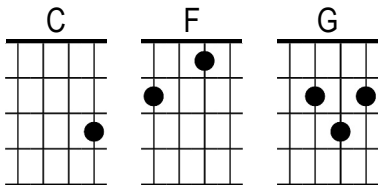


# The Cat Got Dead

Haywood Banks



## Intro



Oh, the **C** cat got dead, we | put him in a box  
And we **G** dug a little hole | covered him with rocks  
And we **C** picked a couple dandelions | said a little prayer  
And we **G** all went off to bed 'cause we **1/2 G** mostly didn't **C** care | | | |

But in the **F** middle of the night, a | dog started sniffin'  
Was the **C** Labrador retriever that be | longed to Mrs. Griffin  
And **F** even though the cat was | smelly and stiff  
He thought it'd **G** be a nice addition, to | Mrs. Griffin's kitchen | **G↓**

Well **C** throughout the house she has | cat curiosities  
With **G** kitties on her couch and her | coat and her colostomy  
**C** People gave her kitty gifts but | all the dog could afford is  
A **G** cat he dug up, with a **1/2 G** case of rigor **C** mortis | |

When the **F** woman saw the cat, there be | gan the pandemonium  
The **C** dog dropped the cat, and it | clunked like Congoleum  
It **F** snapped back to life right | there on the linoleum  
**G** Shook its shaggy head, out | of its catatonium | **G↓**

From the **C** floor to the counter and | all around the kitchen  
The cat was **G** chased by the dog, and the | dog by Mrs. Griffin  
Past the **C** living room couch with a | kitty motif  
Through the **G** front door screen out **1/2G** into the **C** street | |

Now **F** old John Duke drives a de|livery route  
And he **C** happened to be passing with a | van full of fruit  
He missed the **F** woman and the dog, but his | face went pale  
'Cause in a **G** splat the cat was corned beef | hash with a tail | **G**↓

**nc** Yuck!

Oh, the **C** cat got dead, we | put him in a box  
And we **G** dug a little hole and we | covered him with rocks  
And we **C** picked a couple dandelions | said a little prayer  
And we **G** all went off to bed 'cause we **F** mostly didn't **C** care **C**↓ **F**↓ **C**↓