

Stray Cat Blues

Cryptic Slaughter

I hear the click-clack of your feet on the stairs
I know you're no scare-eyed honey.
There'll be a feast if you just come upstairs
But it's no hanging matter
It's no capital crime

I can see that you're fifteen years old
No I don't want your I.D.
And I can see that you're so far from home
But it's no hanging matter
It's no capital crime

Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat
Oh yeah, don'tcha scratch like that
Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat
bet your mama don't know you scream like that
I bet your mother don't know that you spit like that.

You look so weird and you're so far from home
but you really miss your mother
Don't look so scared I'm no mad-brained bear
But it's no hanging matter
It's no capital crime

Bet your mama don't know you scream like that
I bet your mother don't know that you bite like that.

You say you got a friend, she's wilder than you
Well, why don't you bring her upstairs
If she's so wild she can join in too
But it's no hanging matter
It's no capital crime

Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat
Oh yeah, don'tcha scratch like that
Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat
bet you mama don't know you scream like that
I bet your mother don't know that you bite like that
I'll bet she never saw you scratch my back