

## Conclusions

### The Cats

I keep riding in my old and rusty car  
He was build in sixty-four my jam jar  
And I don't care what people say or think about me  
As long as they don't try to bother me

All the boring small-town gossip makes me mad  
When I come to think about that I'm getting sad  
Well, they ought to find a way to live in peace, you see  
Instead of all the envy constantly

They're afraid to show their feelings  
They don't know how to live  
But remember what I'm saying  
They got a lot to give  
They got so much to give

They ought to find a way to live in peace, you see  
Instead of all the envy constantly

Isn't there a way to do what you wanna do  
Isn't there a way to say what you wanna say  
Couldn't there be a way to change our world, my friend  
Well, I guess there's none, so let's live till the end

They're afraid to show their feelings  
They don't know how to live  
But remember what I'm saying  
They got a lot to give  
They got so much to give  
They got so much to give  
They got so much to give  
Mmmm...