

# 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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