Cool For Cats

Squeeze

The Indians send signals
From the rocks above the pass
The cowboys take positions
In the bushes and the grassThe 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 let's loose all the horses
When the Corporal is asleepAnd he wakes to find the fire's dead
And arrows in his hats
And Davy Crockett rides around
And says it's cool for cats
It's cool for catsThe Sweeney's doing ninety
'Cause they've got the word to go
They get a gang of villains
In a shed up at HeathrowThey'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 sameAnd 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 catsTo change the mood a little
I've been posing down the pub
On seeing my reflection
I'm looking slightly roughI fancy this, I fancy that
I wanna be so flash
I give a little muscle
And I spend a little cash
But all I get is bitter
And a nasty little rashAnd 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 catsShake up at the disco
And I think I've got a pull
I ask her lots of questions

And she hangs on to the wallI kiss her for the first time
And then I take her home
I'm invited in for coffee
And I give the dog a bone
She likes to go to discos
But she's never on her ownI said, "I'll see you later"
And I give her some old chat
But it's not like that on the TV
When it's cool for cats
It's cool for catsCool for cats

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