

CATS

"Growltiger's Last Stand"

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In the fantasy sequence "Growltiger's Last Stand," Gus relives one such triumph, playing the pirate Growltiger. In this sequence, Growltiger, a feared feline sea captain and his amour, Griddlebone, meet an untimely end after battling a crew of Siamese sailors.

CHORUS:

Growltiger was a bravo cat who travelled on a barge
In fact he was the roughest cat that ever roamed at large
From Gravesend up to Oxford he pursued his evil aims
Rejoicing in his title of the "Terror of the Thames"

His manners and appearance did not calculate to please
His coat was torn and seedy, it was baggy at the knees
One ear was somewhat missing, no need to tell you why
And he scowled upon a hostile world from one forbidding eye

The cottagers of Rotherhithe knew something of his fame
At Hammersmith and Putney, people shuddered at his name
They would fortify the hen house, lock up the silly goose
When the rumor ran along the shore: Growltiger's on the loose!

Woe to the weak canary that fluttered from its cage
Woe to the pampered Pekinese, that faced Growltiger's rage
Woe the bristly bandicoot that lurks on foreign ships
And woe to any cat with whom Growltiger came to grips

But most to cats of foreign race his hatred had been vowed
To cats of foreign name and race, no quarter was

allowed

The Persian and the Siamese regarded him with fear
Because it was a Siamese had mauled his missing ear

Now on a peaceful summer night all nature seemed at
play

The tender moon was shining bright, the barge at
Molsey lay

All in the balmy moonlight it lay rocking on the tide
And Growltiger was disposed to show his sentimental
side

In the forepeak of the vessel, Growltiger stood alone

Concentrating his attention on the lady Griddlebone
And his raffish crew were sleeping in their barrels and
their bunks

As the Siamese came creeping in their sampans and
their junks

Growltiger had no eye or ear for aught but Griddlebone
And the lady seemed enraptured by my manly baritone
Disposed to relaxation and awaiting no surprise
But the moonlight shone reflected from a thousand
bright blue eyes

And closer still and closer the sampans circled 'round
And yet from all the enemy there was not heard a
sound

The foe was armed with toasting forks and cruel
carving knives

And the lovers sang their last duet in danger of their
lives

Oh, how well I remember the old Bull and Bush
Where we used to go down of a Sattaday night,
Where, when anything happened, it came with a rush,
For the boss, Mr. Clark, he was very polite;

A very nice house, from basement to garret
A very nice house. Ah, but it was the parrot,
The parrot, the parrot named Billy M'Caw,
That brought all those folk to the bar.
Ah! He was the life of the bar.

Of a Sattaday night, we was all feeling bright,
And Lily LaRose, the barmaid that was,
She'd say "Billy! Billy M'Caw! Come give us,
Come give us a dance on the bar."
And Billy would dance on the bar, and Billy would
dance on the bar.

And then we'd feel balmy, in each eye a tear,
And emotion would make us all order more beer.
Lily, she was a girl what had brains in her head;
She wouldn't have nothick, no not that much said.

If it came to an argument, or a dispute,
She'd settle it offhand with the toe of her boot
Or as likely as not put her fist through your eye.
But when we was happy and just a bit dry,
Or when we was thirsty, and just a bit sad,
She would rap on the bar with that corkscrew she had

And say "Billy! Billy M'Caw!
Come give us a tune on your pastoral flute!"
And Billy'd strike up on his pastoral flute,
And Billy'd strike up on his pastoral flute.
And then we'd feel balmy, in each eye a tear,
And emotion would make us all order more beer.

"Billy! Billy M'Caw!
Come give us a tune on your moley guitar!"
Billy'd strike up on his moley guitar,
And Billy'd strike up on his moley guitar.
And then we'd feel balmy, in each eye a tear,
And emotion would make us all order more beer.

"Billy! Billy M'Caw!
Come give us a tune on your moley guitar!"
Ah! He was the life of the bar.

CHORUS:
Then Genghis gave the signal to his fierce Mongolian
hordes
Abandoning their sampans, the chinks they swarmed
aboard
Abandoning their sampans, their pullaways, their junks
They battened down the hatches on the crew within
their bunks

Then Griddlebone she gave a screech for she was
badly skeered
I am sorry to admit it, but she quickly disappeared
She probably escaped with ease I'm sure she was not
drowned
But a serried ring of flashing steel Growltiger did
surround

The ruthless foe pressed forward in stubborn rank on
rank
Growltiger to his vast surprise was forced to walk the

plank
He who a hundred victims had driven to that drop
At the end of all his crimes was forced to go kerflip,
kerflop

Oh there was joy in Wapping when the news flew
through the land
At Maidenhead and Henley there was dancing on the
Strand
Rats were roasted whole in Brentford and Victoria Dock
And a day of celebration was commanded in Bangkok!

GUS:
These modern productions are all very well
But there's nothing to equal from what I hear tell
That moment of mystery when I made history

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