

Cmaj7 D Em (3 X)
Am7 D7

Cmaj7 Bm Em
On a morning from a Bogart movie
in a country where they turned back time
you go strolling through the crowd like
Em Am7 D7
Peter Lorre contemplating a crime.

Cmaj7 Bm Em
She comes out of the sun in a silk dress
B C
running like a water color in the rain.
B Em
Don't bother asking for explanations.
Am7 D
She'll just tell you that she came

in the Year of the Cat.

Cmaj7 D Em (3 X)
Am7 D7

Cmaj7 Bm Em
She doesn't give you time for questions
as she locks up your arm in hers.
And you follow 'til your sense of
Em Am7 D7
which direction completely disappears.

Cmaj7 Bm Em
By the blue-tiled walls near the market
stalls
B C
there's a hidden door she leads you to.
B Em
"These days," she says, "I feel my life just
Am7 D
like a river running through

the Year of the Cat."

Cmaj7 D Em (3 X)
Am7 D

B C
Well she looks at you so coolly
G Dm
and her eyes shine like the moon
C
in the sea.
B C
She comes in incense and patchouli
G F
so you take her to find what's
C/E D
waiting inside

the Year of the Cat.

Cmaj7 D Em (3 X)
Am7 D7

Cmaj7 Bm Em
Well morning comes and you're still with her
and the bus and the tourists are gone.
And you've thrown away your choice and
Em Am7 D7
lost your ticket so you have to stay on.

Cmaj7 Bm Em
But the drumbeat strains of the night
B C
remain in the rhythm of the newborn day.
B Em
You know sometime you're bound to leave her
Am7 D
but for now you're gonna stay

in the Year of the Cat.