

Flat Stuff

Greg Brown

Sundown like a showtune
Trumpets play full blast
To create a great impression
Ah, but it doesn't seem to last

Flat stuff, flat stuff
Way out to the way out to the setting sun

The muskrat and the bullfrog
The rabbit and the skunk
Old barns full of blue sky
Backyards full of junk

Flat stuff, flat stuff
Way out to the way out to the setting sun

You can't find no river
That ain't low and brown
It's full of sixteen catfish
Who just lay there farting aroun'

Flat stuff, flat stuff
Way out to the way out to the setting sun

Pete hollers to Ruthie
"Open me a beer.
When you get it open,
Bring it over here."

Flat stuff, flat stuff
Way out to the way out to the setting sun

The sun looks like a cookie
That didn't come out right
Ah, the moon looks like a cookie
And someone stole a bite

Flat stuff, flat stuff
Way out to the way out to the setting sun

When them old boys come through
Sometimes I think it would have been best
If they'd said, "Jesus, it's too flat here"
And just kept going West.

Out of the flat stuff, flat stuff
Way out to the setting sun.