

# Morph The Cat

Donald Fagen

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