

# 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!