

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Neighbour's Cat

The Neighbour's Cat
(Leon Rosselson)

Those new neighbours, they never mow the lawn
They're throwing things and rowing from dawn to bloody dawn
Their drains are overflowing and their garden smells of pee
And dandelions are growing where the roses ought too be
They've got five cheeky children and even worse than that
The terror of the neighbourhood, the devil of a cat
The cat, the cat, the neighbour's cat
Is not at all the sort of cat
Who sits contented on a mat
He's not a cat like that
He isn't furry, fine or fat
You wouldn't want to pet or pat
That scraggy, ragged outsized rat
The dustbin is his habitat
The neighbour's cat.

Our pussy-cats are neutered, they're decent and they're clean
And they keep respectful silence when they hear "God Save The Queen"
But this one, he's uncivilized, a spitting infidel
With his nightly caterwauling and his nasty moggy smell
Assaulting our azaleas, urinating on our gnomes
Demolishing our dahlias, we're not safe in our own homes
And he'll claw at our car bonnets, he'll savage dogs and crows
He spreads chaos and subversion everywhere he goes
(And this really makes my blood boil) he's fanatically fond
Of harpooning our prize goldfish in our ornamental pond
We never catch him at it 'cause he's underhand and sly
But we know who to blame when our prize marrows droop and die
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He's corrupting our poor darlings and leading them astray
And causing them to act in a most unnatural way
Does he get them on high on catmint, 'cause they wear a silly grin

As they leap in front of lorries in a suicidal spin
It's a shocking situation, every morning we emerge
To find another flattened pussy laid out on the verge
And have you heard the latest? Things can't go on this way
The rumour is the neighbour's cat has joined the IRA
Our house prices are falling, it's time to make a stand
So we've got up a petition, this wild cat must be banned
Yes, burn him for a traitor, this embodiment of sin
This ruthless agitator, he's the enemy within.

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