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Cats Movie "Bustopher Jones"

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Bustopher Jones is not skin and bones In fact, he's remarkably fat He doesn't haunt pubs - he has eight or nine clubs For he's the St. James's Street Cat!

He's the cat we all greet as he walks down the street In his coat of fastidious black No commonplace mousers have such well-cut trousers Or such an impeccable back

In the whole of St. James's the smartest of names is The name of this Brummel of cats And we're all of us proud to be nodded or bowed to By Bustopher Jones in white spats

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My visits are occasional to the Senior Educational And it is against the rules For any one cat to belong both to that And the Joint Superior Schools For a similar reason when game is in season I'm found not at Fox's but Blimp's I am frequently seen at the gay Stage and Screen Which is famous for winkles and shrimps

In the season of venison I give my ben'son To the Pothunter's succulent bones And just before noon's not a moment too soon To drop in for a drink at the Drones When I'm seen in a hurry there's probably curry At the Siamese or at the Glutton If I look full of gloom then I've lunched at the Tomb On cabbage, rice pudding and mutton

In the whole of St. James's is the smartest of names is The name of this Brummel of cats And we're all of us proud to be nodded or bowed to

By Bustopher Jones in white Bustopher Jones in white Bustopher Jones in white spats

So, much in this way passes Bustopher's day At one club or another he's found It can be no surprise that under our eyes He has grown unmistakably round He's a twenty-five pounder, or I am a bounder And he's putting on weight everyday

But I'm so well preserved because I've observed All my life a routine, and I'd say I am still in the prime, I shall last out my time That's the word from the stoutest of cats

It must and it shall be spring in Pall Mall While Bustopher Jones wears white Bustopher Jones wears white Bustopher Jones wears white spats!

Macavity!

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