Sarah Brightman, Macavity: The Mystery Cat

Macavity's a mystery cat, he's called the hidden paw
For he's the master criminal who can defy the law
He's the bafflement of Scotland Yard, the Flying Squad's despair
For when they reach the scene of crime Macavity's not there!

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity
He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity
His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare
But when you reach the scene of crime Macavity's not there!
You may seek him in the basement, you may look up in the air
But I tell you once and once again Macavity's not there!

Macavity's a ginger cat, he's very tall and thin
You would know him if you saw him for his eyes are sunked in
His brow is deeply lined with thought, his head is highly domed
His coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers are uncombed
He sways his head from side to side with movements like a snake
And when you think he's half asleep, he's always wide awake

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity
For he's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity
You may meet him in a by-street, you may see him in the square
But when a crime's discovered then Macavity's not there!

He's outwardly respectable, I know he cheats at cards
And his footprints are not found in any files of Scotland Yard's
And when the larder's looted or the jewel case is rifled
Or when the milk is missing or another peke's been stifled
Or the greenhouse glass is broken and the trellis past repair
There's the wonder of the thing Macavity's not there!

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity
There never was a cat of such deceitfulness and suavity
He always has an alibi and one or two to spare
What ever time the deed took place Macavity's not there!

And they say that all the cats whose wicked deeds are widely known
I might mention Mungojerrie, I might mention Griddlebone
Are nothing more than agents for the cat who all the time
Just controls the operations: the Napolean of crime!

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