Sam the Skull by Alastair McDonald

**CHORUS**

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

**VERSE 1**  
Noo I used to roam about in Shettleton  
where they all knew me by sight  
"Here's the skull" "here's the skull"  
you could here them yell  
as they vanished intae the night  
Noo the polis stations all aroond  
have bars on the windie sills  
but they're no to keep the prisoners in  
they're to keep oot Sam The Skull

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**VERSE 2**  
Noo one fine day no' so long ago  
they all had had their fill  
and they sent for the R.S.P.C.A.  
to try and catch the Skull  
There was naebody could get oot when I was aboot chasin all the weans up the close  
Wettlin on the shoes  
yodelin' the blues  
and nonchalantly pickin' my nose

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**PAUSE**

**VERSE 3**

Aboot half past two  
the boys in blue  
arrived in their Escort van  
Away roon the back  
one had a sack  
the other had a mallet in his hand  
I watched them creep tae the back of the close,  
Then I casually strolled tae the van  
I jumped through the door  
stuck my foot tae the floor  
everything had gone tae plan  
You can hear them say doon Shettleston way, "What became of Sam the Skull?  
He had claws in his paws like a crocodile's jaws, and a heid like a framer's bull."  
just you tell them for me that I'm still running free and never a day is dull  
It may sound absurd  
but I'm livin' wi' a bird in a single end in Maryhill

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