Barn Cats
By
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Why do you think they act like that? 
Who? Oh—I mean those old barn cats. 
They can sleep like in a trance 
Then jump right up and do a dance! 
What makes them act like that? 
Those old black and yellow barn cats. 
When you’re milk’in they’re in the way 
And if you feed them they’ll always stay. 
I wonder where they all come from? 
Seems that every barn has some. 
They’re sure not cats that you can hug. 
They’ll play for hours with just one bug. 
If you pick them up they’ll scratch your skin 
Just try to herd them; you just can’t win! 
You know those old, smiley barn cats… 
What makes them act like that? 
In the night their eyes shine bright 
Those cat eyes can cause a fright! 
Sometimes they scream like they’re dy’in, 
Then others meow like a baby cry’in. 
What do you think makes them act like that? 
Those crazy, lazy, sneak’in barn cats.
If I could become a creature on the farm
I’d like to be one that does no harm.
I’d romp and play and run ‘til dawn
Then at sunup I’d stretch out long.
I’d rest and sleep in the bright sunlight,
Raise my tail or curl up tight.
You known those cats—they sleep ‘til noon.
Then look for food by the light of moon.
Why do you think they act like that?
Those mysterious, beautiful, old barn cats!