

# Dynamite Road

[Alice Cooper](#)

Yeah, life is just a party, man, we're just looking for a thrill  
We are rock 'n' roll and Detroit's soul and plenty of blood to spill  
My life is cruisin' with my band man in my tricked out Cadillac  
We're always looking death right in the eye and never ever looking back  
See the night is full of nitro and we just  
might explode  
'Cause we're running like the devil up on dynamite road  
For the moon is makin' trouble, man, and the road is  
dark and long  
Hell, we're all seeing double and we know nothing could go wrong  
Hey, there's a limo full of party girls and a  
pick-up full of goons  
All fuels with hearts of perfidy, alcohol and Skynyrd tunes  
My car is breathin' hot and heavy, man, with a viscous evil growl  
It's enough to wake the devil, man, it's enough to make him howl  
See the night was full of nitro and we thought we would explode  
With the speedo on a hundred and the wheels out of the road  
I woke up chokin' at the smell of burnin' hair and  
gasoline (ah)  
Twisted chrome, melted glass and broken bodies at the scene  
Now the boys are up in heaven, man, I'm more  
likely down in hell  
And I'm all wrapped up in bandages in a lonely holdin' cell  
My memory might be kinda blurry, man, but one thing I know for real  
That slick black limo full of ladies had the devil at the wheel  
See the night was full of nitro and, man, did we explode  
We were racing with the devil up on dynamite road  
I can understand why he forced the band to take their final  
breath  
But did he have to trash my Cadillac?  
Man, I loved that car to death  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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