

The Lion

I've seen you stalking in high places
An eagle on its perch
Comes a fair wind
and you're soaring like a bird
You must be weary
Hauling you wings from peak to peak

I've seen you stalking through the wild
Running through the trees
Shining eyes alive
And body breaking free
As I lay sleeping
You set sail to conquer some new sea

Well if the lion lost its courage
Would the whole thing fall apart
If there wasn't those to worry
Who would play the losers part
You can be everybody's hero
And still have room for me
In this willing cast of players
In this real life fantasy

*I wanna be the brave one
I wanna be the lion
Overcome this coward
And run fearless through the night
I wanna be the brave one
Who never blinks an eye
I wanna be the lion*

You've seen me stalking in high places
Regal and absurd
Waiting for the wind
That'll take me soaring like a bird
But I get weary
Hauling these wings from peak to peak

Take the glory and the spendor
Of all the children's dreams
With this talent for surrender
Soon it's stories in a magazine
You could be everybody's hero
And still not find the key
In this willing cast of players
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