

Lion King "My Lullaby"

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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,
persecuted,
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 know 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 kinda works for me.

The melody of angry growls,
a counter point 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 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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