

John Waite, Lust For Life

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 around
And I don't want to lose myself
In some uniform
No I'm not gonna be reformed
Me oh my oh
Fire and ice
Jet black colours
I've got a lust for life
Over the mountains and across the sea
I'm still roaming free
From the centre stage
To an early grave
I'm both hell and heaven bound
And I'm looking at the sky
To see who's looking down
Are my words only empty sounds
Me oh my oh
Fire and ice
Jet black colours
I've got a lust for life
Just like diamond strife
The lust
And I don't want to lose myself
In some uniform
No I'm not gonna be reformed
No
Me oh my oh
Fire and ice
Jet black colours
I've got a lust for life
Like fire and ice
Like diamond strife
I'm gonna roll the dice
I've got a lust for life
Like 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