

The Lion King II: Simba's Pride, My lullaby

ZIRA:

Sleep, my little Kovu
Let your dreams take wing
One day when you're big and strong
You will be a king

KOVU:

Good night...

ZIRA:

Good night, my little prince.
Tomorrow, your training intensifies.

ZIRA:

I've been exiled, persucuted
Left alone with no defense
When I think of what that brute did
I get a little tense
But I dream a dream so pretty
That I don't feel so depressed
'Cause it soothes my inner kitty
And it helps me get some rest
The sound of Simba's dying gasp
His daughter squealing in my grasp
His lionesses' mournful cry
That's my lullaby
Now the past I've tried forgetting
And my foes I could forgive
Trouble is, I knows it's petty
But I hate to let them live

NUKA:

So you found yourself somebody who'd chase Simba up a tree

ZIRA:

Oh, the battle may be bloody, but that kind of works for me
The melody of angry growls
A counterpoint of painful howls
A symphony of death, oh my!
That's my lullaby
Scar is gone... but Zira's still around
To love this little lad
Till he learns to be a killer
With a lust for being bad!

NUKA:

Sleep, ya little termite!
Uh-- I mean, precious little thing!

VITANI:

One day when you're big and strong

ZIRA:

You will be a king!
The pounding of the drums of war
The thrill of Kovu's mighty roar

NUKA:

The joy of vengeance

VITANI:

Testify!

ZIRA:

I can hear the cheering

NUKA and VITANI:

Kovu! What a guy!

ZIRA:

Payback time is nearing
And then our flag will fly
Against a blood-red sky
That's my lullaby!