

Plea From a Cat Named Virtute

Frank Turner

Why don't you ever wanna play?
I'm tired of this piece of string
You sleep as much as I do now
And you don't eat much of anything I don't know who you're talking to
I made a search through every room
But all I found was dust that moved
In shadows of the afternoon So listen, all those bitter songs you sing
They're not helping anything
They won't make you strong
So we should open up the house
Invite the Tabby two doors down
You could ask your sister if
She doesn't bring her basset hound
We'll ask for things we shouldn't miss
For tape hiss and the modern man
For the Cold War and card catalogues
To come and save us if they can. Girly drinks and parlor games
We'll pass around the easy lie
Of absolutely no regrets
And later maybe we could try
To let our losses dangle off
The sharp edge of a century
We'll talk about the weather or
How the weather use to be
And I'll cater, with all the birds that I can kill
Let their tiny feathers fill disappointment
Lie down
Lick the sorrow from your skin
Scratch the terror and begin
To believe you're strong All you ever want to do is drink and watch TV
And frankly that thing doesn't really interest me
I swear I'm gonna to bite you hard
And taste your tinny blood
If you don't stop the self-defeating lies you've been repeating
Since the day that you brought me home
I know you're strong

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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