

Last Lion of Albion

Neko Case

Early in the morning where there used to be a stream
Is a tiny business lake
Don't let the cattails fool you
Down in the bottom where nothing is born
Sleeps a silver dollar with your face thereon

Wish I could trace the frowning compass of your mind
Drop the mercury down the Roman drain and summon mine

Last lion of Albion
They'll use you for centuries to come
They'll steal your patents for the sun
And you'll feel extinction
When you see your face on their money

Laid in the heavens that are already bought
Sleeps a red planet in a galaxy of your lion's thoughts
On the surface of your tender unintended machine
Is there a buckle knuckle kneel on a carpet of lion's tongues

Wish I could stand in the spray of the cliff of your sweet revenge
Ocean of naked serrated marble crushing in

Last lion of Albion
They'll use you for centuries to come
They'll steal your patents for the sun
And you'll feel extinction
Last lion of Albion
They'll use you for centuries to come
Your wounds the main road into London
You'll feel extinction
When you see your face on their money

Last lion of Albion
The last she-wolf to mother Rome
The last virgin to wash ashore
You'll feel extinction
Last lion of Albion
The last of the Mohicans gone
The last cedars of Lebanon
You'll feel extinction
Last lion of Albion
Last tiger of Tasmania
The last she-wolf to suckle Rome
You'll feel extinction
When you see your face
Face on their money