

Citizen Cope

"Appetite (for Lightin' Dynamite)"

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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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