

The Lion – by Beryl Hales.

We've stood outside of this building,
My brother Leo and me,
For 90 years now and I'm frettin'
That people prefer him to me.

They say, 'Meet you by the left lion'
To hear this just leaves me fumin'
'To wait by the other', they cry.
'Is just not reet.' Silly humans.

People make him in grass and sculpt him in ice,
It makes me want to roar.
To come to life, I'd pay any price
Then I'd give 'em a swipe with my paw.

