

Helen Humes

"Jet Propelled Papa"

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I've got a jet propelled papa with a magic ray
Yes I've got a jet propelled papa with a magic ray
He'll put your head in a spin and take your breath away

Now when he gets started
There's nothing left to keep
All your love will explode
When he turns on the heat
Fast like a rocket, he's built for any meat
He's my jet propelled papa with supersonic speed

He's a jet propelled papa with a swing and a sway
When he makes contact the world just fades away
When you get hurried he can really put you there
No, he don't need no refuelling, he can even burn air

He's my jet propelled papa, he's got that atomic touch
What that man hasn't got don't 'mount to very much
Yes he's my papa, he's just like a shooting star
And when that man takes off you can't tell just where
you are

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