

Grumpy Cat, Hard To Be A Cat At Christmas

It's hard to be a cat... at Christmas.

It's hard to be a cat at Christmas.
When the fires dim and down
When the gifts are all wrapped
The stockings are capped
And suddenly there's no one around
And with the smell of chestnuts fading
I'll take a peek
I'll take a poke around the tree

I see the gifts for him, for her and you
But I guess that Santa forgot about me

It's hard to be a cat at Christmas
With everyone's else's gifts laid under the tree
Maybe this year leave me just a tiny tiny present
A can of food just for me

It's hard to be a cat at Christmas.
When you're constantly surrounded by food
All the roasting and the basting that the families tasting and that turkey that smells so frigging good

The feast goes on for hours and when all is devoured
I look to see if Santa Claus left me a can
I see nothing around back, only dry food in my bowl
I guess for me there is no Christmas plan

It's hard to be a cat at Christmas.
(meow meow meow)
With everyone's else's gifts laid under the tree
Maybe this year leave me just a tiny tiny present
A can of food just for me

It's hard to be a cat at Christmas.
(meow meow meow)
When the holiday light begin dimming
I think of the cold and all the shelters are full
And all the bowls that are no longer brimming

Look at my face you might think that's it grumpy
That I don't have any holiday joy
(No No No)
But I wish for
For every cat across the land, sometimes the can is more important than the toy

It's hard to be a cat at Christmas.
(meow meow meow)
Or any other holiday celebration
So let's get in the mood and feed some wet food to all the pussy cats across this great nation.

It's hard to be a cat at Christmas.
(meow meow meow)
And all the bowls that are no longer brimming
Or any other holiday celebration
So let's get in the mood and feed some wet food to all the pussy cats across this great nation.