

# Jamiroquai, Dynamite

Riding the night, riding the night  
Ain't it cool?  
Rolling it high, rolling it high  
Ain't it cool?  
She's looking hot, she's looking hot  
In the breeze  
Flashing those eyes, strutting her stuff  
Givenchy

Baby wants to ride tonight

[Chorus:]  
Well, you sure got the look  
That the good times come for free  
Baby I'm not expensive  
But tonight you're taking me  
You sure got the look  
When you're riding next to me  
Dynamite, dynamite  
You sure got the look  
Got to keep you on my hook  
Pussycat eyes, I'm digging you  
Girl, you got the look  
Riding the night  
You know that she's dynamite, come on  
Dynamite, dynamite

Don't stop caressing me  
'Cos it's ecstasy  
And I wanna be

Riding the night, riding the night  
Ain't it cool?  
Riding the night, riding the night  
She's no fool  
(Turn the lights off)  
Rolling it high, rolling it high  
That's her thing  
Riding the night, she's cold as ice  
Watch the sting

[Chorus]

You know, baby  
You've got that dynamite  
Baby  
(In the Givenchy, five seventy five, in the Givenchy)  
I want your dynamite  
Baby  
You've got that dynamite  
Baby  
I want your dynamite

[Chorus]

All this dynamite  
Dynamite, dynamite  
Under the moon as we slip through the city streets  
Dynamite, dynamite  
You and me can believe in this happiness  
Dynamite, dynamite

[Repeat with ad-libs to end]