

Meat Loaf, Objects In The Rear View Mirror May

The skys were pure and the fields were green,
and the sun was brighter than it's ever been
When I grew up with my best friend, Kenny,
we were close as any brothers that you ever knew
It was always summer and the future called
We were ready for adventures and we wanted them all,
and there was so much left to dream,
and so much time to make it real
But I can still recall the sting of all the tears when he was gone
They say he crashed and burned, I swear I'll never learn,
why any boy should die so young
We were racing; we were soldiers of fortune
We got in trouble but we sure got around
There are times I think I see him peeling out of the dark
I think he's right behind me now, and he's gaining ground
But it was long ago, and it was far away
Oh God, it seems so very far,
and if life is just a highway, then the soul is just a car
And objects in the rear view mirror may appear closer than they are
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They are
And when the sun descended and the night arose
I heard my father cursing everyone he knows
He was dangerous and drunk and defeated,
and corroded by failure and envy and hate
There were endless winters and the dreams would freeze
No where to hide and no leaves on the trees,
and my father's eyes were blank as he hit me again and again and again
I know I still believe he'd never let me leave, I had to run away alone
So many threats and fears, so many wasted years,
before my life became my own
And though the nightmares should be over,
some of the terrors are still intact
I'll hear that ugly, coarse, and violent voice,
and then he grabs me from behind, and then he pulls me back
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[Instrumental solo]
There was a beauty living on the edge of town
She always put the top up and the hammer down,
and she taught me everything I'll ever know,
about the mystery and the muscle of love
The stare would glimmer and the moon would glow
I'm in the back seat with my Julie like Romeo
And the signs along the highway all said
Caution! Kids at play!
Those were the rights of spring and we did everything;
There was salvation every night
We got dreams reborn and our upholstery torn,
but everything we tried was right
She used her body just like a bandage
She use my body just like a wound
I'll probably never know where she disappeared,
but I can see rising up out of the back seat now,
just like an angel rising out of a tomb
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