

Yellow Cat

The Black Twig Pickers

It's late December, the New Year's never coming
Time passes slowly in a two room walk up flat
The sun is silent, there's a cold rain gonna come on
 No one to talk to but my lady's yellow cat
Rain drops falling on the flowers in the window box
 Plastic roses that I planted yesterday
I didn't think they'd die so soon but they're all withered now
 Seems like everything I touch turns out that way
 Well, I guess I just go walking
 The cat's no good for talkin' to
 He don't know what I'm saying
 And the rain is always playing
 On my mind, on my mind
Street lights drifting through the blinds that cover window panes
 Blending softly with the bare lights over head
Then together they run swiftly through my memory
 And eerie image of a strange and empty bed
Wind is whipping up the papers in the streets below
Got some books to read but it seems they've all been read
 Clouds are crowded in a misty drifting sky above
 And I wish to hell, I could remember what I said
A crystal wine glass on a table filled with scarlet stains
 Stands alone and empty where there once was two
The jug is silent on the table with my broken dreams
 The wine is gone, my lady and so my love are you

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