

## CATS

### "Gus, The Theatre Cat"

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"Gus The Theatre Cat" appears next. He's an aged stage actor suffering from palsy, who worked with the greatest actors of his day. Gus tells of his greatest theatrical triumphs, and yearns to do it again.

SOLO:

Gus is the cat at the theatre door  
His name, as I ought to have told you before  
Is really Asparagus, and that's a fuss to pronounce  
That we usually call him just Gus

His coat's very shabby, he's thin as a rake  
And he suffers from palsy that makes his paw shake  
Yet he was in his youth quite the smartest of cats  
But no longer a terror to mice or to rats

For he isn't the cat that he was in his prime  
Though his name was quite famous, he says, in his time  
And whenever he joins his friends at their club  
(Which takes place at the back of the neighboring pub)

He loves to regale them, if someone else pays  
With anecdotes drawn from his palmiest days  
For he once was a star of the highest degree  
He has acted with Irving, he's acted with Tree

And he likes to relate his success on the halls  
Where the gallery once gave him seven cat calls  
But his greatest creation as he loves to tell  
Was Firefrorefiddle, the fiend of the fell

GUS:

I have played in my time every possible part  
And I used to know seventy speeches by heart  
I'd extemporize backchat, I knew how to gag  
And I knew how to let the cat out of the bag

I knew how to act with my back and my tail

With an hour of rehearsal, I never could fail  
I'd a voice that would soften the hardest of hearts  
Whether I took the lead, or in character parts

I have sat by the bedside of poor little Nell  
When the curfew was rung then I swung on the bell  
In the pantomime season, I never fell flat  
And I once understudied Dick Whittington's cat

But my grandest creation, as history will tell  
was Firefrorefiddle, the fiend of the fell

SOLO:

Then, if someone will give him a toothful of gin  
He will tell how he once played a part in East Lynne  
At a Shakespeare performance he once walked on pat  
When some actor suggested the need for a cat

GUS:

And I say now these kittens, they do not get trained  
As we did in the days when Victoria reigned  
They never get drilled in a regular troupe  
And they think they are smart just to jump through a  
hoop

SOLO:

And he says as he scratches himself with his claws

GUS:

Well the theatre is certainly not what it was  
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  
As Firefrorefiddle, the fiend of the fell

I once crossed the stage on the telegraph wire  
To rescue a child when a house was on fire  
And I think that I still can much better than most  
Produce blood curdling noises to bring on the ghost

And I once played Growltiger  
Could do it again, could do it again  
Could do it again

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