Mr. Hat

Sexy Sadie

I'I see him in the morning dressed up in black
, holding on a cigarette, smoke floats all around him.
As he come across rises his hat.
Never takes a look at me but I know he says: good morning!
Comes into the bar, plays his guitar.
Sings songs of long time ago of old loves and sorrows.
Underneath his hat looks at us all.
We can't help meeting his brow as he put his hat down.
You should come and see him... Mr. Hat.
He will never give you a smile but I know that he's a good boy .
We're so far to know what's in his head.
So I'm waiting for the day he looks at me...at me Mr. Hat.
See him in the evening, dressed up in black,
holding on a cigarette, smoke floats all around him.
As he crosses the night counting the stars
throw his hat away from him, I think he could be happy.
You should come and see him... Mr. Hat.
He will never give you a smile but I know that he's a good boy.
We're so far to know what's in his head.
So I'm waiting for the day he looks at me...at me Mr. Hat.
You should come and see him... Mr. Hat.
He will never give you a smile but I know that he's a good boy.
We're so far to know what's in his head.
So I'm waiting for the day he looks at me...at me Mr. Hat.

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