

## 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