

The Giving Tree

Meat Loaf

I was temporarily blind by a neon dollar sign
It pacified my mind and whispered things are fine
Said, "Boy, if you wanna heal just sign this paper deal
You'll never have to beg, no, you'll never have to steal"

But when that giving tree stops giving
I've gotta get back to living, living like I did before
With a mattress on the floor and no food in my kitchen
I gotta get back to living like I did before
Living like I did before

Trading one pound of gold for now ten pounds of flesh
You gotta sell this old soul for whatever you can get
Trading one pound of gold for now ten pounds of flesh
You gotta sell this old soul for whatever you can get (whatever you can get)

Down in the city streets grows a giving tree
Out of solid stone, mortared by my bone
And watered by my tears, strengthened by my fears
It's gonna grow strong, it's gonna live long-gonna haunt me for years

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It's beautiful fruit seems ripe at ground level
It's dangerous roots lead straight down to the devil
Lead straight down to the devil
Lead straight down to the devil
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Trading one pound of gold for now ten pounds of flesh
You gotta sell this old soul for whatever you can get

(one pound of gold, ten pounds of flesh)
(sell this old soul, 'ever you can get)
Like I did before

(one pound of gold, ten pounds of flesh)
(sell this old soul, 'ever you can get)
Like I did before

(one pound of gold, ten pounds of flesh)
(gonna sell this old soul for whatever you can get)

(one pound of gold, ten pounds of flesh)
(gonna sell this old soul for whatever you can get)
Like I did before....