

## Screams

Blue Öyster Cult

Screams in the night, sirens delight  
Heat, broken glass, Satan's bred trash

Big city madness, comfort my soul  
Give me a home where I can grow  
String of bright lights running up to the sky  
Throughout the hot night, the cars racing by  
You know they all see, but most of them pass  
She drives by my wares, don't hide in your glass wheel

Screams in the night, sirens delight  
Heat, broken glass, Satan's bred trash

Big city madness, comfort my soul  
Give me a home where I can grow  
Sounds of guitars fill up the night  
Can't make me feel, I said its alright  
In one hotel bed, you think you can grow  
If you find a home, please let me know