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"Bat Out of Hell II: Back Into Hell" illustration by Michael Whelan

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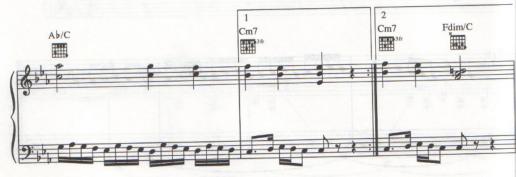
BACK INTO HELL

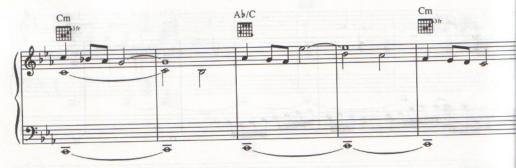


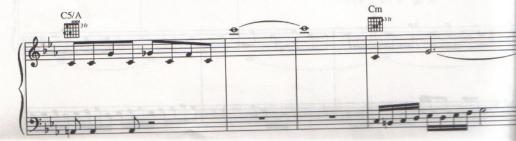
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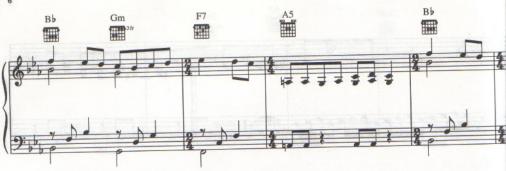






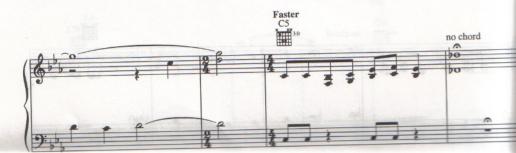












I'D DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE (BUT I WON'T DO THAT)

Words and Music by JIM STEINMAN









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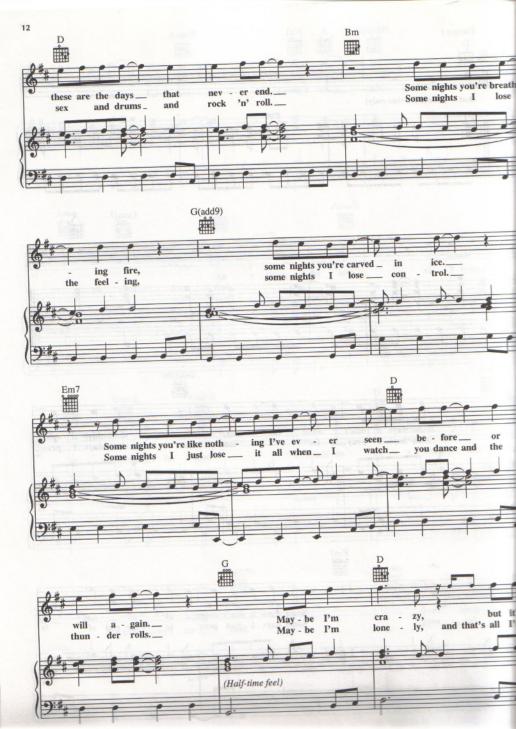




