

Nocturnal Pleasure

Meat Loaf

The entire city is burning
You can see the flames like the inside of a mad jukebox
Lost boys stalk the streets with those jungle markings
on their chests
Barbarians prowl in shadows their heads rocking with
rodents
Motorcycles reproduce in nocturnal alleys groaning
with greasy pleasure
And they've blown up the YMCA like a giant balloon
And sent it out to sea full of screaming, lovely, lonely girls