

# Walking With The Beast

The Gun Club

In the still of the night, I walk with the Beast  
in the heat of the night, I sleep with the Beast  
who slipped so deep inside me  
and rots the love right out of me

I prayed to Elvis on my knees  
to take this thing from around me  
or snap it with a thundercrack  
and change my blues to black

but, how did my love surround me  
with such a dead thing around me,

I'm just walkin' I'm just walkin'  
I'm just walkin'  
Walkin' with the Beast...

I'm not alone, there's trucks outside  
My body hurts, there's trucks outside  
you get lucky in the bar  
you're down and lucky in the dark

indian winds across the skies  
black against the Nevada skies  
there's nothing you say that does not squeal  
there's nothing you want you do not steal

well, how my love surrounds me  
with such a dead thing around me

I'm just walkin' I'm just walkin'  
I'm just walkin'  
Walkin' with the Beast

The Beast will be with me tonight  
wild across the western sky  
someday, I'll go to the mountain and take my stand  
and my spirit will rain all over this land

Sick across the highway bar  
sick and going way too far  
it's the new world, see if you like it  
it's the new world, you cannot fight it

Well, how my love done blessed me  
with such a dead thing around me,

I'm just walkin' with the beast...