

# 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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