

Hoyt Axton, Della And The Dealer

It was Della and the Dealer and a dog named Jake and a cat named Kalamazoo
Left the city in a pickup truck gonna make some dreams come true
Yeah they rolled out west where the wild sun sets and the coyote bays at the moon
Della and the Dealer and a dog named Jake and a cat named Kalamazoo

If that cat could talk what tales he'd tell
About Della and the Dealer and the dog as well
But the cat was cool and he never said a mumblin' word

Down Tucson way there's a small cafe where they play a little cowboy tune
And the guitar picker was a friend of mine by the name of Randy Boone
Yeah Randy played her a sweet love song and Della got a fire in her eyes
The Dealer had a knife and the dog had a gun and the cat had a shot of Rye

If that cat could talk...

Yeah the Dealer was a killer he was evil and mean
And he was jealous of the fire in her eyes
He snorted his coke through a century note and swore that Boone would die
And the stage was set when the lights went out there was death in Tucson town
Two shadows ran for the bar backdoor and one stayed on the ground

If that cat could talk...
If that cat could talk...

Two shadows ran from the bar that night and dog and cat ran too
And the tires got hot on the pickup truck as down the road they flew
It was Della and her lover and a dog named Jake and a cat named Kalamazoo
Left Tucson in a pickup truck gonna make some dreams come true

Yeah yeah yeah
If that cat could talk...
If that cat could talk...
If that cat could talk...