Cool for Cats

Squeeze

The Indians send signals
From the rocks above the pass
The cowboys take positions
In the bushes and the grass

The squaw is with the corporal
She is tied against the tree
She doesn't mind the language
It's the beating she don't need

She lets loose all the horses
When the corporal is asleep
And he wakes to find the fire's dead
And arrows in his hat

And davy crockett rides around
And says it's cool for cats
The sweeney's doing ninety
'Cause they've got the word to go

They get a gang of villains
In a shed up at heathrow
They're counting out the fivers
When the handcuffs lock again

In and out of wandsworth
With the numbers on their names
It's funny how their missus'
Always look the bleeding same

And meanwhile at the station
There's a couple of likely lads
Who swear like how's your father
And they're very cool for cats
They're cool for cats

To change the mood a little
I've been posing down the pub
On seeing my reflection
I'm looking slightly rough

I fancy this, I fancy that
I want to be so flash
I give a little muscle
And I spend a little cash

But all I get is bitter and a nasty little rash
And by the time I'm sober
I've forgotten what I've had
And everybody tells me that it's cool to be a cat
Cool for cats

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