

# Jumpin' Jack Flash

## The Rolling Stones

I was born in a cross-fire hurricane  
And I howled at the morning driving rain  
But it's all right now, in fact, it's a gas!  
But it's all right. 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 all right now, in fact, it's a gas!  
But it's all right, 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 , yeah yeah  
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 all right now, in fact, it's a gas!  
But it's all right, I'm Jumpin' Jack Flash  
It's a gas, gas, gas!

Jumping Jack Flash, its a gas  
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