

# Jethro Tull

## "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:  
eight lost lives was all he had.  
Occasionally sneaked some Sunday dinner.  
He wasn't good and he 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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