

Cheryl Wheeler, Cat Accountant

My cat accountant taps his furry head
His visor's green and all my numbers are red
His little lamp is burning all the time
And what is his used to be mine
His calculating is so round about
Einstein and Hawking couldn't figure it out
Bill Gates and Midas wouldn't make a dime
With my CPA feline
If you saw him on the street you'd never guess
What those pencils in his pocket sleeve are for
He may look soft and sweet but now hear this
He's a ruthless little cat entrepreneur
Bottom line and business to the core
He zips through my room in his racing car
He dips his beetles into caviar
He has his snowboards jetted in from France
And he busts a sag in Baggy black leather pants
If you're staying in a really nice hotel
And a white cat takes the table next to you
You will find his dining charges on your bill
With his room and tax and transportation too
And there will not be a thing that you can do
He is a tiger at the driving range
He keeps a locker at the stock exchange
Even his cell phone has a diamond ring
and all day long I hear it sing
Ca-ching ca-ching
Ca-ching ca-ching
Ca-ching ca-ching ca-ching