

Jet

Paul McCartney

Jet, Jet, JetI can almost remember
The funny faces
That time you told me
That you were going to be marrying soonAnd jet, I thought
The only lonely place was on the moonJet, ooh, Jet, oohJet, was your father as bold
As a Sergeant Major?
Oh, how come he told you
That you hardly old enough yet?And Jet, I thought the Major
Was a Lady SuffragetteJet, ooh, Jet, oohAh, mater, want Jet to always love me
Ah, mater, want Jet to always love me
Ah, mater, much laterJetAnd Jet, I thought the Major
Was a little Lady SuffragetteJet, ooh, Jet, oohAh, mater, want Jet to always love me
Ah, mater, want Jet to always love me
Ah, mater, much laterJet, with the wind in your hair
Of a thousand laces
Climb on the back and we'll
Go for a ride in the skyAnd Jet I thought that the Major
Was a little Lady SuffragetteJet, ooh, Jet, oohAnd Jet, you know, I thought
You was a little Lady SuffragetteJet, oohA little lady
My little lady, yes

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