Lions

Slow Children

Red sun go down way over dirty town
Starlings are sweeping around crazy shoals
They send 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 just to 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 the congregation late again
It's getting darker all the time these flagpole days
Drunk old soldier he gave her a fright he's crazy lion he's 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 later Capricorns
Lucky stars give her just enough to get her home
Then she's reading about a swing to the right
But she's thinking about a stranger in the night
I'm thinking about the lions, thinking about the loins
What happened to the lions, to the lions, to the lions, to the lions
Thinking about the loins
Thinking about the loins

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