

Scout Niblett, Miss My Lion

When we get home
It'll be like a party
He's learned to move
Real slowly

See how we move?
Sudden and playful
We have it all
But I miss my lion

He's already there
Waiting to greet me

When you drive
There's no fooling me
Those roads invited me
When you drive
There's no fooling me
Those roads invited me

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