

Cat Dinner

Mama, don' do it please,
Don' cook dat cat fe dinner
We know that cat from when she have hair
She is de only one who does not stare
Oh don' you do it I swear
Please don' cook her fe dinner

Mama, don' do it please
Don' cook dat cat fe dinner
She has the prettiest nose
And she kills all de little foes
When I stroke her she take away me woes
Please don' cook her fe dinner

Mama, don' do it please
Don' cook dat cat fe dinner
Don' give Rebecca de chop
Ah tell yuh what, we could swop
We will get yuh one from de shop
If yuh promise not to cook her fe dinner

Mama, me really glad, yuh know,
Yuh never cook Becky fe dinner
She was to furry
And she make de plea
She never get angry
Yuh don' suppose is somebody else pet
We eating now fe dinner?

