Lion in the Winter

James Reyne

Living on the highway, way outside of town
The lean to it is leaning, bent and broken down
Got myself a hunting rifle, a hunchback in my head
Double barreled misty morning when I get out of bedA lion in the winter
A fool in love in spring
Though I'm just your whipping boy
Don't mean a goddamn thingI know the streets of this town are full of famous TV stars
So elegant and talented, they're taking sleigh rides in their cars
Talk to Willy Loman, Arthur Miller's in his bed
Dreams of retribution dancing in his headA lion in the winter
A fool in love in spring
Though I'm just your whipping boy
Don't mean a goddamn thingI know I gave up drinking but I'm on this beach tonight
A six pack and a cigarette, well, I don't feel so good just yet
Living on the highway, way outside of town
The lean to it is leaning, bent and broken down
Living on the highway, bent and broken downA lion in the winter
A fool in love in spring
Though I'm just your whipping boy
Don't mean a goddamn thingA lion in the winter
A fool in love in spring
Though I'm just your whipping boy
Don't mean a goddamn thing
A lion in the winter

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