

Jumping 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 all right now, in fact, it's a gas But it's all right
I'm Jumping 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 Jumping 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 Jumping 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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