

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

Songwriters

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