

Zita Swoon, Big Black TV Cat

Some people say you gotta hold on of what you've got
Then you warn me just what it is you have
Baby I was just waiting for my glory
How about yours?
How's it goin'?
I pray to a little lord you got
You ran into a Big Black TV Cat

Why you were lookin' for a grey nice shoes
And pay all cash to make them black
You're just lookin' trough the helice for a boy named Jack You're just lookin' trough the helice for a

And then you're lookin' for a rose in bloom
You got the strings all broken, but your shoes tied up
You're makin' love in the afternoon

Hey baby
That girl
She got me gumbling
She's gonna come out on top
She's gonna come out on top yeah
You ran into a Big Black TV Cat

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And pay all cash to make them black
You're just lookin' trough the helice for a boy named Jack You're just lookin' trough the helice for a
Hey baby
You're just lookin' trough the helice for a boy named Jack
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