

Andrew Lloyd Webber, Macavity: The Mystery Cat

Macavity!

Macavity's a Mystery cat: He's called the Hiddenpaw

For he's the master criminal who can defy the law

He's the bafflement of Scotland Yard, the Flying Squad's despair

For when they reach the scene of crime Macavity's not there!

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity

He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity

His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare

And when they reach the scene of crime Macavity's not there

You may seek him in the basement, you may look up in the air...

But I tell you once and once again, Macavity's not there!

Macavity's a ginger cat, he's very tall and thin

You would know him if you saw him for his eyes are sunken in

His brow is deeply lined in thought, his head is highly domed

His coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers are uncombed

He sways his head from side to side, with movements like a snake

And when you think he's half asleep, he's always wide awake

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity

He's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity

You may meet him in a by - street, you may see him in the square

But when a crime's discovered then Macavity's not there!

He's outwardly respectable, I know he cheats ..at cards..

And his footprints are not found in any files of ..Scotland.. Yard's

And when the larder's looted ...or the jewel case is rifled

Or when the milk is missing or another peke's been stifled

Or the greenhouse glass is broken and the trellis past repair

There's the wonder of the thing Macavity's not there!

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity

There never was a cat of such deceitfulness and suavity

He always has an alibi, and one or two to spare

What ever time the deed took place Macavity's not there!

And they say that all the cats whose wicked deeds are widely known

I might mention Mungojerrie, I might mention Griddlebone

Are nothing more than agents for the cat who all the time

Just controls the operations: the Napoleon of Crime!

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