

# 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 hatIt'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 hatThis 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 twoThis 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 toThere 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 hatThis 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 twoThis 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

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