

# Velvety (Instrumental)

## Frank Black & The Catholics

Out on the Eisenhower where I lost my speed  
Just a little bit south of a town called weed  
I heard a voice and I had to stop  
She called me over that mountain topI was a poor soul lost in the shady trees  
I was going to die, I was going to freeze  
Then she touched me  
She was velvetyShe's a cat of a creature  
She don't care she's velvety  
She made the strangest sounds  
She was an island girl of the ancient line  
When the whole damn thing's sinkin' to the brine  
Her true love from her was torn  
She packed it up to californThen she met me  
She's velvetyShe's a cat of a creature  
Don't care she's velvety  
Out on the Eisenhower where I lost my speed  
Just a little bit south of a town called weed  
I met velvety  
My velvetyI like that lemur  
I lick it, it's velvety  
She made a pretty sound

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

Lyrics provided by  
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