No Cats in America

Papa Mousekewitz:
Our family was traveling
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 vey
But...

All the mice on the ship:
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

Italian Mouse:
Ma la cosa terrible
Que esiste in la patria mia
If you think things were bad in Russia
You should see things in my country!

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

All:
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

Dylan O'Brien:
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 the heather
Is where my turra-lurra lies
But...

All:
But there are no cats in America
(There are no cats in America)
And the streets are paved with cheese
Oh there are no cats in America
(And the streets are paved with cheese)
There are no cats in America
There are no cats in America
There are no cats in America
That is why, we sail, these seas!!