

Andrew Lloyd Webber

"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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