

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