Paul McCartney

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Jet, Jet, Jet

I can almost remember The funny faces That time you told me That you were going to be marrying soon

And jet, I thought The only lonely place was on the moon

Jet, ooh, Jet, ooh

Jet, was your father as bold As a Sergeant Major? Oh, how come he told you That you hardly old enough yet?

And Jet, I thought the Major Was a Lady Suffragette

Jet, ooh, Jet, ooh

Ah, mater, want let to always love me Ah, mater, want Jet to always love me Ah, mater, much later let

And Jet, I thought the Major Was a little Lady Suffragette

Jet, ooh, Jet, ooh

Ah, mater, want Jet to always love me Ah, mater, want let to always love me Ah, mater, much later

Jet, with the wind in your hair Of a thousand laces Climb on the back and we'll Go for a ride in the sky

And Jet I thought that the Major

Was a little Lady Suffragette

Jet, ooh, Jet, ooh

And Jet, you know, I thought You was a little Lady Suffragette

Jet, ooh

A little lady My little lady, yes

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