**The Cat Got Dead**

***Heywood Banks***

**Oh, the cat got dead; we put him in a box
And we dug a little hole and we covered him with rocks
And we picked a couple dandelions, said a little prayer
And we all went off to bed ‘cause we mostly didn’t care.

But in the middle of the night, a dog started sniffin’
Was a Labrador retriever that belonged to Mrs. Griffin
And even though the cat was smelly and stiff
He thought it’d be a nice addition to Mrs. Griffin’s kitchen

Well throughout the house she has cat curiosities
With kitties on her couch and there lots of meowing things
People gave her kitty gifts, but all the dog could afford is
A cat he dug up because he had a case of boredom

When the woman saw the cat, there began the pandemonium
The dog dropped the cat and it clunked to the Congoleum
It snapped back to life right there on the linoleum
Shook its shaggy head out of its catatonium!

From the floor to the counter and all around the kitchen
The cat was chased by the dog, and the dog by Mrs. Griffin
Past the living room couch with a kitty motif
Through the front door screen out into the street…

Well old John Duke drives a delivery route
And just happened to be passing with a van full of fruit
He missed the woman and the dog but his face went pale
‘Cause in a splat the cat was corned beef hash with a tail!

Yuck!

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