

# Oingo Boingo, The Cat Is Dead

Oh, deedle-dee three tots are we  
And we're as clever as can be  
We live with Grandma Ida  
And our dear, old Grandpa Ned  
And little, Baby Mike (the brat)

And don't forget the Siamese cat  
And in the attic from Detroit is great, fat Uncle Fred  
Oh Grandpa wishes he were rich  
And Grandma just complains (the bitch)

And Uncle Fred sits drunk in bed  
Mike cries all night and day  
The cat thinks that he owns the place  
He bites and scratches on the face

It'd be so nice if they all went away  
Away! Away-dee-dae-dee-dae-dee-dae-dee-dae-dee-dae-dee-dae

The cat is dead! The cat is dead!  
I went to pat him on the head  
He didn't purr, he didn't meow  
He didn't blink or sniff

He seemed to have a funny smile  
That made me laugh but all the while  
The tail that used to flip and flop got awful cold and stiff

We chopped him into little bits  
And seasoned him with apple bits  
And with some dust,  
We made a crust  
And put him in a pie

Into the oven he did slip  
Until the crust was nice and crisp  
I'll love the little kittie til I die  
I die! I die-dee-die-dee-die-dee-die-dee-die-dee-die

The cat is dead! The cat is dead!  
And Mikey too and Uncle Fred,  
Expiring all so suddenly  
While sipping down some tea

The tea was hot  
The tea was nice  
Some stricnine and a little spice  
To cover up the funny taste of our conspiracy

When Grandpa saw what we had done  
He went straight for his hunting gun  
But we were quick, we stole the clip  
The rest is history

To make sure Grandma wouldn't flee  
We gave her a labotomy  
And now she's just as happy as can be  
Can be! Can be-dee-dle-dee-dle-dee-dle-dee-dle-dee-dle-dee-dle-dee

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