

# Cheryl Wheeler, White Cat

I was a white cat once, but when I roll around I get all gray and brown  
And it does not make sense to waste a busy day licking the dirt away  
And I have staff for that, sent here to serve the cat  
I let my fur get gray and then I dock their pay  
It's a brand new mornin' as I stretch and arise  
Amble over to the table, little nibble on the kibble  
Shred a little sofa as I open my eyes  
Yes I got ratted, matted messed up hair  
This verbal fur ball does not care  
I want to be the lord of the fleas  
I saunter and I do what I please  
So if you need to see the key to be ungroomed  
You just stay tuned to this Maine Coon  
I was in the garden, takin' the sun  
Checkin' out the bugs, musta rolled on one  
So I got this slug stuck to my fur real good  
But I didn't really mind, just a little bit o' slime  
I'd find it later, you know, scratchin' my back  
Be glad I saved it, make a nice little snack  
I went inside, I swear the staff went insane  
Runnin' with the comb and scissors, screamin' my name  
But I can give 'em the quick slip I don't make a sound  
I get onto their outfits and roll all around  
My fur looks bad to me all gray and askew  
I think my staff should be displayin' it too  
And they got this two bit sand pit they want me to use  
Sometimes I don't mind, sometimes I refuse  
Hey I am me, I'm free, independence rocks  
This ain't no new craze to find ways to think outside the box  
I'm really messy hey hey I like to be  
And they're so testy all day at the sight o' me  
Just as all work and no play wasn't meant to be  
They sacrifice to feng-shui their joi de vive  
I was a white cat, I was a white cat  
I was a white cat once