

## Cats, The

### "Growltiger's Last Stand"

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In the fantasy sequence "Growltiger's Last Stand," Gus relives one such triumph, playing the pirate Growltiger. In this sequence, Growltiger, a feared feline sea captain and his amour, Griddlebone, meet an untimely end after battling a crew of Siamese sailors.

#### CHORUS:

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, it 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 hen house, lock up the silly goose  
When the rumor 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 the bristly bandicoot that lurks 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

In the forepeak of the vessel, Growltiger stood 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 my 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 of a Sattaday night,  
Where, when anything happened, it came 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 parrot,  
The parrot, the parrot named Billy M'Caw,  
That brought all those folk to the bar.  
Ah! He was the life of the bar.

Of a Sattaday night, we was all feeling bright,  
And Lily LaRose, 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 nothick, no not that much said.

If it came to an argument, or a dispute,  
She'd settle it offhand with the toe of her boot  
Or as likely as not put her 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!"  
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.

CHORUS:

Then Genghis gave the signal to his fierce Mongolian  
hordes  
Abandoning their sampans, the chinks they swarmed  
aboard  
Abandoning their sampans, their pullaways, their junks  
They battened down the hatches on the crew within  
their bunks

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

Growthiger 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 in Brentford and Victoria Dock  
And a day of celebration was commanded in Bangkok!

GUS:  
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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