

Back from where the crowd rains cold
She's letting down the burden
Never doin' what she's told
Living another Walden
Back to where the cats are kings
She knows it by the letter
All those nights and mornings
Running it down and under
There she goes - polkadot dress
Barefoot on the cobblestones
Where is she at ? Let's take a guess
Jaywalking in the streets of Rome
She's like a hotline
you can call whether rain or shine
when it looks like nothing is bright
A few words with her and, it'll be alright
She is your chatter box
Writes you real letters
Oh roman goldilocks
She's some upsetter
There she goes - tropical cyclone
Barefoot on the cobblestones
Looking for Saint Jerome
Jaywalking through the streets of Rome
Picking up white owl feathers
She buries to keep safe
Drinking oil and loving cats
Gives her their pur rand their scratch
Trees Leaves and Seashells
Will make her day
Words never come out
In miscellaneous ways
Roaming along the gaps in the city
Greek goddess on the Campo dei fiori
Scarlet Doe in the middle of the Prairie
The feline can hear and feel and see