

Jumpin' Jack Flash

Edgar Winter

I was born in a cross-fire hurricane
And I howled at my ma in the driving rain,
But its all right now, in fact, its a gas!
But its all right. Im jumpin jack flash,
Its a gas! gas! gas!

I was raised by a toothless, bearded hag,
I was schooled with a strap right across my back,
But its all right now, in fact, its a gas!
But its all right, Im jumpin jack flash,
Its 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.
Yeah, yeah, yeah
I was crowned with a spike right thru my head.
But its all right now, in fact, its a gas!
But its all right, Im jumpin jack flash,
Its a gas! gas! gas!

Jumping jack flash, its a gas
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