

## An Cat Dubh "Once"

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E C

Once, when I was dead,

A G e

And lying still upon a dirty bed,

E C

A hag went through my clothes

A G e

- her fingers cracked and dryer than a bone,

I screamed (but just in my head)

This corpse which lay upon a farmer's bed,

But my watch, my wallet was gone;

She was deceived and disappointed at every turn,

A battle - that's what had passed,

And me just a footsoldier killed in the mud,

With a hole next to my heart;

At least that's what it seemed like just at the start,

But the hole was filled by her hand

As she groped around for something she could take,

I guess, the spoils of war

Should just lie back and then complain no more,

So this - could this be the key?

To my general sexual inability -

To feel, the victim of theft

And me without a heart left in my chest

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