

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]