

Ian Anderson

"Old Black Cat"

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My old black cat passed away this morning.
He never knew what a hard day was
Woke up late and danced on tin roofs
If questioned "Why?" - answered, "Just Because"

He never spoke much, preferring silence:
8 lost lives was all he had.
Occasionally sneaked some summer dinner
He wasn't good and wasn't bad.

My old black cat wasn't much of a looker.
You could pass him by - just a quiet shadow.
Got pushed around by all the other little guys.
Didn't seem to mind much - just the way life goes.

Padded about in furry slippers.
Didn't make any special friends.
He played it cool with wide-eyed innocence,
Receiving gladly what the good Lord sends.

Forgot to give his Christmas present.
Black cat collar, nice and new.
Thought he'd make it through to New Year.
I guess this song will have to do.

My old black cat...
Old black cat...
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