

Phideaux

"A Storm Of Cats"

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Where have you been my sweet cat Delia
Where have you been by the potting shed?
I have been sunning by the barnyard
With my eyes closed
I noticed no dead

Where have you been my fierce cat Freda
Have you been by the potting shed?
Nay, have I been gathering long grass
Chasing my tail
I discovered no dead

And where were you my sleek cat Celia
By the she'd have your little paws tread?
Rarely would I be dallying thereward
Thru puddles?
I never encountered the dead

When all my cats were gathered together
And we did go to the potting she'd
A violence so awful I care not remember
The stems and the petals
'A twisted and dead
The stems and the petals
'A twisted and dead

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