Alley Cats

Hot Chip

Two people are alley cats
We have an unhappy cat
He is restless, needs attention, loses patience, seeks affection
Monkey grooms, blossom blooms
Do you dig germs, The Germs?

Well we wear each others heads like hats
Speak in tongues like alley cats
Cradle them in both our laps
When we lie alone

Wear each others heads like hats
Speak in tongues like alley cats
Cradle them in both our laps
And we die alone

Well we sleep inside a blanket-y bed
Planted like the crocuses
In the song my mother said
She wanted us to sing

We sleep inside a blanket-y bed
Planted like the crocuses
And I wish my mother could
See the ring I got

Oh oh there is no pain I know
Oh oh there is no pain I know
Oh oh there is no pain I know

The other night you said you might try to kill that thing I love
It is too strong for you, it is encased in glass and stone
The other night you said you might try to kill that thing I love
It is invincible, it is encased in glass and stone
You painted a song, you painted a song
It started when I was young and now it is in my lung
You painted a song, you painted a song
It started when I was young and now it is in my lung

Two people are alley cats

I get to thinking about our cat
He is restless, needs attention, loses patience, seeks affection
Monkey grooms, blossom blooms
'Do You Dig Worms?' The Worms?

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