

Anna Coddington

"Cat & Bird"

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I'm stuck way up in this tree
Ready to fall to my eighth life
Wondering if you could love a feline
Thinking that I might as well try
You are a mystery to me
Every time I see you blowing past
I want to hold on to you and ask
"Isn't this the best day of your life?"

Whatever you're saying now
Oh my god
The only thing left to do
Feed me to the dogs

All of the days leading to now
I've been doing things I hate for you
Knowing that they would relieve your blues
Hoping that you will conclude the truth
Don't let the stereotypes win
You and I can find a way around
All of the naysayers in this town
Ignore the stares of tiny minded crowds

Hold my hand in the winter
And it will melt like fish
And I know you will still love me
When my leg ends at my wrist

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