

## 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