

# Jumpin' Jack Flash

The Rolling Stones

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 jumping 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 jumping 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 through my head  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

But it's all right now, in fact, it's a gas  
But it's all right, I'm jumping Jack flash  
It's a gas, gas, gas

Jumping Jack flash, it's a gas  
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