

Who Needs the Young

Meat Loaf

Who needs the young?
The revelation of their faces and their hair
When all we have are withered traces of the faces we once were
And suffocation in the dirty, fatal air
Who needs the young bodies floating in the sun? Who needs the young?
The celebration of the races that they've have won
The sado-masochistic things they've never done, disgusting
And all the places that we never will have gone
Who needs the young bodies floating in the sun? Who needs the young? My eyes just aren't what they were
My eyes just aren't what they were
My eyes just aren't what they were
Is there anyone left who can see?
Blind him! My lips just aren't what they were
My lips just aren't what they were
My lips just aren't what they were
Is there anyone left who can kiss?
Spit on him! My mind just isn't what it was
My mind just isn't what it was
My mind just isn't what it was
Is there anyone left who can dream?
Wake him! My legs just aren't what they were
My legs just aren't what they were
My legs just aren't what they were
Is there anyone left who can dance?
Cripple him! My voice just isn't what it was
My voice just isn't what it was
My voice just isn't what it was
Is there anyone left who can sing?
Silence him! My sex just isn't what is was
My sex just isn't what is was
My sex just isn't what is was
Is there anyone left who can fuck?
Screw them! Who needs the young?
The perfect star of flesh that never has to cry
Who needs the filthy moaning passed from thigh to thigh?
Who needs the self-appointed prophets waving banners in the bloodshot sky Who needs the young when we're
spending all the rest of our wonderful lives learning to die!

Songwriters

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