

# 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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