

June 2021

Harriet's: No Place To Hang Your Hat

No Capo

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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
This place ain't been cleaned in a good long year
There's a rodeo clown in a bright pink suit
With his greased back hair and oversized shoes
He smiled at me but I turned away, there's just
Something I don't like about that white face paint

I'll tell you the rest but spare some detail
Like the 9 clocks hung up with just one nail
They all tell the time, just not the same one
S'why I'm never early and I'm always undone
Well, I made my way across the bar
Passed the pool tables and the hall of darts
This place had everything and the kitchen sink
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

By this time, I was feeling pretty strong
Couldn't see straight, couldn't do wrong

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 about 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 this world I feel so very lost in

Life has a funny way of teaching you stuff
Around every corner and behind every bluff
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 to live by,
Then I'll be damned
The bar's alright, but I think I've learned
Just about everything I can
Cause 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 left my hat