

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
ut 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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Step right up, you poor little girl
Take your souvenirs

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Step right up, you poor, poor girl...