

Jeannie C. Riley

"Fine"

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Sometimes I wish you were a fine feathered fowl
And sometimes I wish I was a cat out on her midnight
prowl

So if you were a bird you would sing from a cage
And if I were a cat I could watch you all day
And I know in my mind that you'd never get away
If I were a cat and you were a fine feathered fow.

Sometimes I wish you were a ring tailed raccoon
And sometimes I wish I was a hound out bayin' at the
moon

So if you were a roccoon you'd be hidin' anythin'
And if I were a hound bayin' you what believe in
You'd never get away from that scene no way soon
If I were a hound and you were a ring tailed raccoon.

But if I were a cat and you were a fine fowl
I'd take my little claw and I would caress your
fine feathers through the bars
And I'd open up the latch on the door of your cage
And everyone would wonder how that birdie got away
Not one little feather would I leave lay about
If I were a cat and you were a fine fowl, (meow.)

If I were a cat and you were a fine fowl, (meow...)

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