

# Cats Under the Stars

**Jerry Garcia**

Cats on the blacktop, birdie in the treetop,  
Someone plays guitar that sounds like clarinet.  
I ain't ready to go to bed,  
I think I'll take a walk downtown instead. Cats on the bandstand, Give'em each a big hand,  
Anyone who sweats like that must be all right.  
No one wants to fight; no blackeye,  
Just another cat beneath the stars tonight. Cats in the limelight, feels like it's alright,  
Everybody wants something they might not get.  
I ain' ready yet, it ain't complete,  
That's why I am headin' down to Alleycat Street. Satin blouse unbuttoning, satin blouse unbuttoning,  
Time is a stripper's doin', it's just for you.  
Time is a stripper's doin', it's just for you.

Songwriters

GARCIA, JERRY / HUNTER, ROBERT Published by

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