

# Dire Straits, Lions

Red sun go down way over dirty town  
Starling 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  
Cogregations late again  
It's getting darker all the time these flagpole days  
Drunk old soldier he gives her a fright  
He's 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 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.