

Black Cat

People's Blues Of Richmond

Was it some black cat that I stumbled past or was it some four-leaf clover I passed right over? Was it me
messin' up again or was it you finally gettin' sober?
Are you dopesick? Did your last fix do the trick? Is all your suffering finally over? Who's to blame? Who's to
blame? Who's to blame?
Year after year we make the same mistakes, it's tragic how sad we both seem. Like two young birds, capable of
flight, but afraid to flap our wings.
Was it this black cat that I've been staring right at or was it some four-leaf clover I passed right over? Was it me
getting high for the millionth time or was it you finally getting sober?
Am I dopesick? Am I hopeless? If I don't kick this moment will I blow this? Would anybody notice if I just
started over? Who's to blame? Who's to blame? Who's to blame?
Love or hate, envy or distaste, we could never just be friends. You're too unlucky, I couldn't let you love me,
there's only one way this could end.

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