

Cats Without Claws

Donna Summer

It's a windy night
of first and main
of any city
of a hundred names
spirits fly high and the sparks fly low
and the cats are all creeping out the back door slow
and the cats are out, gonna harmonize
they're headed for Cool Street on the main line
and here comes that Joe Serpentine
the life of a cat can leave you far behind

They're just cats without claws
never had a good reason
never had a cause

It's hard to be yourself
when everyone else is around
there's always someone out there
trying to pull you down
you're sitting on the fence crying out to the moon
the day goes by too fast and the night comes too soon
you bet your life and you sell your soul
give it all up for beggar's gold
and the hidden city has its own laws
produces a species cats without claws

They're just cats without claws
never had a good reason
never had a cause
oh, they're just cats without claws
never had a good reason
never had a cause

Oh, here they come again
singing songs in a melody
do, do, do, do, do

Oh, oh, it's tough life, tough life, tough life
and the streets are full of pain
specially when it's calling out your name
it's hard on the one who doesn't sacrifice
the things the world has to offer nice
come inside, spend some time, stay alive
it'll take your heart and it'll steal your mind

Oh, they're just cats without claws
never had a good reason
never had a cause
oh, they're just cats without claws
never had a good reason
never had a cause
oh, oh, oh, oh