

# CATS, Grizabella, The Glamour Cat

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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Was Grizabella the Glamour Cat?