

YEAR OF THE CAT

WORDS & MUSIC BY AL STEWART & PETER WOOD

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Moderately

Tacet

On a

mf

Cmaj7

Bm

Em

Cmaj7

Bm

Em

morn-ing from a Bo-gart mov - ie,
does-n't give you time for ques - tions
morn-ing comes and you're still with — her

in a coun-try where they turned back time,
as she locks up your — arm in hers. —
and the bus and the — tour - ists are

Cmaj7

Bm

Em

— you go stroll-ing through the crowd like
— And you fol-low till your sense of
gone. And you've thrown a - way your choice and

Pe - ter Lor - re con - tem -
which di - rec - tion — com -
lost your tick - et so you

Am7



D



Cmaj7



Bm



Em



plat - ing a crime. —
 plete-ly dis - ap - pears.
 have to stay on. —

She comes out of the sun — in a silk —
 By the blue - tiled — walls — near the mar -
 But the drum-beat — strains of the night —

B



C



— dress, run - ning like a wa - ter - col - or in the rain.
 ket stalls, — there's a hid - den door she leads you to.
 — re - main — in the — rhy - thm of the new-born day.

B



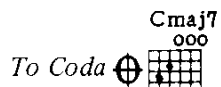
Em



Am7

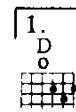


Don't both-er ask - ing for ex - plan - a - tions. She'll just tell you that she came
 "These days," she says, — "I feel my life just like a riv - er run - ning through
 You know some-time — you're bound to leave her, but for now you're gon-na stay

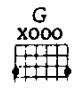
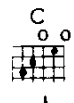
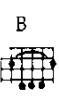
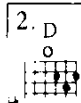


To Coda

in the year of the cat.
the year of the cat."
in the year of the cat..



She



Well, she looks at you— so cool - ly and her eyes shine like the



moon in the sea. She comes in in - cense and patch - ou - li. So you






take her to find what's wait - ing in - side the year of the










cat.







D. S. al Coda ⊕

Well,

Coda ⊕
 








Repeat and fade