# Jumping Jack Flash

## Linnea Henriksson

I was born in a cross-fire hurricane
And I howled at my ma in the 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
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
Jumping Jack Flash, its a gas
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Jumping Jack Flash
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