

Yellow Cat

John Denver

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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