Cool For Cats
Words & Music by Chris Difford & Glenn Tilbrook
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Solid Beat

G
Em
C
Am

1. The

Indians send signals from the
rocks above the pass. The
cowboys take position in the
bushes and the grass. The
squaw is with the Corp'ral, she
herself against the tree. She
hangs on to the wall. I
kiss her for the first time and
then I take her home. I'm

Eb
C

Eb
C

Eb
C

Eb
C

does't mind the language, it's the
beat ing she don't need. She
lets loose all the horses when the
invited in for cof-fee and I
gives the dog a bone. She
likes to go to dis-cos but she's

G
Em
C
Am

G
Em
C
Am

G
Em
C
Am

Corp'r al is a-sleep, And he wakes to find the fi-re's dead and ar-rows in his hats And nev-er on her own. I said I'll see you la-ter and I give her some old chat But

Da- vy Crockett rides a-round and it's not like that on the T. V. says it's cool for cats, it's cool for cats. When it's cool for cats, it's cool for cats.

2. The Swee-ney's do-ing nine-ty 'cos they've got the word to go. They change the mood a lit-tle I've been buzz-ing down the pub. I'm

get a gang of vil-lains in a shed up at Heathrow. They're count-ing out the fi-vers when the see-ing my re-flec-tion, I'm look-ing slightly rough. I fan-cy this, I fan-cy that, I
hand-cuffs lock a-gain. In and out of Wandsworth with the numbers on their names. It's wanna be so flash. I give a lit- tle muscle and I spend a lit-tle cash, But

fun-ny how their missus' al-ways looks the bleeding same And meanwhile at the sta-tion there's a all I get is bit-ter and a nas-ty lit-tle rash And by the time I'm so-ber I've for-

cou-ple of like-ly lads Who swear like how's your fa-ther and they're ve-ry cool for cats, they're cool for got-ten what I've had And ev-'ry-bo-dy tells me that it's cool to be a cat,— cool for

D.S. and Fade
(Cool cats. cats.)
3. So