

Yellow Cat

John Denver

It's late December and the New Year's never coming,
time passes slowly in a two-room walk-up flat,
The sun is silent, there's a cold rain's gonna come on, no one
to talk to but my lady's yellow cat.

Raindrops falling on the flowers in the window box, plastic roses
that I planted yesterday.
I didn't think they'd die so soon but they're all withered now,
seems like everything I touch turns out that way.

Well, I guess I'll just go walking, the cat's no good for talking to,
He don't know what I'm saying and the rain is always playing on
my mind, on my mind.

Street lights drifting through the blinds that cover window-
panes
blending softy with the bare lights overhead.
Then together they run swiftly through my memory,
an eerie image of a strange and empty bed.

The wind is whipping up the papers in the street below,
I got some books to read but it seems they've all been read.
Clouds are crowded in a misty drifting sky above,
And I wish to hell I could remember what I said.

Well, I guess I'll just go walking, the cat's no good for talking to,
He don't know what I'm saying and the rain is always playing on
my mind, on my mind.

One crystal wineglass on a table filled with scarlet stains
stands alone and empty where there once were two.
The jug is silent on the table by a broken plate,
the wine is gone, my lady, and so, my love, are you.

Well, I guess I'll just go walking, the cat's no good for talking to,
He don't know what I'm saying and the rain is always playing on
my mind, on my mind.