

Marmalade Cat

Black Tape for a Blue Girl

I live in a house on Benefit Street.
I prowl here within the walls.
Peekin' out from behind my paws.

My second skin is a marmalade cat.
I feel at home as a marmalade cat.
I'm big and fat, an old lazy boy. I'm sleepin' in the sun.
So, why do they fear what makes me feel at home?

I'm up in the loft, I play in the sheets, he pushes me down,
He pets my head. He runs his hands through my fur,
I smile with a purr on my lips. It's not just about the
Bowls of cream - he pets my lustrous fur.

My second skin is a marmalade cat.
When I'm back in the world my feline power fades.
Give me my big fat coat of marmalade fur and long whiskers to m
atch.
I'll be home catching mice instead of catching flack.