

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 the 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 broken chairs
Feed my mind unholy tests
Do me in I need to rest
He sleep when nothing's in the air
Eats the scraps of some that care
He strains the right to overbear
Secret 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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