

Lions

Dire Straits

Red sun go down way over dirty town
Starlings, they're sweeping around crazy shoals
Yes, and a girl is there
High heeling across the square
Wind blows around in her hair and the flags upon the poles
Waiting in the crowd to cross at the light
She looks around to find a face she can like

Church bell clinging on
Trying to get a crowd for Evensong
Nobody cares to depend upon the chime it plays
They're all in the station praying for trains
Congregation late again
It's getting darker all the time these flagpole days
Drunk old soldier he gives her a fright
He's crazy lion howling for a fight

Strap hanging gunshot sound
Doors slamming on the overground
Starlings are tough but the lions are made of stone
Her evening paper is horror torn
But there's hope for later Capricorns
Her lucky stars give her just enough to get her home
Then she's reading about a swing to the right
But she's a-thinkin' 'bout a stranger in the night

I'm thinking about the lions
I'm thinking about the lions
What happened to the lions tonight, tonight, tonight