

# Gyp, the Cat

[Bobby Darin](#)

Where the bayous 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 them tourists roam  
Some big financier travelin' far from home  
Lost his fancy watch and his wallet too  
And while to his story, Gyp was stickin'  
His brand new watch kept tickin'There's a blown out safe in the 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  
Till Gyp got his payoff

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