

Back from where the crowd rains cold  
She's letting down the burden  
Never doin' what she's told  
Living another Walden  
Back to where the cats are kings  
She knows it by the letter  
All those nights and mornings  
Running it down and under  
There she goes - polkadot dress  
Barefoot on the cobblestones  
Where is she at ? Let's take a guess  
Jaywalking in the streets of Rome  
She's like a hotline  
you can call whether rain or shine  
when it looks like nothing is bright  
A few words with her and, it'll be alright  
She is your chatter box  
Writes you real letters  
Oh roman goldilocks  
She's some upsetter  
There she goes - tropical cyclone  
Barefoot on the cobblestones  
Looking for Saint Jerome  
Jaywalking through the streets of Rome  
Picking up white owl feathers  
She buries to keep safe  
Drinking oil and loving cats  
Gives her their pur rand their scratch  
Trees Leaves and Seashells  
Will make her day  
Words never come out  
In miscellaneous ways  
Roaming along the gaps in the city  
Greek goddess on the Campo dei fiori  
Scarlet Doe in the middle of the Prairie  
The feline can hear and feel and see