

King Crimson, Cat Food

Lady Supermarket with an apple in her basket
Knocks in the manager's door;
Grooning to the muzak from a speaker in shoe rack
Lays out her goods on the floor;
Everything she's chosen is conveniently frozen.
"Eat it and come back for more!";

Lady Window Shopper with a new one in the hopper
Whips up a chemical brew;
Croaking to a neighbour while she polishes a sabre
Knows how to flavour a stew.
Never need to worry with a tin of 'Hurri Curri':
"Poisoned especially for you!";

No use to complain
If you're caught out in the rain;
Your mother's quite insane.
Cat food cat food cat food again.

Lady Yellow Stamper with a fillet in a hamper
Dying to finish the course;
Goodies for the table with a fable on the label
Drowning in miracle sauce.
Don't think I am that rude if I tell you that it's cat food,
"Not even fit for a horse!";