

# Yoko Ono, Catman (The Rosies Are Coming)

Catman, you're looking cool today,  
We say, catman, umm, catman, umm.  
My name is rosy and my hangs on you,  
Catman, umm, catman.  
So keep your high-heel boots and your knee-high mind,  
Come up to my pad and see my work,  
Go for a meal and hear my joke,  
Or get in a bag and take a poke,  
But don't be too clever or we'll kick your fillies in.

Look out, look out,  
The rosies are coming to town.  
Look out, catman, look out, catman,  
The rosies are flashing along.

Catman, we feel a fool today,  
I say, catman, umm, catman, umm.  
My name is rosy and my wangs on you,  
Catman, umm, catman.  
So leave your well polished tail and your uptight suit,  
Show us some funnies that are better than daddies,  
Or bake us some cakes that are better than mommies,  
Or give us your witties that are trapped in your willies,  
But don't be too clever or we'll scratch your goodies out.

Watch out, watch out,  
The rosies are riding the town.  
Watch out, catman, watch out, catman,  
The rosies are slashing about.

Catman, shining your tools today,  
They say, catman, umm, catman, umm.  
My name is rosy and my fangs on you,  
Catman, umm, catman.  
So save your thigh high thoughts and your banana skin,  
We'll burn your pansies and give you a bug,  
We'll squeeze your lemon and give you a mug,  
We'll cut your daisies and give you a slug,  
And don't be too clever or we'll blow your sillies off.

Keep out, keep out,  
The rosies are passing the town.  
Keep out, catman, keep out, catman,  
The rosies are bashing around.

Coochy coochy coo, bunny bunny boo, patti patti poo,  
Catman! catman! where are you?

Don't be a prune, catman, give us all you've got.  
Your blueberry eyes and your evergreen lies.  
'cause after all, by this fall you might grow too old,  
And you can't ask your mommy to use an old fruity in her pie.

Patter cake, patter cake, baker's man,  
Bake me a cake as slow as you can.  
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with 'o'  
And put it in the oven for me and my mo.

Batter cake, batter cake, baker's girl,  
Fake me a cake as fast as you curl.  
Bat it, and whip it, and mark it with blood  
And throw it in the oven with trickles and mud.

Wetter cake, wetter cake, baker's boy,

Make me a cake that's sweet as your toy.  
Wet it, and slick it, and mark it with 'p'  
And leave it in the oven for lizzie and me.

Catman! catman!  
Hey, dumbballs, get me a pair of rubber dolls, will you!  
Catman!  
Catman!  
Catman!

Man -  
Catman!  
Catman!  
Catman!  
Catman!  
Catman!  
Catman!  
Catman!  
Catman!