

# Nature of the Beast

Tommy Shaw

Feel the chill that's in the air  
My eyes are dry  
And the night could hardly care  
Wind whistle why And as the storm moves towards the east  
I call your name  
It's the nature of the beast  
To be drawn to the flame You take your life for granted  
But that won't get you far  
You'll never take out more than you put in  
Or you think yourself enchanted  
And that you'll never lose  
But do you notice when you win? If you ever find your peace  
I'll still be here  
For it's the nature the beast  
And my eyes are clear You take your life for granted  
But that won't get you far  
You'll never take out more than you put in  
If you think yourself enchanted  
And you could never lose  
Do you notice if you win? And as the storm moves towards the east  
I call your name  
For it's the nature of the beast  
To be drawn to your flame If you ever find your peace  
I'll still be here  
For it's the nature the beast  
And my eyes are clear Oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
It's the nature of the beast  
To be drawn to your flame

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