

Webber Andrew Lloyd

"Grizabella the glamour cat"

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Remark the cat who hesitates toward you

In the light of the door which opens on her like a grin

You see the border of her coat is torn and stained with sand

And you see the corner of her eye twist like a crooked pin

She haunted many a low resort

Near the grimy road of Tottenham Court

She flitted about the No Man's Land

From "The Rising Sun" to "The Friend at Hand"

And the postman sighed as he scratched his head

"You'd really had thought she ought to be dead"

And who would ever suppose that

That was Grizabella, the glamour cat

Grizabella, the glamour cat, Grizabella, the glamour cat

And who would ever suppose that

That was Grizabella, the glamour cat

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