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 backSee the night is full of nitro and we just might explode
'Cause we're running like the devil up on dynamite roadFor 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 wrongHey, 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 roadI woke up chokin' at the smell of burnin' hair and gasoline (ah)
Twisted chrome, melted glass and broken bodies at the sceneNow 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 roadI 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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