Cat and Mouse

Lunik

You knock at my door, meow the whole night
And when I open up for you, you light.
Looking for you, I climb each tree on my street,
I run and run until I got soaked feet.
Accept and you're gone and then staid in, soar.
Lock my door and sit down by the fire place.

But ones my bones are finally warm
And my body has regained some strength,
I know you'll knock again,
Loud and persistently.

I am tired, please, let me be.
I am tired, you're no good for me.
This dream has been dreamed.
But this dream has been dreamed.

I'm a little mouse sitting under your table,
Love another leftovers you're throwing down for me.
I pick 'em up and treat each one as a pearl,
I collect 'em and end 'em and set 'em in gallery.
I suck on the bones of your chicken massala.
I lick on your garbage bin, it's my treasure and that's the sta
te you'll find me in.

I am tired, please, let me be.
I am tired, please, don't throw nothing more down for me.
'cause that's, for sure, no good for me.

Don't you treat me, don't you tell me,
This dream has been dreamed.

Don't you treat me, don't you tell me
That this dream has been dreamed.

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