

I'm not the rabble,
Not the rowd,
I'm far beyond
The teeming crowd;
I'm prim
And pressed
And proper dressed
Could never be too proud.

I'm a fancy
Shmancy
France-y cat,
Apparel's custom made.
My fur is fine,
My voice is wine,
Your life is worth the trade.

I don't amuse,
I *am* the muse
Of poets
Artists
Wars
And space,
And I'm classy
Sassy
Nasty
Thing of beauty, thing of grace.

I'm just so far the greatest,
Just so fab,
A cut above-
"Whoosh my lovely kitty-puss?"

-

...

... May I have a tummy rub?