Camille West "Tails From The Litterbox"

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In his hands sat a tiny Abyssinian as he stood at his live-in lover's door He said "I'm keeping it. Let's call it Gilligan." and he handed her the cat and he said nothing more And she thought, "Oh God, a cat. I hate cats, and this one he's calling Gilligan, how disgustingly cute

I'd like to send him nad his little buddy Gilligan on a three hour tour."

He said, "I'll take full responsibility.

I'll even feed it everyday."

"Cats" he said "are independent creatures."

But she wound up caring for the damn thing anyway.

But she will not clean the litter box
She won't go near it at all,
and she doesn't like animals that try to scratch her
eyes out,
and she doesn't deal with fur balls.
And the litter box sits,
and the litter box sits,
and the little cat...sits in the litter box

One day, the whole thing grew too much for her, it was a hot and humid August day
She approached the litter box with a great deal of trepidation
(and a can of Lysol)
Looked at it and said "no way"

But she will not clean the litter box
She won't go near it at all
and she doesn't like animals that try to scratch her
eyes out,
and she doesn't deal with those pesky fur balls
And the litter box sits,
and the litter box sits,
and the little cat...shits
(Okay, I said it, are you happy now?)

One day she came home from the office,

to find a cold and empty flat
He took the TV, the furniture, the stereo they bought
together,
the microwave and the cat
But he left her the litter box
and to this day it's still lying there
It serves as a monument to their relationship
It's an appropriate souvenir
And the litter box sits
and the litter box sits,
and the litter box sits

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