

Phil Harris, Thomas O'Malley Cat

I like a cheech-a-cheech-chee-roni
Like they make at home
Or a healthy fish with the big backbone
I'm Abraham deLacy
Giuseppe Casey
Thomas O'Malley
O'Malley, the alley cat!
I've got that wanderlust
Gotta walk the scene
Gotta kick up highway dust
Feel the grass that's green
Gotta strut them city streets
Showin' off my eclat, yeah
Tellin' my friends of the social elite
Or some cute cat I happen to meet
I'm Abraham deLacy
Giuseppe Casey
Thomas O'Malley
O'Malley, the alley cat!
I'm king of the highway
Prince of the boulevard
Duke of avant garde
The world is my backyard
So if you're goin' my way
That's the road you wanna seek
Calcutta to Rome or
Home-sweet-home in Paris
Magnifique, you all
I only got myself
And this big old world
When I sip that cup of life
With my fingers curled
I don't worry what road to take
I don't have to think of that
Whatever I take is the road I make
It's the road of life make no mistake, for me
Yeah, Abraham deLacy
Giuseppe Casey
Thomas O'Malley
O'Malley, the alley cat!
That's right
And I'm very proud of that
Yeah!