

Cats on the Rooftops



Chorus:

Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles
Cats with the clap and the crabs and the piles
Cats with their assholes wreathed in smiles
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The crocodile is a funny animal
He rapes his mate only once in a while
But when he comes he floods the Nile
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The camel has a lot of fun
His night's complete when he is done
For he always has two humps for one
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The baboon's rear is an eerie sight
His asshole gleams like a neon light
And when he comes, he lights the night
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The monkey, good as monkeys go,
Erect he stands a foot or so
So when he comes, it's time to go
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

Now the donkey is a lonely mope
He very rarely has a poke
But when he does he lets it soak
And he revels in the joys of fornication

Now the elephant is big and round
A small one weighs a thousand pounds
Two together shake the ground
As they revel in the joys of fornication

Now the vampire bat is out of luck
He very rarely has a fuck
But you should see that little bugger suck
As he revels in the joys of fornication

Now the poor old tortoise in his shell
He can't do it very well
But when he does, fucking hell
As he revels in the joys of fornication

Now the poor old spinster is feeling kind of blue
She can't screw like the other people do
She buys three bananas and eats the other two
As she revels in the joys of fornication

The Regimental Sergeant Major leads a miserable life,
He can't afford a mistress and he doesn't have a wife,
So he puts it up the bottom of the Regimental Fife,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

Now the twenty-seven verses, all in rhyme
To sing every one of them would be a crime
When we could better spend our time
Reveling in the joys of fornication.

This is a collection of verses from various sources. There is no particular order to these and depending on the rate of alcoholic consumption by the singer(s), the verses can be sung in any order or, more probably, some will be omitted.

The tune is "Do Ye Ken John Peel?" found in **Cumbrian Songs and Ballads** by Keith Gregson. As with most of the songs in this section, I learned from Oscar Brand.