

## Black Cat

## Gentle Giant

There's a cat prowling through the streets at night  
And she's black and her eyes are burning yellow  
Fierce and bright, the lights are darkened  
Senses sharpened wide awake

As she acts out her past of jungle days  
When the night was her friend in many other different ways  
It gave protection of detection by her prey

With a sway and swing she walks away  
And the look in her eye, it never seems to say  
The way she's feeling, no revealing black cat ways