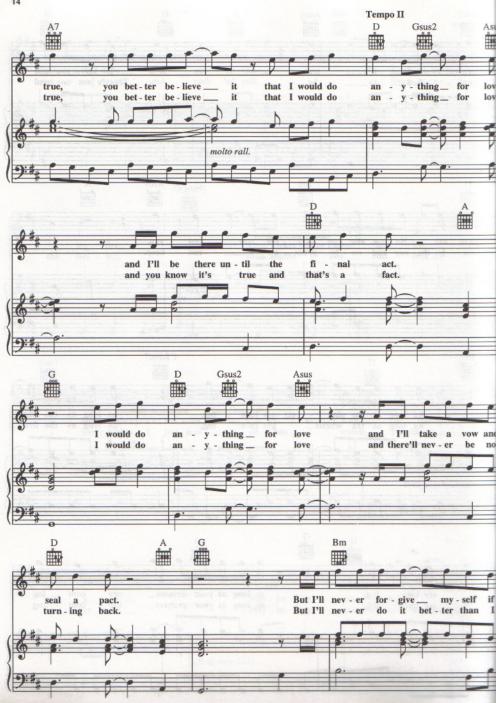






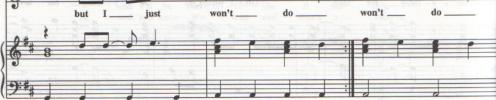


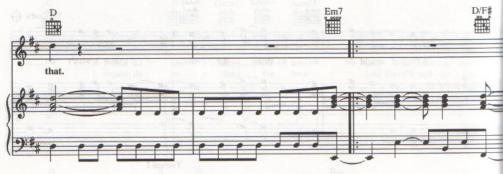






















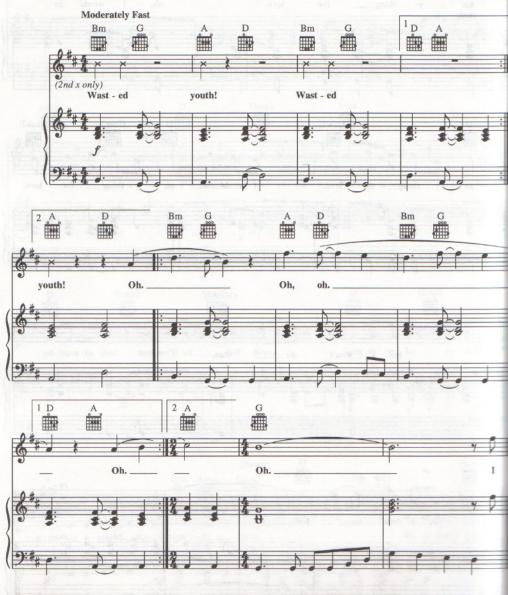






EVERYTHING LOUDER THAN EVERYTHING ELSE

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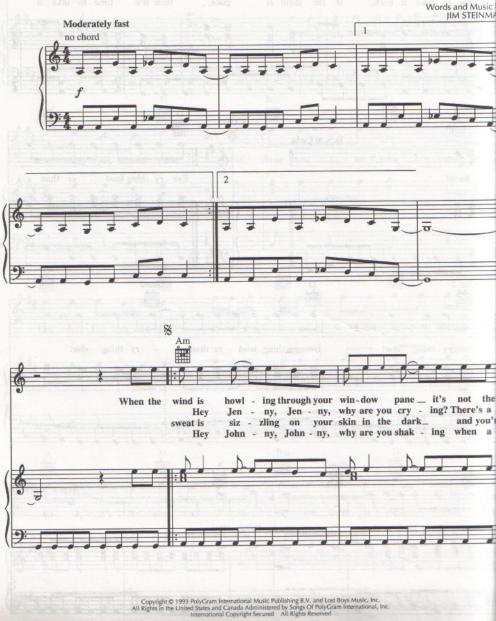


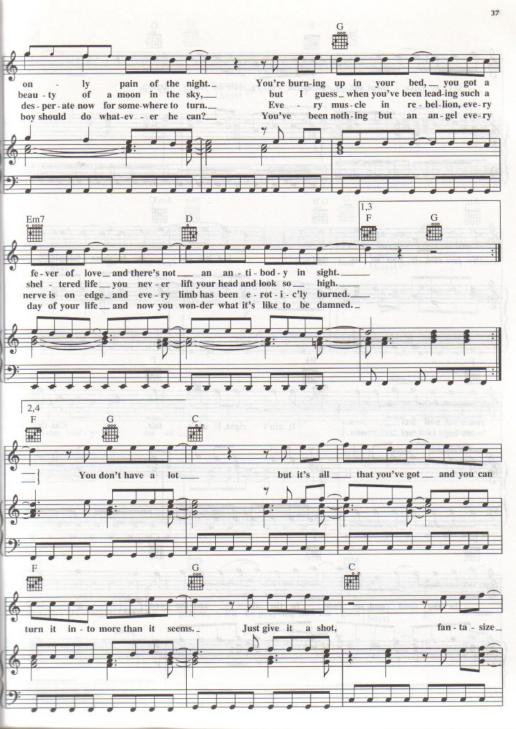






GOOD GIRLS GO TO HEAVEN (BAD GIRLS GO EVERYWHERE)























