Appetite (for Lightin' Dynamite)

Citizen Cope

Everybody know
When he's coming to town
They're locking the doors
And they don't make a sound
People want him dead
But he won't die, yeah
First he's got to live
With the things that he did
People want him leaving
But he ain't leaving soon
He gets him some smokes
And some hoes and a hotel room
And then you best watch
When he's through
He clinches his fists
And he's lookin' for you
'Cause Darren's got an appetite
For lightin' dynamite
And letting it blow up in his hands
Darren's got an appetite
For lightin' dynamite
And letting it blow up in his hands
Darren's got an appetite
For lightin' dynamite
And letting it blow up in his hands
Darren's got an appetite
For lightin' dynamite
And letting it blow up
Ava's got a Frank Sinatra tune
Ava's got the sun
And the wind
And the moon
Ava's got a lawyer
And a baller
And a 4-foot taller
And a bullfighter from Spain too
But I guess
You would never forget
The way she moves

She removes your stress
"Ain't got a clue 'bout nothing like this"
That's what she said
And she means what she said
'Cause Ava's got an appetite
For lightin' dynamite
And letting it blow up in her hand
Ava's got an appetite
For lightin' dynamite
And letting it blow up in her hand
Ava's got an appetite
For lightin' dynamite
And letting it blow up in her hand
Ava's got an appetite
For lightin' dynamite
And letting it blow up in her hand

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