

Blondie

"The Beast"

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We want fun
We wanna run
We want fun
We gotta run

We want fun
Get out among
The hot nightclubs
Find some love

Billions of people have heard of me
And everyone knows the sun rises in the east
Not too nice, not too sweet
No one even talks to me

I shake the leaves right off the trees
I'm the bee's greasy knees
I shake 'em I break 'em
I drop 'em from eight miles high, alright

In the past my fate was cast
My social life was limited
To Halloween and New Year's Eve
Monotony was killing me,
Approaching schizophrenia

I hit the hot spots every night
And for the first time in my life
The bouncers would greet me
The doormen would escort me
Managers adored me

Photographers would follow me begging for
?A smile, Beast?
?Over here, Beast?
?Here, Beast?
The hat check always said to me
?Hiya B, whatcha doin' later??

We want fun
We gotta run
If you need fun

Get out and run

You need fun
For feeling fine
We want fun
For feeling fine
And find the one

Now I'm not bragging, Heaven knows
I spend no more nights alone
Lucky me I'm ten foot three
And freaky

My picture has been printed
And interviews requested
One hundred times a week

Believe it
I'm not talking through my teeth
Are you sure you got it?
I mean it, to prove it, I'm in the news

It's true
It's true
Check it out
Check it out

He wants her love
She wants love

I take action get relief
Pick a partner
Pick a piece
Get satisfaction
I am the beast
I am the beast

She wants fun
He wants her love

I get satisfaction
I pick up my feet
I'm the center of attraction
By staying off the streets

And I want love
Get some funk
And get some fun

Punks like fun

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