

# 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