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 meI prayed to Elvis on my knees
to take this thing from around me
or snap it with a thundercrack
and change my blues to blackbut, 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 darkindian 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 stealwell, how my love surrounds me
with such a dead thing around meI'm just walkin' I'm just walkin'
I'm just walkin'
Walkin' with the BeastThe 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 landSick 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 itWell, how my love done blessed me
with such a dead thing around me,I'm just walkin' with the beast...

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