

Run-On Sunshine's contributions to *Dogs and Cats! Living Together!* were recorded on various days/nights in November 2015 through January 2016, at Meowinrovia in Phoenix, AZ, except for two songs as noted below.

Thank you Logan Greene for introducing me and Paper Ceilings and for giving us the idea to do this split! Thank you everyone else, too!

All sounds by me, Mullarkey, except where noted below. Meow or even bark at me: run.on.sunshine@gmail.com

1. You Probably Think This Song's About Your Cat

I have this reputation for writing songs about cats! In fact, only about 20 percent of the songs I write are about cats. Often people tell me about their cats in the hopes of finding their felines celebrated in my lyrics.

A cat lover's dream is The Busta in Cedar! Humeya's big and orange, no fool is Mr. T. Bootsy's just a kitty. They're all free to roam among apartments, friends to all who tour.

In Ames go to sleep with new pal Patsy. Wake to different cat, now black and white Mo. It's like they were working in shifts.

Go to Funny World for shows may not know: Three cats live here. Daphne's shy except to one. June's a gray tabby, will meow till you pet now; keeps insisting til both hands on the job. Fella's a Maine coon so massive and feisty; likes to play fetch and bubbles he's popping.

Girl Harbor, the name fits, he's Fats.

Every cat wants to be part of a song! Every cat parent wants a kitty cat star! Only so much time but there's so many cats! Only so much verse then a song is too long. So I wrote this one to clear out the backlog.

Noodle always greeted me at The Trunk Space. Forever remember but new one's in his place. Ned's a pale orange, mostly at big shows. Even at Bikini, nowhere he won't go.

Have to shout out to Quentin and Toonces. Wink's a fine climber. Menace likes to blog.

Never got name of Solar Culture tortie. Beware in mask room if you pet she will bite.

Lucy, Emma, Frida were a family. Precious came along and sisters were complete.

That Inky in Phili head butts.

Everyone thinks all I write is kitty songs! "Eastern Washington," well how about that one? Maybe a cat-themed box set in 2018? Maybe thirty more dog songs, Jesse? Then the whole world will be finally happy. Every cat wants to be part of a song!

2. Cats...Not For Everyone!

This is my first (and maybe last) attempt at the art form of rap. As much as I love cats, I know there are legitimate reasons why everyone doesn't share my love. The vocals were recorded at Funny World in Phoenix.

My name's Mullarkey, maybe you heard of me. Traveling the world, singing about the kitties! So what I say now, it may be surprising. If cats not your jam, totally cool with me! With the expectation, that you are respecting the lives of cats and, never-ever harm them. But love is a higher level that you can't fake.

Not all of us can feel our hearts sweetly stirring: See those feline eyes, hear that motor purring. This deep connection, could it be genetic? If you're not down well, we may seem like cultists. Or perhaps you're more inclined to like canines. No I won't pick fights, because we're on the same side. Animal lovers, yes you're all friends of mine.

And hey can't blame you if it won't make your day when cats keep meowing till finally get their way. Or knocking things off the shelf till they're breaking. Cats aren't perfect, but we love so we're dealing. To you annoying, is to us endearing. Sure bet you'll object if our cats make you sneeze. Now on this matter, a friend's gotta speak.

Guest verse by Jason of Hug of War!* Felines treat me fine, they try to be kind but I decline to pet or let them near me, when I see them I'm tearing. My sneezing's displeasing, allergies aren't easy. Being too sleepy's what an antihistamine is to me. So I'm sorry dear kitty for my chilly resistance. It's tough, but our love will have to be long distance.

If you are aware, for cats it's for the best. Not all are suited to be good cat parents. Hey look here at me, cats I adore and yet I'm always wandering, sadly no cat can stay. Instead I cat sit, nurture ferals strays. Spread my cat love, but perhaps you could say: This song is about, me myself though I love...cats...not for everyone!

3. The Cats Get It (Get with the Cats!)

In 2015, I came out to the world as genderqueer. It took me a long time to admit it to myself, and now I'm telling the world: I don't identify as a man, but think of myself as somewhere in the fuzzy and happy middle of the gender spectrum. Cats figured this out before I did.

Singing praise for cats. It's not a new game for me, but here's a scoop. Learning who I am. They've always known, think all of the friends who've said: "Funny! Cat is scared of men, but look how much she is loving you."

