

## 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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