

# Cool for Cats

Squeeze

The Indians send signals  
From the rocks above the pass  
The cowboys take positions  
In the bushes and the grass

The squaw is with the corporal  
She is tied against the tree  
She doesn't mind the language  
It's the beating she don't need

She lets loose all the horses  
When the corporal is asleep  
And he wakes to find the fire's dead  
And arrows in his hat

And davy crockett rides around  
And says it's cool for cats  
The sweeney's doing ninety  
'Cause they've got the word to go

They get a gang of villains  
In a shed up at heathrow  
They're counting out the fivers  
When the handcuffs lock again

In and out of wandsworth  
With the numbers on their names  
It's funny how their missus'  
Always look the bleeding same

And meanwhile at the station  
There's a couple of likely lads  
Who swear like how's your father  
And they're very cool for cats  
They're cool for cats

To change the mood a little  
I've been posing down the pub  
On seeing my reflection  
I'm looking slightly rough

I fancy this, I fancy that  
I want to be so flash  
I give a little muscle  
And I spend a little cash

But all I get is bitter and a nasty little rash  
And by the time I'm sober  
I've forgotten what I've had  
And everybody tells me that it's cool to be a cat  
Cool for cats