

# 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  
Jumping Jack Flash, its a gas  
Jumping Jack Flash, its a gas  
Jumping Jack Flash

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