



Sam the Skull (The Glasgow Cat) - Alastair McDonald https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZpfLJ7_wXBM

C C

[C] I'm a cat, I'm a cat, I'm a Glasgow cat and my name is Sam The [G7] Skull. //
I've got claws in my paws like a crocodile's jaws and a heid like a fairmer's [C] bull. //
I'm no' the kind of cat that sits on the mat nor the kind that you gie a [F] hug //
but [G7] I'm the kind of cat can swallie a rat or even the occasional [C] dug. //

[C] Noo I used to roam about in Shettleston where they all knew me by [G7] sight //
"Here's the skull" "here's the skull" you could hear them yell
as they vanished intae the [C] night //
Noo the polis stations all around have bars on the windie [F] sills //
but they're [G7] no to keep the prisoners in, they're to keep oot Sam The [C] Skull //

[C] Noo one fine day no' so long ago they all had had their [G7] fill //
and they sent for the R.S.P.C.A. to try and catch the [C] Skull //
There was naebody could get oot when I was aboot, chasin all the weans up the [F] close //
[G7] Wettlin on the shoes, yodelin' the blues and nonchalantly pickin' my [C] nose //

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[C] Aboot half past two the boys in blue arrived in their Escort [G7] van //
Right roon the back one had a sack the other had a mallet in his [C] hand //
I watched them creep tae the back of the close, Then I casually strolled tae the [F] van //
I [G7] jumped through the door, stuck my foot tae the floor, everything had gone tae [C] plan //

You can hear them say doon Shettleston way, "What became of Sam the [G7] Skull? //
He had claws in his paws like a crocodile's jaws, and a heid like a fairmer's [C] bull. //
just you tell them for me that I'm still running free and never a day is [F] dull //
It [G7] may sound absurd but I'm livin' wi' a bird in a single end in Mary[C]hill //

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