

## Jets

### "Hank The Knife & The Jets"

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Only eighteen almost grown  
Tryin' his luck away from home  
The guitar in his hand won't leave his side  
The way he plays he should go far  
One day he'll be a record star  
And people come from far to watch him play.

He comes along just in time turns evrything in gold  
He writes a song a million copies sold  
He plays his music loud 'n' clear destroying like a  
flame  
A newborn king is on his way to fame.

He makes you  
dance and he makes you sing  
Come on let's go for the guitar king  
His music is like honey for the bee  
He makes you dance and he makes you sing  
Come on let's go for the guitar king  
He makes you dance and sing  
he's the guitar king.

On the stage he's dynamite drivin' people wild each  
night.  
He lets it rock like no one did before  
Ev'ry week he's on t.v. and shows you what you want to  
see  
He shakes his legs until the lights go out.

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He writes a song a million copies sold  
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