Black Cats Matter

Words and Music: Gary McGath, Copyright 2020

Song #1 for FAWM 2020

They've been hated and made to die, "Witches' beasts," says the ancient lie. It's bad luck when they cross your path, So they're objects of fear and wrath.

But black cats matter, and in the end All they want is a home and friend. Their fur is dark, but their hearts are bright When they've got a safe place at night.

They don't photograph very well, They get overlooked, they don't sell. Folks want tortie or calico, So where's a simple black cat to go?

But black cats matter, And you can tell Everyone they've a magic spell. For just a bowl and a place to stay They will be with you every day.

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