

Ian Anderson, Old Black Cat

My old black cat passed away this morning
He never knew what a hard day was.
Woke up late and danced on tin roofs.
If questioned "Why?" answered, "Just because."

He never spoke much, preferring silence:
eight lost lives was all he had.
Occasionally sneaked some Sunday dinner.
He wasn't good and he wasn't bad.

My old black cat wasn't much of a looker.
You could pass him by just a quiet shadow.
Got pushed around by all the other little guys.
Didn't seem to mind much just the way life goes.

Padded about in furry slippers.
Didn't make any special friends.
He played it cool with wide-eyed innocence,
Receiving gladly what the good Lord sends.

Forgot to give his Christmas present.
Black cat collar, nice and new.
Thought he'd make it through to New Year.
I guess this song will have to do.

My old black cat.
Old black cat