

I know a place  
Where the visitor always stays  
Beauty runs 'em down  
When they chance to cross that way

Through the night I hear that strain  
Beauty's on my trail again  
Try to run but my legs are lame  
Through the night I hear the (strain)

Out on that plain  
It's anybody's fault  
Open up your heart  
In pours the salt

Through the night I hear that strain  
Beauty's on my trail again  
Try to run but my legs are lame  
Through the night I hear the strain

Open up your mind,  
In pours the trash  
Open up your mouth  
And the lightning starts to flash

Through the night I hear that strain  
Beauty's on my trail again  
Try to run but my legs are lame  
Through the night I feel the strain

Through the night, hear the strain  
Through the night, feel the strain