

# Souvenirs

## Meat Loaf

Baby, I think it's over  
The end is finally near  
Don't wanna talk about it anymore  
I see it all so clear  
So pack your bags  
And move on out  
There ain't nothing for you here  
I think you know it's over too  
So why not disappear? Wait a minute, baby  
What's that you say?  
You really don't think it's fair  
To send you outside  
Into the cold, cold night  
Oh, you poor, poor girl  
Well, I don't really care 'Cause you've been cold to me so long  
I'm cryin' icicles instead of tears  
So pack your bags and move on out  
There ain't nothin' for you here Baby, I know it's over  
I got a last idea  
Don't want to leave you empty-handed  
Well, I agree that wouldn't be fair  
Take along a little something to remember me by  
A little something to show that I cared Step right up, you poor little girl  
Step right up, you poor little girl  
Step right up, you poor little girl  
Take your souvenirs Step right up, you poor little girl  
Step right up, you poor little girl  
Step right up, you poor little girl  
You take your souvenirs Step right up, you poor, poor girl  
Take your souvenirs Take my heart  
Drain it dry  
I don't blame you now  
'Cause I know you really tried  
Take my soul  
You can have my mind  
But you're never gonna get your hands on my love  
'Cause it's mine, mine, all mine Take my master  
You can have my slave  
When I'm dead or buried alive

You can always take my grave  
Take my body  
Well, I know you really think it's fine  
But you're never gonna get your hands on my love  
Because it's mine, mine, all mine Tell me right, now  
Who's playing this game  
And which side do I choose?  
I'm going down, down  
And I'm spinning around  
Is there anyone I can accuse? What are the odds?  
Or do I win or lose?  
Oh baby  
Please, sir, by the way, sir  
May I be excused? Take my sorrow  
I'm running out of joy  
When you're tired of playing with yourself  
You can always take my toys  
Take my baby  
Show her a real good time  
You always were a super dad  
But as a lover you were less than fine  
Take my jewels  
Well, I know you love to see them shine  
But you're never gonna get your hands on my love  
Because it's mine, mine, all mine Tell me right now  
Who's playing this game  
And which side do I choose?  
I'm going down, down  
And I'm spinning around  
Is there anyone I can accuse? What are the odds?  
Or do I win or lose?  
Oh baby  
Please, sir, by the way, sir  
May I be excused? I don't wanna play with you no more  
(I don't wanna play with you no more)  
I don't wanna play with you no more  
I don't wanna play with you no more  
I don't wanna play with you no more Step right up, you poor little girl  
Step right up, you poor little girl  
Step right up, you poor little girl  
You take your souvenirs Step right up, you poor little girl  
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Songwriters

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