

Meat Loaf, Good Girls Go To Heaven (Bad Girls Go To Heaven)

When the wind is howling through your window pane,
it's not the only pain of the night
You're burning up in your bed, you've got a fever of love,
and there's not an antibody in sight

Hey Jenny, Jenny, why are you crying?
There's a beauty of a moon in the sky
But I guess when you've been leadin such a sheltered life,
you never lift your head and look so high

You don't have a lot
But it's all that you've got, and you can turn it into more than it seems
Just give it a shot, fantasise every movement,
and imagine every inch of your dream

No-one said it had to be real, but it's got to be something you can reach out and feel now
It ain't right, it ain't fair
Castles fall in the sand, and we fade in the air,
and the good girls go to heaven but the bad girls go everywhere
Good girls go to heaven but the bad girls go everywhere
Somebody told me so
Somebody told me, now I know
Every night in my prayer,
I'll be praying that the good girls go to heaven but the bad girls go everywhere

When the sweat is sizzling on your skin in the dark,
and you're desperate now for somewhere to turn
Every muscle in rebellion, every nerve is on edge,
and every limb has been erotic'ly burned

Hey Johnny, Johnny, why are you shaking,
when a boy should do whatever he can
You've been nothing but an angel every day of your life,
and now you wonder what it's like to be damned

You don't have a lot
But it's all that you've got, and you can turn it into more than it seems
Just give it a shot, fantasise every movement,
and imagine every inch of your dream

No-one said it had to be real, but it's got to be something you've been wanting to feel now
It ain't right, it ain't fair
Castles fall in the sand, and we fade in the air,
and the good boys go to heaven but the bad boys go everywhere
Good boys go to heaven but the bad boys go everywhere
Somebody told me so
Somebody told me, now I know
Every night in my prayer,
I'll be praying that the good boys go to heaven but the bad boys go everywhere

Every time I try and dream you,
I can't believe how hard it's been to conjure up your face and trace your body in the air
Oh the seconds go on for ever, but the thirds and the fourth ones are even better
Every time I do it just a little bit longer
Every time I dream it's just a little bit stronger, than real life

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