

Rod Stewart, Dynamite

(R. Stewart/A. Taylor)

Oh, look out baby!

I got a stupid little job
It's driving me insane
With those keyhole people
All they do is complain
About the tattoo on my arm
The ring in my ear
But I don't even care, no no
I just live through the week
And when I see them boys
You know their two-tone suits
They're all unimportant
If you need a set of hubcaps
Or a car painted
Girl, why don't you follow me

It's dynamite on Friday night
Under the big city lights
It's all right, all right
Yeah dynamite on Friday night
Under the big city lights
It's all right, all right

Play some sweet guitar, yeah

Well we meet on the corner
And we talk all night
About our wealth situation
at a rock'n' Roll dive
We don't reach no conclusion
So the conversation turns to wise girls
And more pearls
I got a beat up old Mustang
And I painted it black
There's five in the front seat
And the rest in the back
Cruise up and down Sunset
And watch all the jailbait roll by

Yeah it's dynamite on Friday night
Under the big city lights
It's all right, all right
Yeah yeah, it's dynamite on Friday night
Under the big city lights
It's all right, it's all right
All right, all right, all right
all right

Are you ready baby, Bring it on down now
Watch it, Well, well, well

Listen, one of these days
And it won't be long
Gonna hear that radio
playing my song
I'll be the darling of masses
No great pretender, not me, yeah yeah
Cause I can play this guitar
hangin' round my neck
I'm in love with its power
I believe in its strength

I got a head full of ideas
It's driving me insane
But until then

It's dynamite on Friday night
Under the big city lights
It's all right, all right
Yeah dynamite on Friday night
Under the big city lights
all right, all right, one time
It's dynamite, oh yes it's dynamite
It's just dynamite on Friday night
It's dynamite, it's on Friday night
Oh Friday night
It's all right, all right, wired
It's dynamite on Friday night
Under the big city lights
It's all right, all right
all together ...