

# Tommy Shaw, Nature Of The Beast

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 toward 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  
That you'll never lose  
Do you notice if you win

If you ever find your peace  
I'll still be here  
For it's the nature of the beast  
And my eyes are clear