

## 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 anything 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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