Nobody's Moggy's Land (No Moggy's Land)

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(Bob Kanefsky)

Well, how d'ya do, old Moggy the Cat?
I just noticed you landed where I almost sat.
D'ya mind if I push you a bit to the side?
I've been driving all day on the road where you died.
You've been squashed like some butterfly pressed between glass
Were you hit by a truck that was moving too fast?
Did he slam on the brake as he saw you go past?
Or, Moggy the Cat, did he step on the gas?

CHORUS Did he honk the horn loudly?

Did you stand your ground proudly?

Did a shadow fall o'er ya as the truck mowed you down?

Did your eyes glow in that fleeting darkness?

Did the birds come and pick at your carcass?

The ground squirrels and mice all seem happy today,
The butterflies frolic; the hummingbirds play.
A mockingbird sits there composing a dirge
Till he finally yields to his scavenger urge.
The robins and sparrows all join in the feast
In their joyous relief that the terror has ceased.
And the birds dance around you, not sad in the least,
Like the Munchkins danced over the Witch of the East.

Old Moggy the Cat, I still wonder why
You road-kill look so damned surprised when you die.
Did you think that some animal spirit survives?
Did you really believe that a cat has nine lives?
Well, if that is true, this is life Number Ten
Getting ever more flat, spinning round now and then,
As the cars run you over again and again
And again and again and again and again!

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Tune "No Man's Land," by Eric Bogle

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