

# The Lemonheads, Year Of The Cat

On a morning from a Bogart movie  
In a country where they turn back time  
You go strolling through the crowd like Peter Lorre  
Contemplating a crime

She comes out of the sun in a silk dress  
running like a watercolour in the rain  
Don't bother asking for explanations

She'll just tell you that she came  
In the year of the cat

She doesn't give you time for questions  
As she locks up your arm in hers  
And you follow  
'till your sense of which direction  
Completely disappears

By the blue tiled walls  
near the market stalls  
There's a hidden door she leads you to

These days, she says,  
I feel my life Just like a river running thru

The year of the cat

Well, she looks at you so coolly  
And her eyes shine like the moon in the sea  
She comes in incense and patchouli

So you take her, to find what's waiting inside  
The year of the cat

Well, morning comes and you're still with her  
And the bus and the tourists are gone  
And you've thrown away the choice  
and lost your ticket  
So you have to stay on

But the drum-beat strains of the night remain  
In the rhythm of the new-born day  
You know sometime you're bound to leave her  
But for now you're going to stay

In the year of the cat