

# Piece Of The Action

## Meat Loaf

Somewhere a red-eyed waitress glances at another movie magazine  
Down on the corner there's a grocery boy stuffin' boxes fulla hungry dreams  
Someone's cleanin' up the offices, one window burnin' in the dark  
Somebody's cryin' is there any way in hell  
To light a comet from a single spark  
Workin' so hard I can't remember much about the freedom I been workin' for  
Felt like a prisoner 'til I looked in your eyes  
And saw a million wide open doors  
Ya tell me put a little money away, well every dog will have his day in time  
Well I been slavin' like a dog and I got nothin' to show ya  
But a collar and a fist fulla nickels and dimes  
I want a piece, a piece of the action  
Give me a shot at the real thing  
I want a piece of the action, a piece of the action  
Gonna turn on the master, gonna cut these strings  
Gonna turn on the master, gonnacut these strings  
Been livin' just like my old man did and neither once of us could get it right  
Punchin' in when the day begins and punchin' out the local boys at night  
There's someone leanin' on a peelin' porch  
And someone leavin' on a silver plane  
And I finally know the man I'd rather be  
Girl I won't be back to getcha 'til they know my name  
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Give me a shot at the real thing  
I want a piece of the action, a piece of the action  
Gonna turn on the master, gonna cut these strings  
Gonna turn on the master, gonnacut these strings  
They hand you a paycheck every week and steal a piece of your soul every day  
An' I don't need no gold watch in fifty years, baby let's be golden today  
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