

Black Cat

Gentle Giant

There's a cat prowling through the streets at night
And she's black and her eyes are burning yellow
Fierce and bright
The lights are darkened,
Senses sharpened,
Wide awake

As she acts out her past of Jungle days
When the night was her friend in many other
Different ways
It gave protection
Of detection
By her prey

With a sway and swing she walks away
And the look in her eye it never seems
To say
The way she's feeling
No revealing,
Black cat ways

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