

# Cats As a Measurement of Time

## Trophy Scars

Who slipped this drug in my drink?  
Who are you?  
And what do you want?  
With a face like that, I bet you can trust yourself.  
With a face like that you can trust these cats to behave themselves.  
Oh no! Oh no!  
You only say my name whenever you're on top.  
It doesn't make us even so obviously we're not  
Over this together and nobody is getting caught.  
Timmy's at the bar now fixing himself a scotch.  
A child that sleeps swats the blood from his face.  
Come now, my sweetie, you know there's nothing to say.  
He's been eating his tongue for the last couple days;  
Now he won't help you lick the spit off your plate.  
A child that dreams saws the sweat off his face.  
A child that dreams chews the shine off a blade.  
A child that dreams rides a swan in the lake.  
A child that dreams cuts her face into lace.  
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah, oh...  
And if you ever want to look for him,  
If you ever want to start again -  
He's just a phone call away.  
He's just a train stop away.  
He's just a note on your grave.  
He's a scar in your brain.  
He's a match in the rain.  
He's a corpse with no name.  
He's got crude grammar and nothing to say.  
Milk dripping from her spine all night, that's right.  
That cat holds on to baby's bones.  
This cat talks on the telephone.  
That cat sits in the bar alone.  
This cat sings in a microphone,  
"Oh, Oh, I don't need a drink or your sympathy;  
Just show me which way to a pharmacy!"  
Then he got off stage,  
And he ran outside.  
He's been dying to meet you alright!  
I'm gonna remember her dress that cold winter,

her hand in the blender, returned the sender.  
Where was she going, her mouth wasn't moving?  
It was just like a movie, but what was I doing?  
Was it Egypt or coffee that got me to thinking  
"I want other women; I need something different?"  
The sky is your limit so don't be so rigid or  
rehearse all those questions; remember, forget it.  
You know she won't think twice tonight.  
Oh my sweetie pie, I like your lips, I love your eyes.  
Don't look back and don't think twice; continue writing lullabies.  
It doesn't hurt within this hearse to moan out loud and fuck these words.  
Go. Try to leave.  
I want you throw up my name.  
It burns once you've learned  
It only hurts worse when you squirm. Yeah.  
(I know too many people in Monty Carlo  
I know too many people everywhere  
And then he took me here...)

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