

I was born in a cross-fire hurricane
And I howled at my ma in the drivin' 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!

[Interlude]

I was drowned, I was washed up & 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!

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