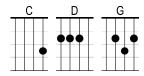
Bill The Cat

John Williamson

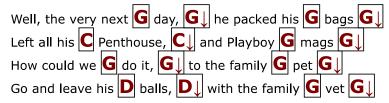




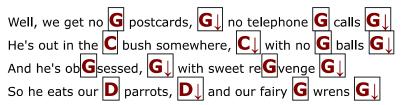












Yes, he's morti C fied, $\mathbb{C}\downarrow$ and we all re \mathbb{G} gret $\mathbb{G}\downarrow$
That we left his \square balls, $\square \downarrow$ with the family \square vet \square
Yes, he's morti C fied, $\mathbb{C}\downarrow$ and we all re G gret $\mathbb{G}\downarrow$
That we left his $lacktriangle$ balls, $lacktriangle$ with the family $lacktriangle$ vet $lacktriangle$
Now he's highly \square sought, \square by the feral \square choir \square
For his new found \square talent, $\square \downarrow$ to sing much \square higher \square
Has no more \mathbb{C} time, $\mathbb{C}\downarrow$ for female \mathbb{G} friends $\mathbb{G}\downarrow$
Just for \square parrots, $\square\downarrow$ and fairy \square wrens \square
No sense of humour, G G ex-family pet G G It still hurts, C C he can't forget G G He's still G angry, G he's still up G set G That we left his D balls, D with the family G vet G
That we lete in a paint of the remaining of the paint of th
Yes, he's mortified, and we all reggret
That we left his D balls, with the family G vet
Yes, he's morticfied, and we all reggret
That we left his $lacktriangle$ balls, $lacktriangle$ with the family $lacktriangle$ vet $lacktriangle$

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