

# Bobby Darin, Gyp The Cat

(Darin/Wolfe)

Where those bayou's wind  
And them gators swim  
Sometime late last night  
When the moon was dim  
Someone left this life  
Much against his will  
And while Gyp the Cat was alibi-in'  
You know his clothes were dryin'

Down on Bourbon Street  
Where the tourists roam  
Some big financier  
Travelin' far from home  
Lost his fancy watch  
And his wallet too  
But while to his story  
Gyp was stickin'  
His new watch kept tickin'

There's a blown out safe  
Down in City Hall  
Standin' open wide  
Up against the wall  
And though Gyp the Cat  
Has got a lot of dough  
Is the money his?  
Or plot or blunder?  
Gyp says "go and wonder"

There's a fishing fleet  
Anchored in the bay  
Everybody knows  
Shrimps and oysters pay  
But when Gyp the Cat  
Was refused his share  
Somehow nets got cut  
And the take was way off  
Til Gyp got his payoff

The legend goes  
That they buried him  
But nobody knows  
That he had a twin  
And at the services  
Everybody cried  
'septin' one peculiar smilin' mourner  
Pickin' pockets off in a corner  
While they set his brother in the ground  
Get the feeling Gyp is still around