

Beauty

Meat Puppets

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