

Burl Ives**"Taut I taw a puddy tat"**

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Artist: Burl Ives

Title: Taut I taw a puddy tat

TWEETY:

I am a little, tiny, bird. My name is Tweety Pie
I live inside my bird cage, a-hanging way up high
I like to swing upon my perch and sing my little song
But there's a tat that's after me and won't let me alone

I taut I taw a puddy tat a creepin' up on me
I did! I taw a puddy tat as plain as he could be!

SYLVESTER:

I am that great big bad old cat, Sylvester is my name
I only have one aim in life and that is very plain
I want to catch that little bird and eat him right away
But just as I get close to him, this is what he'll say

I taut I taw a puddy tat a creepin' up on me
You bet he taw a puddy tat, that puddy tat is me!

TWEETY:

That puddy tat is very bad, he sneaks up from behind
I don't think I would like it if I knew what's on his mind
I have a strong suspicion that his plans for me aren't
good
I am inclined to think that he would eat me if he could

SYLVESTER:

I'd like to eat that sweetie pie when he leaves his cage
But I can never catch him, It throws me in a rage
You bet I'd eat that little bird if I could just get near
But every time that I approach, this is all I hear

TWEETY:

I taut I taw a puddy tat a creepin' up on me
I did! I taw a puddy tat as plain as he could be!

And when I sing that little song, my mistress knows
he's back

She grabs her broom and brings it down upon
Sylvester's back
So listen you bad puddy tat, let's both be friends and
see
My mistress will not chase you if you sing this song with
me

TWEETY (Spoken): Come on now, like a good cat
SYLVESTER (Spoken): Oh, all right. Sufferin' Succotash!

TWEETY & SYLVESTER:
I taut I taw a puddy tat a creepin' up on me
I did! I taw a puddy tat as plain as he could be!

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