

# Andrew Lloyd Webber, Bustopher Jones

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 is fastidious black  
No common - place mousers have such well cut trousers  
Or such an impeccable black  
In the whole of St. James the smartest of names is  
The name of this Brummell of cats  
And we're all of us proud to be nodded or bowed to  
By Bustopher Jones in white spats  
My visits are occasional to The Senior Educational  
And it is the against the rules  
For any one cat to belong both to that  
And The Joint Superior Schools  
When I'm seen in a hurry there's probably curry  
At The Siamese or at The Glutton  
When I look full of gloom then I've lunched at The Tomb  
On cabbage, rice pudding and mutton  
In the whole of St. James 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 every day  
But I'm so well preserved because I've observed  
All my life a routine, and I'd say  
I am still in my 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