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Mott The Hoople ''Jumpin' Jack Flash''

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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 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 all right now, in fact, it's a gas! But it's all right, 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. I was crowned with a spike right thru my head. But it's all right now, in fact, it's a gas! But it's all right, I'm Jumpin' Jack Flash, It's a gas! Gas! Gas!

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