

Bette Midler, Beast Of Burden

Now write this down!

I'll never be your beast of burden.
My back is broad, but it's a' hurtin'.
All I want is for you to make love to me.

I'll never be your beast of burden.
I walk for miles, my feet are hurtin'.
All I want is for you to make love to me.

What's the matter with me?
Ain't I hot enough? Ain't I rough enough?
Ain't I rich enough? I'm not too blind to see. Ohh, ohhh.

I'll never be your beast of burden.
So let's go home and draw the curtains.
Put some music on the radio.
C'mon, baby, make some love to me.

Oh, what's the matter with me?
Ain't I hot enough? Ain't I rough enough?
Ain't I rich enough? I'm not too blind to see. Ohh, ohhh.

My little sister is a pretty pretty girl.
My little sister is a pretty pretty girl.
She loves to ride. She loves to crawl.
They love to take her out behind the garden wall.

And when they're done they just throw her away.
And she don't have an awful lot to say.
It hurts her so bad to come to the end.
I re, I remember all the times she spent sayin', "Please!"

Ain't I hot enough? Ain't I rough enough?
Ain't I rich enough? I'm not too blind to see. Ohh, ohhh.
Ohh. Ohhhh.

I'll never be your beast of burden.
My back is broad, baby, but it's a' hurtin'.
And all I want is you to make love to me.

What's the matter, what's the matter with me?
Ain't I hot enough? Oooh, yeah, ain't I rough enough?
Oooh, yeah, ain't I rich enough, rich enough, rich enough,
too blind to see? Too blind, too blind, ohhhh!

I'll never be your beast of burden.
I walk for miles, honey, my feet are hurtin'.
And all I want . . .