IT JUST WON'T QUIT

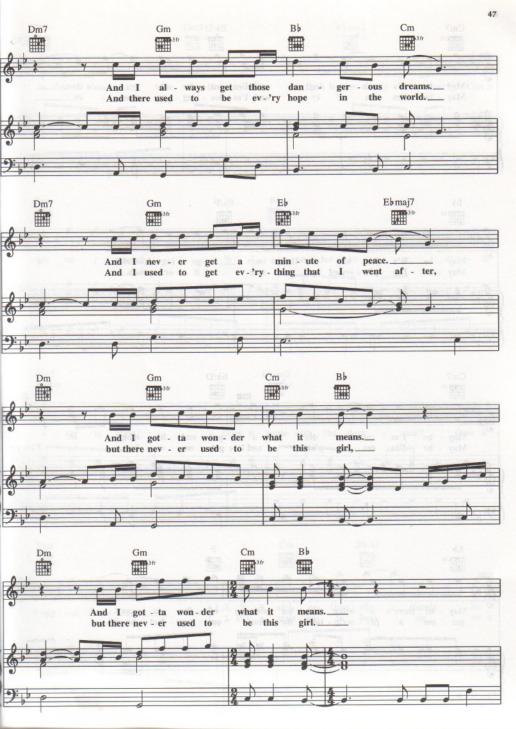








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LIFE IS A LEMON AND I WANT MY MONEY BACK



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LOST BOYS AND GOLDEN GIRLS

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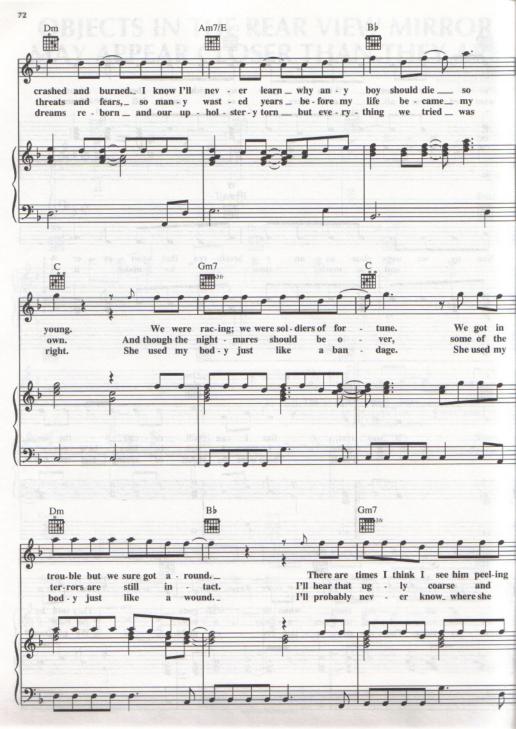


⁷⁰ OBJECTS IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR MAY APPEAR CLOSER THAN THEY ARE



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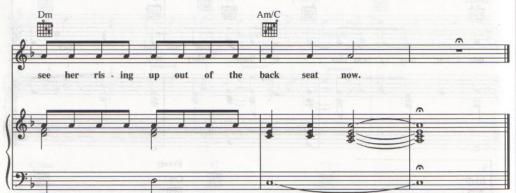












Additional Lyrics

2. And when the sun descended and the night arose I heard my father cursing everyone he knows He was dangerous and drunk and defeated And corroded by failure and envy and hate

There were endless winters and the dreams would freeze No where to hide and no leaves on the trees And my father's eyes were blank as he hit me again and again and again

To Bridge: (I know I ...)

3. There was a beauty living on the edge of town And she always put the top up and the hammer down And she taught me everything I'll ever know About the mystery and the muscle of love

The stare would glimmer and the moon would glow I'm in the back seat with my Julie like Romeo And the signs along the highway all said Caution! Kids At Play!

To Bridge: (Those were the rights...)

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN (AND INTO THE FIRE)



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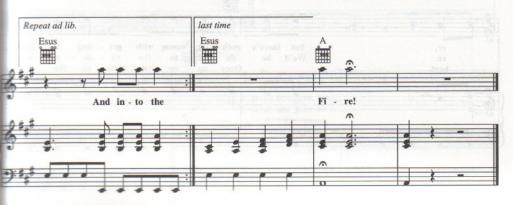












ROCK AND ROLL DREAMS COME THROUGH

Words and Music by JIM STEINMAN













WASTED YOUTH

Words 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 right power dhords and the precise angle from which to strike.

The guitar bled for about 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 beat

I raised the guitar high above my head and just as I was about to

bring the guitar crashing down upon the center 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!"

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