

Easy Meat

Easy meat, *ea-sy* meat. You cool dude, just you just watch this. I'll show you what easy meat is. Okay, sun's shining down, old man Sun. I'm so *musical* on my paws, you sure you know? No one hear me coming. Suits me fine, suits me very very fine. Just follow me follow down the path, under the bushes and into the shade, strolling nice...and...easy. Birds in the bush? - not for *me*, because I know - **I know** - birds'll fly off when I'm ready to spring. Birds is simple dudes, no getting away from that. So no use in getting wound up and coiled up and jumpy-up. Feathered friends always does it faster. No - it's nice...and...easy, easy meat for me.

Eh bien, camarade, get you head round this: I'm black on top and white underneath, black up white down, okay? And Mister Sun he's in the sky. Got me yet? No? Not on my wave? Just wait then. Over this fence, oh-so-easy, I'm a cool cat when it all comes down, so cool. You want *ea-sy* meat? - you just watch Fritz the Cool Cool Cat.

Here's a fence, my deep dark one, follow me, follow me *hup ...* on the fence-post on all four paws: ooh! did you ever see anything so *neat*, so danger-us? Glide down here, tail just poised **so**, light and easy. Birds watching me - do I care, not I, comrade, because I'm cool all over, all *over* coool.

Low low roof, now we're getting close. Midday sun shining - just too *ea-sy*, brother, easy meat coming our way. Watch Fritz, Fritz he sinks down ... so ... *slow*, Fritz he lies ON his back. Now watch this careful-ly, amigo: Fritz he black fur to the roof, warm all over, Fritz he white fur to the sky.

And all those birds up there, flying along, cheeping, looking down - **wow!** they say, **help me I'm blinded**, that fur's so **white**, so bright, so light! Help, man, I'm *blinded*, can't see where I'm going. And crash crashity crash down tumble they come to Fritz on the slow low roof - *ea-sy* meat.

Just wait, compadre, just wait...

Old Man Sun still shining, minutes ticking by? Hey, lie back, my good friend, there be no rush. With Fritz you just take it nice and slow. Clean yourself, do whatever you want. But re-*lax*. Easy meat coming your way, courtesy of Fritz, he the Cat. You'll see, mon cher, you'll see.

Oh wow kapow, five o'clock, what's that you say? Sun's going down? Okay, sun-bathing's all over now, buddy. No worries, at all, just you follow me. Step - *down* the roof. Jump - *to* the fence. Watch me stroll this stroll. *Under* the bush, *up* the path, Fritz the Cat coming for you. *Ea-sy* meat. And *sit* here by the door. Wait for them now, for when the door opens - **man!** - easy meat. See? They just put it in the bowl in the bowl, you just crouch you down, you just eat it up, all up. Easy meat, *ea-sy* meat.

