

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 "Crepuscule 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