

Sarah Brightman

"Macavity: The Mystery Cat"

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Macavity's a mystery cat, he's called the hidden paw
For he's the master criminal who can defy the law
He's the bafflement of Scotland Yard, the Flying
Squad's despair
For when they reach the scene of crime, Macavity's not
there

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity
He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of
gravity
His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare
But when you reach the scene of crime, Macavity's not
there
You may seek him in the basement, you may look up in
the air
But I tell you once and once again Macavity's not there

Macavity's a ginger cat, he's very tall and thin
You would know him if you saw him for his eyes are
sunken in
His brow is deeply lined with thought, his head is highly
domed
His coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers are
uncombed
He sways his head from side to side with movements
like a snake
And when you think he's half asleep, he's always wide
awake

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity
For he's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity
You may meet him in a by-street, you may see him in
the square
But when a crime's discovered then Macavity's not
there

He's outwardly respectable, I know he cheats at cards
And his footprints are not found in any files of Scotland
Yard's
And when the larder's looted or the jewel case is rifled
Or when the milk is missing or another peke's been
stifled

Or the greenhouse glass is broken and the trellis past
repair

There's the wonder of the thing, Macavity's not there

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity
There never was a cat of such deceitfulness and
suavity

He always has an alibi and one or two to spare
What ever time the deed took place Macavity's not
there

And they say that all the cats whose wicked deeds are
widely known

I might mention Mungojerrie, I might mention
Griddlebone

Are nothing more than agents for the cat who all the
time

Just controls the operations the Napoleon of crime

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity
He's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity
You may meet him in a by-street, you may see him in
the square

But when a crime's discovered then Macavity
Macavity, Macavity, Macavity

When a crime's discovered then Macavity's not there

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