

## Susan Wells

### "My Lullaby"

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Hush, my little one; you must be exhausted.

Sleep, my little Kovu  
Let your dreams take wing  
One day when you're big and strong  
You will be a king

I've been exiled, persucuted  
Left alone with no defense  
When I think of what that brute did  
I get a little tense

But I dream a dream so pretty  
That I don't feel so depressed  
'Cause it soothes my inner kitty  
And it helps me get some rest

The sound of Simba's dying gasp  
His daughter squealing in my grasp  
His lionesses' mournful cry  
That's my lullaby

Now the past I've tried forgetting  
And my foes I could forgive  
Trouble is I knows it's petty  
But I hate to let them live

So you found yourself somebody who'd chase Simba  
up a tree

Oh, the battle may be bloody, but that kind of works for  
me

The melody of angry growls  
A counterpoint of painful howls  
A symphony of death, oh my!  
That's my lullaby

Scar is gone... but Zira's still around  
To love this little lad  
Till he learns to be a killer

With a lust for being bad!

Sleep, ya little termite!

Uh-- I mean, precious little thing!

One day when you're big and strong

You will be a king!

The pounding of the drums of war

The thrill of Kovu's mighty roar

The joy of vengeance

Testify!

I can hear the cheering

Kovu! What a guy!

Payback time is nearing

And then our flag will fly

Against a blood-red sky

That's my lullaby!

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