

Donald Fagen, Morph The Cat

High above Manhattan town
What floats and has a shape like that
Fans like us who watch the skies
We know it's Morph the Cat

Gliding like a big blue cloud
From Tomkins Square to Upper Broadway
Beyond the park to Sugar Hill
Stops a minute for a latte

He oozes down the heating duct
Swims like seaweed down the hall
He briefly digs your wiggy pad
And seeps out through the wall

It's kind of like an arctic mindbath
Cool and sweet and slightly rough
Liquid light on New York City
Like Christmas without the chintzy stuff

What exactly does he want
This Rabelaisian puff of smoke
To make you feel all warm and cozy
Like you heard a good joke

Like you heard an Arlen tune
Or you bought yourself a crazy hat
Like you had a Mango Cooler
Ooh - Morph the Cat

He's all the talk in shops and schoolyards
Sultan Place - the Automat
Players playin' in da Bronx
Respects to Morph the Cat

It's kind of like an arctic mindbath
Cool and sweet and slightly rough
Liquid light on New York City
Like Christmas without the chintzy stuff

So rich is his charisma
You can almost hear it sing
He skims the roofs
And bells begin to ring

Chinese cashiers can feel it now
Grand old gals at evening mass
Young racketeers
And teenage models
Laughing on the grass

Blessed Yankees have an ally
When this feline comes to bat
Bringing joy to old Manhattan
All watch the skies for Morph the Cat