

Oingo Boingo "The Cat Is Dead"

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Deedle Dee, three tots are we.
And we're as clever as can be.
We live with Grandma Ida and our dear old Grandpa
Ned
And little Baby Mike (the brat)
And don't forget the siamese cat
And in the attic from Detroit is big, fat Uncle Fred

Oh Grandpa wishes he were rich,
and Grandma just complains (the bitch)
And Uncle Fred gets drunk while Mike just cries all
night and day
The cat thinks that he owns the place
He bites and scratches on the face
It'd be so nice if they just went away, away
Ooh daddle, daddle daddle daddle daddle daddle
day

(Chorus)

The cat is dead, the cat is dead
I went to pat him on the head
He didn't purr, he didn't meow he didn't blink or snip.
He seemed to have a funny smile that made me laugh
But all the while, the tail that used o flip and flap
Got awful cold and stiff.
We chopped him into tiny bits,
And seasoned him with apple bits
and with some dust, we made a crust and put him in a
pie.
Into the oven he did sit, until the crust was nice and
crisp
I'll love that little kitty till I die.
Dee die, dee di-de-di-de-di-de-di-de-di-de-di-de-di.

The cat is dead, the cat is dead.
And Mikey too, and Uncle Fred
Expiring oh so suddenly while sipping down some tea.
The tea was hot, the tea was hot
With stricknine and a little spice to
Cover up the funny taste of our conspiracy.
When Grandpa saw what we had done,
He went straight for his hunting gun

But we were quick we stole the clip
The rest is history
To make sure Grandma wouldn't flee
We gave her a lobotomy
And now's she's just as happy as can be
Dee dee, dee deedle deedle deedle deedle deedle
deedle dee

(Chorus)

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