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, ROBERTPublished by
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