

Meat Loaf, Nocturnal Pleasure

[All spoken by Jim Steinman]

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 YWCA like a giant balloon
And sent it out to sea full of screaming, lovely, lonely girls