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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