

Appetite (For Lightin' Dynamite)

Citizen Cope

Everybody knows 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 yet
First he's got to live
With the things that he did
People want him leaving
But he isn't leaving soon
He gets him some smokes
And some hoes
And a hotel room
Then you best duck when he's through
He's clinching his fists
And he's looking for you

'Cause Darren's got an appetite
For lightin' dynamite
And letting it
Blow up in his hands

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 full-foot taller
And a bullfighter from Spain too
But I guess you could never forget
The way she moves
She removes your stress
"You ain't got a clue 'bout nothing like this"
That's what she says
And she means what she says

See Ava's got an appetite
For lightin' dynamite
And letting it blow up in her hand
[repeat]