

# The Beast Within

Madonna

I wanna kiss you in Paris  
I wanna hold your hand in Rome  
I wanna run naked in a rainstorm  
Make love in a train cross-country  
You put this in me, so now what, so now what? Wanting, needing, waiting  
For you to justify my love  
Hoping, praying  
For you to justify my love I want to know you, not like that  
I don't wanna be your mother  
I don't wanna be your sister either  
I just wanna be your lover  
I wanna be your baby, kiss me, that's right, kiss me Wanting, needing, waiting  
For you to justify my love  
Yearning, burning  
For you to justify my love What are you gonna do? What are you gonna do?  
Talk to me, tell me your dreams, am I in them?  
Tell me your fears, are you scared?  
Tell me your stories, I'm not afraid of who you are, we can fly Poor is the man whose pleasures depend  
On the permission of another  
Love me, that's right, love me  
I wanna be your baby, yeah Wanting, needing, waiting  
For you to justify my love  
I'm open and ready  
For you to justify my love To justify my love  
Wanting, to justify  
Waiting, to justify my love  
Praying, to justify  
To justify my love  
I'm open, to justify my love

Songwriters

Lenny Kravitz; Madonna Ciccone; Ingrid Chavez Published by  
UNIVERSAL MUSIC CORPORATION; WEBO GIRL PUBLISHING, INC.; REACH GLOBAL INC.; WB  
MUSIC CORP.; BLEU DISQUE MUSIC CO., INC.; MISS BESSIE MUSIC

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