

The Cat with the Silvery Paws

Autumnblaze

Roads, these roads are clad in smoke
Your talks are drifting past like trains - they scarcely stop
Now I'm gone astray in here
Where tired walls are chattering:: Don't stay! Don't stay!... and all the ones around me are fainting shapes
againFear has shut away your dreams
You walk towards a smokescreen, fretful tooI start to sing a song about the cat with the silvery paws
She plays with starry blades of grass and dreams her little life away
I wonder where I am - under the snow in a sunday cloak
But you just say I'd think too much
Maybe you're right - who will ever know?

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