

Heather Alexander, Cat & The Fiddle

Monday mornin' standin' on the corner,
pardon me if we're getting in your way
We'll tip our hats, be you native here or foreigner,
drop a coin if you're likin' what we play

Singin' hey diddle dee
answer me this riddle,
Hey diddle do
tell me what you will,
Dance all day with the Cat and the Fiddle,
come and lay with the heather on the hill

Ward the cold from your fingers as you're clappin' hands,
keep the rhythm with the tappin' of your feet
Fiddle music mingling with the rappin' bands,
blind men dance as they're walking down the street

We'll sing our songs of places that are far away,
kings and castles, heroes brave and bold
Never travel farther than a bar away,
whiskey keeps our spirits from the cold

Tomorrow we'll be just where we were yesterday,
now we find that the night is getting long
We'll disappear into the dusty alleyway,
all you hear is the echo of our song