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The Alibi

by Catriona Millar

My engine is infectious man
You catch it like the flu
And when that old different engine roars
It gives love to me and you

So friend I want you, if you can
To supply me an untruth
I did a bad thing yesterday
When I got drunk and then uncouth

I won't go into details here about my misdemeanour
Cos if I get an alibi
My sentence might be leaner
On Tuesday night, if you don't mind

When I did my heinous act
You tell the cops at eight o'clock
I was already in your flat

You tell them this as well my friend
To make our story fit
That because you thought your flat was small
I swung your cat a bit

You've often told me this before
That you couldn't swing a cat
So say we'd settled it by spinning him
All around your bijoux flat

So scratch the walls where he was spun
To make it realistic
If I end up in the clanger
that would really take the biscuit

Course duff your cat up just in case
Before the cops enquire
Then say its tail is really sore
they won't suspect that you're a liar

And it makes me feel less worried man
If you shave your ginger Tom
In places here and there in case
Our alibi goes wrong

And bend his ear a bit like so
And bend his other ear as well
And make him look traumatic
Like he's gone through bloody hell

I owe you one for this my friend
I'm sure you'll pull it off
I mean his whiskers on the left side
To make the cat look like he's soft.

So fare ye well my buddy
I'd better sign off now and go
Let's pray to god your pussy
Doesn't give away the show.