

Grizabella, The Glamour Cat

The Cats

She haunted many a low resort
Near the grimy road of Tottenham Court
She flitted about the No Man's Land
From, The Rising Sun, to, The Friend at Hand
And the postman sighed as he scratched his head
You really ha' thought she'd ought to be dead
And who would ever suppose that THAT
Was Grizabella, the Glamour Cat?

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