

Old Black Cat

Ian Anderson

My old black cat passed away this morning
He never knew what a hard day was.
Woke up late and danced on tin roofs.
If questioned "Why?" - answered, "Just because."

He never spoke much, preferring silence:
eight lost lives was all he had.
Occasionally sneaked some Sunday dinner.
He wasn't good and he wasn't bad.

My old black cat wasn't much of a looker.
You could pass him by - just a quiet shadow.
Got pushed around by all the other little guys.
Didn't seem to mind much - just the way life goes.

Padded about in furry slippers.
Didn't make any special friends.
He played it cool with wide-eyed innocence,
Receiving gladly what the good Lord sends.

Forgot to give his Christmas present.
Black cat collar, nice and new.
Thought he'd make it through to New Year.
I guess this song will have to do.

My old black cat.....
Old black cat.....