

## **Bill the cat (John Williamson)**

**G - D - G**

1. We had a cat, his name was Bill, he caught our budgie on the window sill,  
one holy day, one Sunday morn, left only feathers on our back lawn.

2. Oh no, Bill, you can't do that, you silly pussy, you stupid cat.  
So we took him down, our family pet,  
and we left his balls with the family vet. Meeow, meow

3. Well, the very next day he packed his bags, left all his Penthouse and Playboy mags.  
How could we do it, to the family pet, go and leave his balls with the family vet.

4. Well, we get no postcards, no telephone calls,  
he's out in the bush somewhere, with no balls.  
And he's obsessed with sweet revenge,  
so he eats our parrots and our fairy wrens.

**Chorus** Yes, he's mortified and we all regret,  
that we left his balls with the family vet.  
Yes, he's mortified and we all regret,  
that we left his balls with the family vet.

4. Now he's highly sought by the feral choir,  
for his new found talent to sing much higher,  
has no more time for female friends,  
just for parrots and fairy wrens.

5. No sense of humour, ex-family pet, (spoken)  
it still hurts, he can't forget.  
He's still angry, he's still upset,  
that we left his balls with the family vet. **+ Chorus x 2**