

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