

Big City Cat

Steve Forbert

Ah, buildings and people down under the skies
I walk down the street lookin' out through my eyes
I'm getting so skinny it hurts to sit down
I'm deep in the well; I'm in the rat trap town

Where it's dirty for dirty, it's an eye for an eye
It's a tooth for a tooth and a sigh for a sigh
And everything's edgy like musical chairs
And everyone's lookin', but who really cares?

Well, I'm try'na get up, try'na laugh in my head
I'm walkin' on eggs and I'm climbin' on thread
There's motors and traffic and racket and horns
My weary ol' stairway is wobbly and worn

There a hissin' of heaters and bangin' ol' pipes
Screaming of women and laughin' all night
There's babies a-cryin' and somebody's dog
He's barkin' so loudly, there's a man in the hall

Oh... it's some kinda lunatic followin' me
He's down by the john so I can't take a pee
I'm 'sposed to be happy, I'm here where it's at
I'm a face in the crowd; I'm a big city cat