

# Walter Becker, Hat Too Flat

We come in on the morning scan  
All the way from far Arcturus  
Bringing with us peace and good will  
From the margins of space and time  
Our women are slung down low to the ground  
They're very good you've probably had one  
Our men are brave, studly and wise,  
A pleasure to behold  
Right away we walk the walk  
More or less we talk the talk  
But every time we make our play  
Their eyes get wide they run away

'Cause the hat stays too flat  
My hat is way too flat  
My English she is much better now  
But my hat remains too flat  
The man smells a rat  
And that's the end of that  
My English it is more better now  
But my hat is still too flat

Fair Arcturus Fashion forecast:  
Skirts will be shorter  
Legs stay long  
Virtual raincoats are coming back  
Hats as always continued flat

Back at home the machines work hard  
We folk like to take it easy  
Honing our awareness of  
The finer things of life  
Here when I go down to my job  
I work hard for what seems like a long time  
I look at my watch: fifteen minutes  
It felt like half a day!  
Soon enough we break for lunch  
Me and the boys now I'm one of the bunch  
But no one wants to sit with me  
So tell me what can the matter be?

The hat stays too flat  
My hat is way too flat  
My English she is much better now  
But the hat is just too flat  
A little thing like that  
They don't get past the hat  
My English it is more better now  
But my hat remains too flat