

Cats On Fire

"Never Sell The House"

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Come on and meet me when I get home
Without you even asking
I'll shovel all the snow

And you'll never sell the house
We'll always have our own room
Me, my sister and the cat

The man you danced with was most certainly too old
He wouldn't tell
But I think the stale smell gave away
Come dementia you'll be kicking yourself

Come on and meet me when I get home

Greet me with the high beams
Of your very own new car

I would be lying if I said
There will always be another
But better safe than sorry again

The man you danced with was most certainly too old
He wouldn't tell
But I think the stale smell gave away
Spare my childish ears, stop kicking yourself
And let go

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