

Grateful Dead

"Cats Under the Stars"

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Cats on the blacktop, birdie in the treetop,
Someone plays guitar that sounds like clarinet.
I ain't ready to go to bed,
I think I'll take a walk downtown instead.

Cats on the bandstand, Give'em each a big hand,
Anyone who sweats like that must be all right.
No one wants to fight; no blackeye,
Just another cat beneath the stars tonight.

Cats in the limelight, feels like it's alright,
Everybody wants something they might not get.
I ain' ready yet, it ain't complete,
That's why I am headin' down to Alleycat Street.

Satin blouse unbuttoning, satin blouse unbuttoning,
Time is a stripper's doin', it's just for you.
Time is a stripper's doin', it's just for you.

Knock in the brass tacks, cover up your tracks Jack,
You ain't nowhere till you can pay your own way back.
What else do you lack to make it right,
But cats down under the stars tonight

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