

Stray Cat

Donnie Iris

One day he's at your backdoor
Scratching you lace veneer
He's hunting for a sweet bird
And now he's looking here

He'd like to sink his claws in
Rip the flesh from the bone now
Any place he crawls in
Is a place called home

(Don't feed)
(Feed the stray cat)
He knows the way back home
(Don't complain that)
(He knows the place that he can lay back)
He knows the way back home
(Don't look way back)

Women like pretty flowers
Bursting with nectar sweet
He'll drift among the flowers
Just like a busy bee
He wants to sting you cleanly
Aw, likes you honey
Wants you in his pocket
Just like his paper money