

This Old Hat

Ed Bruce

This old hat's hung on the bedpost too long
Forgotten like some used to be remembered like a song
Where all the words are so easy to recall
Hmm, this old hat

It's seen day fade to night in an open sky
Beneath the fury of the heavens
Kept the rain out of my eyes
Yet, somehow don't look as weathered as I
Hmm, this old hat

This old hat's been down some dusty trails
And may not look as good as it did new
The crown is stained, the brim is torn
It's even been walked on a time or two

This old hat's just like an old friend
Misplaced from time to time but it still fits
They don't make 'em like they used to

There was a time, this old hat was in style
But it was different then
It turned a few heads for awhile
But what the hell, I might try it on again
Hmm, this old hat

This old hat's been down some dusty trails
And may not look as good as it did new
Crown is stained, the brim is torn
It's even been walked on a time or two

This old hat's just like an old friend
Misplaced from time to time but it still fits
They don't make 'em like they used to
This old hat's hung on the bedpost way too long