

# 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damlyrics.com/>