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This Is My Patch

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CHIPS

When I'm out on the prowl
The other cats all fly;
They wouldn't stop and sniff me:
They wouldn't dare to try.
No, no cat muscles in on me
'cos I'm the boss round here,
and I can scratch – this is my patch.

"Though I look sort of scruffy
up top I'm sort of smart.
The struggle for survival
Is really quite an art.
So don't come interfering
When I'm scavenging for scraps
Don't try to snap – this is my patch.

Some cats lead a life of luxury,
Cuddly and clean and pretty;
But an alley cat can't be a pally cat
When he's starving in the streets of the city.

Some nasty kids once caught me
And flung me down a hole.
I've had to learn the hard way,
So I don't trust a soul.
Right now I'm on the lookout for a juicy bite to eat
A tasty catch may meet its match
On this my patch.