

# Jumpin' Jack Flash

Peter Frampton

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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