

Lions Share (Live At the Whisky 1979)

Germs

All he sees are death masked stars
The lion's world is cold and sharp
 All he wants is much too far
So he stalks thw roads of token cars-
He snarls at winds that mean no harm
 And takes the thorns in perfect form
A broken ideal rides inside the torture
 lion's denim hide
 I want the lion's share
 Gather up the broeken chairs
 Feed my mind unholy tests
 Do me in I need to rest
He sleep swhen nothing's in the air
 Eats the scraps of some that care
 He strains the right to overbear
 Secrest hidden in the lair-
 Pauses long enough to dream
Nightmares push the glowing scream
 His shadowed eyes show the toll
 Something only lions know

Songwriters

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