

# Scatsville

Michael Franks

Ran to Penn Station and mad my train  
Immediately fell asleep until I heard  
The conductor say: "Next stop  
Where-it's-Atsville."  
Sunlight on the Hudson an amber glow  
Like "Crepuscle with Nellie" dialed  
down low  
When I reached my stop  
The platform sign said: "Scatsville."  
I said: "Wait!" and I turned around  
But the doors where closed and the train  
was gone  
And I though: "This ain't  
Where-I-hang-my-Hatsville."  
And the question I asked of each passerby  
Was met with the same singsong reply:  
"Jack, you are now in Scatsville."

It's the language of madmen  
When you talk through your hat  
My Eleventh Commandment's:  
"Thou Shalt Not Scat!"

Mr. Feather sighed and he seemed  
depressed  
When I complained of scat on my  
Blindfold Test  
So how  
How'd I get to Scatsville?  
Live every saxophonist who play bop  
It's a little habit that hard to stop  
One day you find yourself in Scatsville  
With all the cats in Scatsville