

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 chest
Barbarians prowl in shadows, their heads rocking with rodents
Motorcycles reproduce in nocturnal alleys
Groaning with greasy pleasure
And they've blown up the Y W C A like a giant balloon
And sent it out to sea full of screaming, lovely, lonely girls

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