

Platinum Blonde, Beauty Of The Beast

Walking a fine line, between you and me
Never quite knowing, which voice to believe
Idle eyes watching, a face in a crowd
It's you that I see, and you don't make a sound
I can't feel for any other
She's the beast inside of me

Beauty of the Beast (oh, oh, oh)
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Running the tight rope, to reach the end
Stopping half way, to catch my breath
No net to catch you if you fall
But that's the chance you'll have to take

This face could turn a man to stone
If you look her in the eye
You'll never find your way back home
If you answer her cry