

Cats Movie

"Growltiger's Last Stand"

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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, he 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 henhouse, lock up the silly goose
When the rumour 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 to the bristly bandicoot that lurked 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

Growltiger's bucko mate Grumbskin long since had
disappeared

For to the Bell at Hampton he had gone to wet his
beard

And his bosun Tumblebrutus, he too had stolen away
In the yard behind the Lion he was prowling for his prey

In the forepeak of the vessel Growltiger sat 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 his 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 on a Sattadau night
Where, when anythink happened, it come 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 parret

The parret, the parret named Billy M'Caw

That brought all those folk to the bar

Ah, he was the life of the bar!

Of a Saturday night, we was all feeling bright

And Lily La Rose - 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 nothing, no, not that much said
If it come to an argument or a dispute
She'd settle it offhand with the toe of her boot

Or as likely as not put a 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!"
And 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.

Then Gilbert gave the signal to his fierce Mongolian
horde
With a frightful burst of fireworks, the Chinks they
swarmed aboard

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 at Brentford and Victoria Dock
And a day of celebrations was commanded in Bangkok

"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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