

Gary Nock

"Dynamite"

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Seesaws and swings and pedal boat rides
You play with the light of the stars and your whispers
are blown by the wind
But nothing you say can keep me from thinking the
worst.
You got that look in your eyes, that I hate to know
I'm humming the song that I sing when I feel like I
wanna go home
But nothing you say can keep me from thinking the
worst

I guess that sometimes you can't help but fight
You're dynamite, dynamite

Now I see your fires, burning up in your eyes
Well somebody stamp out the flames 'cause salvation
is coming tonight
But nothing I say can keep you from thinking the worst

I guess that sometimes you can't help but fight
You're dynamite, dynamite

Hear what I say, I'll keep it in line
We can't go on playing with fire
So hold on tight, dynamite, dynamite...

Hold out your hand let me lead you away
Oh and hold out your hand let me lead you away
Oh and hold out your hand let me lead you away
Oh and hold out your hand let me lead you away...

Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh woah oh oh oh

I guess that sometimes you can't help but fight
I guess that sometimes you think it's alright
I guess that sometimes you can't help but fight
You're dynamite, dynamite.

