

Squeeze, Cool For Cats

The Indians send signals from the rocks above the pass
The cowboys take position in the bushes and the grass
The squaw is with the corporal she is tied against the tree
She doesn't mind the language, it's the beating she don't need
She lets loose all the horses when the corporal is asleep
And he wakes to find the fires dead and arrows in his hat
And Davy Crockett rides around and says it's cool for cats
It's cool for cats

The Sweeny's doing ninety 'cause they've got the word to go
To get a gang of villains in a shed up at Heathrow
They're counting out the fivers when the handcuffs lock again
In and out of Wandsworth with the numbers on their names
It's funny how their Missus' always looks the bleeding same
And meanwhile at the station there's a couple of likely lads
Who swear like how's your father and they're very cool for cats
They're cool for cats

To change the mood a little I've been posing down the pub
I'm seeing my reflection, I'm looking slightly rough
I fancy this, I fancy that, I wanna be so flash
I give a little muscle and I spend a little cash
But all I get is bitter and a nasty little rash
And by the time I'm sober I've forgotten what I've had
And everybody tells me that it's cool to be a cat,
Cool for cats

Shape up at the disco when I think I've got a pull
I ask her lots of questions as she hangs on to the wall
I kiss her for the first time and then I take her home
I'm invited in for coffee and I give the dog a bone
She likes to go to discos but she's never on her own
I said I'll see you later and I give her some old chat
But it's not like that on the TV when it's cool for cats
It's cool for cats