

Kitts ... Who'd Have 'em

Words and Music © P.J. Burrell 2010

Solo

Who'd be the mother of four little kitts
Wriggling around on the floor?
Pulling the wool right over my eyes
Skidding out of the door.
Where is the father of these little kitts?
There must be no more!
Maybe I'm getting far too strict ...
Or maybe I'm just too old!
I ... ask ... you ...

Chorus (All)

**Kittens, who'd have 'em? Bite 'em and drag 'em
Back to the basket where they belong
I'd like a rest now, I don't want to play out
Just for a day now ... please settle down
Maybe I need a nice vacation
Somewhere far from this mad location
Maybe I need some quiet and peace
Where they'll stop troubling me
They'll stop bothering me
They'll stop pestering me**

Solo

Cats are meant to hunt in the night
Then to rest in the day
Just as I am closing my eyes
Something nibbles my tail
When I go to sleep on the shelf
All I hear is a wail
Maybe I'm getting far too strict
Or maybe I'm just too old **I ... ask ... you ... (Chorus – All)**

(Solo) Where have those kitts gone? ... I have not seen them for a while ... Perhaps they're hiding somewhere? ... Are they under the dresser? ... Or maybe on the chair? ... I hate it when they pounce ... and take me by surprise ... It all seems very quiet ...

(ALL - Loud)

MIAOW!

Chorus – All (starts slow and gets quicker – ends with a sigh!)

**Kittens, who'd have 'em? Bite 'em and drag 'em
Back to the basket where they belong ... (etc)**