

# Good Girls Go to Heaven (Bad Girls Go Everywhere)

Meat Loaf

Good girls go to heaven  
But the bad girls go everywhere

When the wind is howling through your window pane  
It's not the only pain of the night  
You're burning up in your bed, you got a fever of love  
And there's not an anti-body in sight

Hey Jenny, Jenny, why are you crying?  
There's a beauty of a moon in the sky  
But I guess when you've been leading such a sheltered life  
You never lift your head and look so high

You don't have a lot, but it's all that you've got  
And you can turn it into more than it seems  
Just give it a shot,  
Fantasize every movement  
And imagine every inch of your dream

No one said it had to be real  
But it's gotta be something you can reach out and feel now  
It ain't right, it ain't fair  
Castles fall in the sand and we fade in the air  
And the good girls go to heaven,  
But the bad girls go everywhere  
Good girls go to heaven,  
But the bad girls go everywhere

Somebody told me so,  
Somebody told me now I know  
Every night in my prayer,  
I'll be praying that the  
Good girls go to heaven,  
But the bad girls go everywhere

When the sweat is sizzling on your skin in the dark  
And you're desperate now for somewhere to turn  
Every muscle in rebellion, every nerve is on edge  
And every limb has been erotically burned

Hey Johnny, Johnny, why are you shaking?  
When a boy should do whatever he can  
You've been nothing but an angel every day of your life  
And now you wonder what it's like to be damned

You don't have a lot, but it's all that you've got  
And you can turn it into more than it seems  
Just give it a shot,  
Fantasize every movement  
And imagine every inch of your dream

No one said it had to be real  
But it's gotta be something you've been wanting to feel now  
It ain't right, it ain't fair  
Castles fall in the sand and we fade in the air  
And the good boys go to heaven,  
But the bad boys go everywhere

Good boys go to heaven,  
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Somebody told me so,  
Somebody told me now I know  
Every night in my prayer,  
I'll be praying that the  
Good boys go to heaven,  
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Every time I try and dream you,  
I can't believe how hard it's been to  
Conjure up your face  
And trace your body in the air  
All the seconds go on forever,  
But the thirds and fourth ones are even better  
Everytime I do it just a little bit longer  
Everytime I dream,  
It's just a little bit stronger than real life

No one said it had to be real  
But it's gotta be something you can reach out and feel, now!  
It ain't right, it ain't fair  
Castles fall in the sand and we fade in the air  
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