

Gyp the Cat

Bobby Darin

A-where those bayou's wind
And them gators swim
Sometime late last night
A-when the moon was dim
A-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
A-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, huh
Has got a lotta dough
Is the money his
Or part of plunder?
Gyp says, "Go and wonder."There's a fishin' 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
'til Gyp got his payoff.Ahhhhh ... the legend goes
That they buried him
But nobody knows
That he had a twin
And at the services
Everybody cried
'ceptin' one peculiar smilin' mourner
Pickin' pockets in a corner

While they set his brother in the ground
Get the feeling Gyp is still around.

Songwriters

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