

Cat and Mouse

Bert Jansch

It may not be a palace
It's not a country house
Don't you try and move me
You'll never get me out
You can play tom-cat
I'll play the mouse

You can call me a squatter
A vagabond, a louse
But like you I'm human
Need shelter, need love
You can play tom-cat
I'll play the mouse

It's been standing cold and empty
Abandoned like a child
It's got boards on the windows
The garden's growing wild
But it keeps me from the rain
From the cold nights sleeping rough
It keeps me from going insane

There was me and my good lady
In her threadbare cotton blouse
Like paupers with our children
Tramping the city streets
Now, you can play tom-cat
I'll play the mouse
We've taken our stand
We've taken this house
We'll treat it like gold
With love and with care
Now, you can play tom-cat
I'll play the mouse

Now, you can buy a drink
At the local public inn
The old-timers there
Say it's them squatters again
They don't pay no rent
Like decent folk do
They're ragged and dirty too