

# 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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