

Steve Forbert, Big City Cat

Buildings an' people down under the skies,
I walk down the street lookin' out through my eyes,
I'm getting so skinny it hurts to sit down,
I'm deep in the well, I'm in the rat trap town.

Where it's dirty for dirty, it's an eye for an eye,
it's a tooth for a tooth an' a sigh for a sigh
an' ev'rything's edgy like musical chairs
an' ev'ryone's lookin', but who really cares?

Well, I'm tryna get up, tryna laugh in my head,
I'm walkin' on eggs and I'm climbin' on thread.
There's motors an' traffic an' racket an' horns;
my weary ol' stairway is wobbly an' worn.

There a hiss'n' of heaters an' bangin' ol' pipes,
screaming of women an' laughin' all night,
there's babies a-cryin' an' somebody's dog,
he's barkin' so loudly, there's a man in the hall...

Hell, it's some kinda lunatic followin' me.
He's down by the john so I can't take a pee.
I'm 's'posed t' be happy, I'm here where it's at,
I'm a face in the crowd, I'm a big city cat.