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Harriet's: No Place To Hang Your Hat

No Capo

Quincy Flint

Key C

Now I've been up and around these states  
I've heard and seen it all  
'Til I stepped inside that small town bar  
Just South of Wichita  
The sign out front read Harriet's  
No Place To Hang Your Hat  
It's an alright place if you ain't been yet  
But I ain't going back

There's a man at the door I won't soon forget  
With foggy blue eyes and sunburnt lips  
He's checking ids for security  
But I could tell he was ready for World War III  
He's dressed head to toe in military greens  
And his legs bowed out like two pine trees  
He tipped his hat and bowed real low, mumbled  
Something 'bout the weather through a puff a smoke

I tripped up the stairs and fell through the door  
Flat on my face and almost stuck to that floor  
There's a smell of cheap vodka and old stale beer  
I could tell this place ain't been cleaned in at least a year  
There's a rodeo clown in a bright pink suit  
With his greased back hair and his footlong shoes  
He smiled at me but I turned away  
So, I shuffled on by without a word to say

I'll tell you the rest but spare some detail  
Like the 9 clocks on the wall hung with one nail  
They all tell the time, just not the same one  
S'why I'm never early and I'm always undone  
So, I made my way across the bar  
Passed the pool tables and a few bowling balls  
This place had everything and the kitchen sink  
So, I sat down and had me a drink

An oaf to my left took tequila  
But he left the lime and salt  
A feller to my right had whiskey  
And he drank it with a 10 foot straw  
As not to be outdone,  
As a stranger in a strange pub  
I hopped on the bar with my mouth ajar  
Said buddy, just fill me up

I finally met old Harriet  
She's a great big lass, not much to look at  
It's your first time here, but it won't be your last  
Stay all you want, but don't hang up your hat  
There's something new most every night  
Cowboys, Indians, or a chicken fight  
I came every day for bout 3 months  
Never saw the same thing, not even once

I got to feeling at home  
And I didn't ever want to leave  
So, I moved next door to a little abode  
As a matter of proximity  
I told Harriet about my plan  
But she didn't seem to understand  
That's alright, she's the only constant  
In a bar she claimed was haunted

Life has a funny way of teaching you stuff  
Around every corner and behind every bluff  
I met a man one night who seemed real wise  
But it could have been the liquor, or he was high  
There's some real bad in this world, you won't believe  
And some good things too but you may never see  
So, look after others and hold your friends close  
Remember to smile, cause that's just the way life goes

If that's not words of warning,  
Then I'll be damned  
The bar's alright, but I think I've learned  
Just about everything I can  
There's more to life than living  
More to feel than giving  
So, I skipped town and never looked back  
Only thing is, I forgot where I put my hat