

# Meat Loaf, Wasted Youth

[All spoken by Jim Steinman]

I remember everything!  
I remember every little thing as if it happened only yesterday.  
I was barely seventeen and I once killed a boy with a Fender guitar  
I don't remember if it was a Telecaster or a Stratocaster,  
but I do remember that it had a heart of chrome and a voice like a horny angel!  
I don't remember if it was a Telecaster or a Stratocaster,  
but I do remember that it wasn't at all easy.  
It required the perfect combination of the correct power chords,  
and the precise angle from which to strike.  
The guitar bled for a week afterward and the blood was - ooh -  
dark and rich like wild berries.  
The blood of the guitar was Chuck Berry red.  
The guitar bled for about a week afterward but it rung out beautifully,  
and I was able to play notes that I had never even heard before.  
So, I took my guitar and I smashed it against the wall,  
I smashed it against the floor,  
I smashed it against the body of a varsity cheerleader,  
I smashed it against the hood of a car,  
I smashed it against a 1981 Harley Davidson.  
The Harley howled in pain.  
The guitar howled in heat.  
And I ran up the stairs to my parents' bedroom.  
Mommy and Daddy were sleeping in the moonlight.  
Slowly I opened the door, creeping in the shadows,  
right up to the foot of their bed.  
I raised the guitar high above my head,  
and just as I was about to bring the guitar crashing down upon the centre of the bed,  
my father woke up screaming:  
"Stop! Wait a minute! Stop it boy! What do you think you're doing?  
That's no way to treat an expensive musical instrument!"  
And I said "God dammit Daddy! You know I love you,  
but you've got a hell of a lot to learn about rock and roll!"