

Mark Knopfler

"Lions"

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Red sun go down way over dirty town
Starlings are sweeping around crazy shoals
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 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
Congregation late again
It's getting darker all the time these flagpole days
Drunk old soldier he gives her a fright
He's a crazy lion 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 for capricorns
Her 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 tonight
What happened to the lions

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