

Dynamite

Colt Ford

She ain't no champagne girl
Whiskey on the rocks in her own little world
High heels redhead, jeans painted on
With that red lipstick singing let's get it on
The song, the song coming through your radio, feel the beat
Pump, pump to Marvin Gaye, baby let's go

(Hey!) Swingin' like a lot of flame, insane
Friday night, feeling right, rocking like a hurricane
(Whoa!) Hit you like a freight train, love pain
Good time, moonshine, party like crazy

Hands in the air just waving, waving
Girl getting low down, baby, baby
The way she gets me high, with those seductive eyes
Blowing up my heart, boom, boom
She's dynamite

Whoa, whoa

She packs a pistol in her purse
The girls James Dean, she'll hit you where it hurts
The real deal, don't care what anybody think
She gets what she wants, finds what she needs
The song, the song coming through your radio, feel the beat
Pump, pump to Billie Jean, baby let's go

(Hey!) Swingin' like a lot of flame, insane
Friday night, feeling right, rocking like a hurricane
(Whoa!) Hit you like a freight train, love pain
Good time, moonshine, party like crazy

Hands in the air just waving, waving
Girl getting low down, baby, baby
The way she gets me high, with those seductive eyes
Blowing up my heart, boom, boom
She's dynamite

Whoa, whoa

The summer song coming through your radio, feel the beat
Pump, pump to Jay-Z, baby let's go
Come on!

(Hey!) Swingin' like a lot of flame, insane
Friday night, feeling right, rocking like a hurricane
(Whoa!) Hit you like a freight train, love pain
Good time, moonshine, party like crazy

Hands in the air just waving, waving
Girl getting low down, baby, baby
The way she gets me high, with those seductive eyes
Blowing up my heart, boom, boom
She's dynamite

Whoa, whoa (Whoa!)
Whoa, whoa

Whoa (Hey!), whoa (Dynamite)

Whoa

She's dynamite