

Lust for Life

John Waite

From your mothers' breast to the Vatican steps
It ain't such a long way down, no
Absolution comes with the confession
But the priest still hangs aroundAnd I don't want to lose myself
In some uniform
No, I'm not gonna be reformedMe oh my oh
Fire and ice
Jet black colors
I've got a lust for lifeOver the mountains and across the sea
I'm still roaming free
From the center stage
To an early graveI'm both hell and heaven bound
And I'm looking at the sky
To see who's looking down
Are my words only empty soundsMe, oh, my, oh
Fire and ice
Jet black colors
I've got a lust for life
Just like diamond strife the lustAnd I don't want to lose myself
In some uniform
No I'm not gonna be reformed, noMe, oh, my, oh
Fire and ice
Jet black colors
I've got a lust for lifeLike fire and ice
Like diamond strife
I'm gonna roll the dice
I've got a lust for lifeLike fire and ice
I've got a lust for life
Like fire and ice
I'm gonna roll the dice
I've got a lust for life
A lust for life

Songwriters

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