

# Macavity

Shirley Bassey

Macavity's a mystery cat  
He's called the Hidden Paw  
For he's a 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  
And 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 sunken in

His brow is deeply lined in 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  
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 he jewel cases rifled

Or when the milk is missing  
Or another Peke's been stifled

Or the greenhouse 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 a alibi  
And one or two to spare  
Whatever time the deed took place  
Macavity wasn't 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 Napoleon of crime

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You may meet him in a by-street  
You may see him in the square  
But when a crime's discovered  
Then Macavity, Macavity, Macavity

When a crime's discovered  
Then Macavity's not there  
Macavity's not there  
We have to find old Deuteronomy