

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 bed
A lion in the winter
A fool in love in spring
Though I'm just your whipping boy
Don't mean a goddamn thing
I 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 head
A lion in the winter
A fool in love in spring
Though I'm just your whipping boy
Don't mean a goddamn thing
I 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
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The lean to it is leaning, bent and broken down
Living on the highway, bent and broken down
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A lion in the winter

Songwriters

Rumley; NoackPublished by

GLAD MUSIC PUB & RECORDING LLP;PAPPY DAILY MUSIC LLP

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>