

There are no cats in america

Won't it be nice when we get to America?
In america there are not cats!
But back home in mother Russia...
Aaah...

Our Family was travelling through the snow to Minsk
Suddenly Papa saw those huge paw prints
When I heard him screaming I fainted dead away
And I woke up an orphan
Oy vay. But... but?

But there are no cats in America
And the streets are paved with cheese
Oh there are no cats in America
So set your mind at ease

you think a-things were a-bad in a-Russia
you should a-see things in a-my country!

Times were hard in Sicily we had a-no provolone
The Don he was a tabby with a taste for my brother Tony
When Mama went to plead a-for him the Don said he would see her
We found her rosary on the ground
poor Mama mia. But...

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Sure, that's sad, but sadder still...

When I was but a lad I lost my true love fair
A calico, he caught us by surprise
In a flash of teeth and fur her tail was all he left of her
'Neath a heather is where Tura Lura lies. But...

But there are no cats in America
And the streets are paved with cheese
(There are no cats in America)
Oh there are no cats in America
(And the streets are paved with cheese)
So set your mind at ease
(Oh there are no cats in America)

But there are no cats in America
(So set your mind at ease)
And the streets are paved with cheese
(But there are no cats in America)

That's why we sail these seas!