Jumping Jack Flash, it's a gas
Jumping Jack Flash, it's a gas
Jumping Jack Flash, it's a gas
Jumping Jack Flash, it's a gas
Jumping Jack Flash

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