

Eric Bogle

"Nobody's Moggy Now"

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Somebody's moggy by the side of the road
Somebody's pussy who forgot his highway code
Someone's favorite feline who ran clean out of luck
When he ran on to the road and tried to argue with a
truck
Yesterday he purred and played in his pussy paradise
Decapitating tweety birds and masticating mice
Now he's just six pounds of raw mincemeat that don't
smell very nice
He's nobody's moggy now.
All you who love your pussy be sure to keep him in
Don't let him argue with a truck, the truck is bound to
win
And upon the busy road, don't let him play or frolic
If you do I'm warning you it could be CATastrophic
If he tries to play on the roadway, I'm afraid that will be
that
There will be one last despairing MEOW! and a sort of
squelchy splat
And your pussy will be slightly dead and very, very flat
He's nobody's moggy, just red and squashed and
soggy
He's nobody's moggy now

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