

Bill The Cat

John Williamson

We had a cat
His name was Bill
He caught our budgie on the window sill
One holy day, one Sunday morn
Left only feathers on our back lawn
Oh no Bill, you can't do that
You silly pussy, you stupid cat
So we took him down, our family pet
And we left his balls with the family vet Well the very next day he packed his bags
Left all his penthouse and playboy mags
How could we do it to the family vet
Go and leave his balls with the family vet
Well we get no postcards, no telephone calls
He's out in the bush somewhere, with no balls
And he's obsessed with sweet revenge
So he eats our parrots and our fairy wrens [Chorus: x2]
Yes he's mortified and we all regret
That we Left his balls with the family vet How he's highly sought by the feral choir
For his new found talent to sing much higher
Has no more time for female friends
Only parrots and fairy wrens
No sense of humor, ex-family pet
He's still angry, he's still upset
It still hurts, he can't forget
That we left his balls with the family vet

Songwriters

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