

John Denver "Yellow Cat"

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It's late December the New Years never coming
Time passes slowly in a two room walk up flat
The sun is silent there's a cold rain gonna come on
No one to talk to
But my ladys yellow cat
Rain drops falling on the flowers In the window box
Plastic roses that I planted yesterday
I didn't think they'd die so soon
But they're all withered now
Seems like everything I touch
Turns out that way

Well I guess I just go walking
The cats no good for talkin' to
He don't know what I'm saying
And the rain is always
Playing on my mind
On my mind

Street lights drifting through the blinds that cover
window panes
Blending softly with the bare lights over head
Then together they run swiftly through my memory
And eerie image of a strange and empty bed
Wind is whipping up the papers in the streets below
Got some books to read
But it seems they've all been read
Clouds are crowded in a misty
Drifting sky above
And i wish to hell
I could remember what i said.

A crystal wine glass on a table filled with scarlet stains
Stands alone and empty where there once was two
The jug is silent on the table with my broken dreams
The wine is gone my lady and so my love are you

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