You've got to get with the cats! They see it. They knew before even me. They get it, yeah. Felines don't adhere to the binary. See what's true not blinded by anatomy.

Kitties + androgyny go together. All the cats who make us say: "Pretty! Must be girl." But beneath tail is no match for what's behind the meow.

I've got to get with the cats! Believe it. They helped my discovery! Of the real me. Once wrote a song about parties that hinted. No more denying for me! This queer is here.

Got to get with the cats! Believe it. Time that you follow their lead. Get with it, yeah. Words signal start of your understanding. From beyond the whiskers I will never hear: "Mister," "man," or "sir." But gender-free greet me with the sweetest purr.

4. Bunny Carlos Santana

A sweet stray cat adopted me a few months after I moved to my current residence in Phoenix. I adore him. I won't be living here much longer. I'd love to take him with me, but I know I can't pull him away from his true home in the historic Woodland neighborhood.

You started hanging round my porch. So shy I thought you must be feral. You're black, well that's been my color. It's like you knew the path to my heart. I sat and watched till what a shock: With all your dust fell into my lap.

One ear's tipped so know you're neutered. Other's curled weird maybe injured. Won't yet venture more than few feet inside my house, to you alien.

Except for next-door neighbor Jim you're scared of all even my good friends. But you've grown brave now in bedroom. We'll cuddle for hour then on your way. I know there are many feed you, yet hope you feel loved when I'm away.

Ten weeks tour look who is waiting. You purr as if was just one hour. Winter hits fast cold, you move in. Follow with meows till I scratch your chin. Sleep at my feet most every night.

When spring arrives you'll wander more. Will it make our parting easier? A sweet one wants to take my place. I'd take you with me in a heartbeat. Yet could not thrive your home's this street. I'll dream of you 'neath moss of St. Pete.

5. Snooky, Sasha, Pumpkin

This is another coming out song...I actually like dogs! Just because I specialize in cats doesn't mean I'm part of some feline-canine rivalry. This song profiles three nice dogs I've known.

Follow me: Newtown Terrace, the street where I am from. Riding my bike could be a frightful time when I'd get chased by a dog. But that was just one. Now know it's not her fault. Dogs are innately good natured friends till some human does them wrong.

Neighbors, The Silversteins, had a dog named Snooky. Maybe a Scotty or some little mutt. She was a pal barking sweetly. There was one time I tried to play with her, but she ran shyly from my petting hands. I begged again and guess Ms. Silverstein heard it all and said it made her day. She'd lost a loved one but now smiled because of a kid and dog.

Uncle had a Samoyed. Sasha was always smiling. That's the look of her white fluffy breed, yeah, but to me it was a sign of a friend when needed one. Family visits freaked me out. Surrounded by big people talked too loud. So I'd hang out with the dog. Was so shy, but one time I said to a whole room: "You're the only one who really loves me." They laughed like adults do.

Yet at the time it kind of felt like truth. Kids at school taunted but a dog accepts. Never had own dog but I have valued friends' dogs who light up my life. Like when I stop in Chicago to see Japanese Chin. Her name's Pumpkin.

6. The Search for Black Garfield

The third and final (?) chapter in the saga of Olympia's Black Garfield. I didn't want this one to sound too similar to its predecessors, so I asked some friends to help me: Andy Warpigs on guitar, Harrison Huffman on drums, and Andy/Harrison/James on backing vocals, all recorded at The Trunk Space! In Phoenix.

Meow! Black Garfield!

Another summer, touring's ahead! Spend hours each day booking again. Time for a break, go to a show. Ricardos open for Angelo! Drummer this time, surprise it's Ben. He'll be gone, "Feel free to stop in. If Black Garfield evades your search, pitter patter up down the stairs, you'll find him there!"

Arrive in Oly barely in time! Meet friends play show, it's a great night. Next morning have to leave for Vancouver, can't see Black Garfield, sad! What's the point of driving these miles? Can't take detour to see a feline. Yet know these songs I've penned about him have shared his antics with millions! Cat lives in us!

Meow! Black Garfield! Meow...meow.

paper ceilings

paper ceilings is from
columbia, missouri

all songs by jesse ceilings
except "phenomenal cat"
by the kinks

dog doodle by jessie hicks

thx to dogs and cats and people

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