

Mystery Jets, Lizzies Lion

Lizzie had a lion with a big bad roar
Came into the bedroom by the wardrobe cupboard door
Lizzie's lion wasn't friendly, Lizzie's lion wasn't tame
Not unless you learned to call him by his secret lion name
And then one night a rotten robber with a
rotten robber mask

He came into the bedroom and he didn't even ask (Oh no!)
And with him he brought toffee that were icky icky sweet
to make friends with the lion if the lion he should meet

First he sprinkled toffees forward then he sprinkled toffees back
Then he picked up Lizzie's piggy bank
and he dropped it in his sack

But just as the rotten robber was preparing to depart
Good old Lizzie's lion woke up with a snuffle and start
And he muttered toffees piffle and he mattered toffees poo
And he gave the rotten robber and experimental chew
The robber shewed the lion using every name he knew
But the each time he shewed the lion merely
took another chew

It was 'fuck off slow, go gently shew you good old boy'
But the lion went on munching with a look of simple joy
It was 'move moppet go coco this is a disgrace'
But the lion went on munching with a smile upon his face

And then young Lizzie heard the rumble and
young Lizzie heard the fight
Young Lizzie put on her slippers and turned on the bedroom light
There was a robber on the toy shelf
There was a robber on the rug
There was a robber in the lion who was looking rather smug

But young Lizzie wasn't angry, young lizzie wasn't rough
she simply said his secret name
'Lion, that's enough!'

And young Lizzie and her lion took the toes tum an head
And they put them in the dustbin
And they both went back to bed