

Betty Buckley "The Jet Song"

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When you're a Jet,
You're a Jet all the way
From your first cigarette
To your last dyin' day.
When you're a Jet,
Let them do what they can,
You got brothers around,
You're a family man!
You're never alone,
You're never disconnected!
You're home with your own
When company's expected,
You're well protected!
Then you are set
With a capital J,
Which you'll never forget
Till they cart you away.
When you're a Jet,
You stay
A Jet!
When you're a Jet,
You're the top cat in town,
You're the gold-medal kid
With the heavyweight crown!
When you're a Jet,
You're the swingin' est thing.
Little boy, you're a man;
Little man, you're a king!
The Jets are in gear,
Our cylinders are clickin'!
The Sharks'll steer clear
'Cause every Puerto Rican's
A lousy chicken!
Here come the Jets
Like a bat out of hell
Someone gets in our way
Someone don't feel so well!
Here come the Jets:
Little world, step aside!
Better go underground,
Better run, better hide!
We're drawin' the line,

So keep your noses hidden!
Weâ€™re hangin’ a sign
Says “Visitors forbidden”--
And we ain’t kiddin’!
Here come the Jets,
Yeah! And weâ€™re gonna beat
Every last buggin’ gang
On the whole buggin’ street!
One the whole
Ever, mother, lovin’
Street! Yeah!

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