

# Lions

## Cutting Pink With Knives

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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