

Big Audio Dynamite

"2000 Volts"

Visit "[2000 Volts](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

He's got a sharkskin suit
And a diamond earring he's got jet black hair,
Just like his mother
He's got a jail tattoo, from his long-lost brother
He's got a shotgun fuse,
Don't you pull his trigger

Broke from jail without a gun,
Public enemy number one Killed a man on the run, on
the lam,
Without bail headed straight back to jail.
Nowhere else for him to go daddy-o, daddy-o

He's gonna make his mark at a Vegas hotel
He rolls snake-eyes down,
He's gonna make his money
He's headin' west, on a killin' spree
Down in L.A., you know the killin's free

(He was born on the 4th of July the kind of guy,
When he spoke to you,
He stared you straight in the eye you know, man,
When he walked into the room,
You would feel it and man,
When he walked in the room,
It sounded like this)

He got a hundred years,
And the electric chair
His final words were, I don't care

(The way the legend goes,
Is he was executed shortly after midnight
Some witnesses say he seemed to be enjoying himself
One witness said he died with a smile on his face
He was one bad, bad man)

Visit [Big Audio Dynamite](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

