

About This Hat

Slim Dusty

A Lot of people ask me, "Where'd ya get this hat.
Did I win it in a raffle or somewhere smart like that?
And how long did I soak it, to make the front go down,
Or could it be that purposely, it's on the wrong way round?"

If I were you, I take another look before you laugh
Or swap the old grey Farrell for a curled up Panama,
But there's nothin' fits so easy as a hat that's not brand new,
You jump on it, and ya belt it round, 'til finally it's you.

Oh, I wear this hat umbrella style, when the rain comes down,
It keeps the water off my neck till shelter can be found,
And when the dust and blazin' sun is enough to make you swear,
I pull the front down further, mate, and carry on from there.

Even wear this hat indoors, I wear my hat with pride,
And often it gets softened up with my head still inside,
If you wanta mend my manners, you can have a go at that,
I'll take a lot of rubbishin', friend, but lay off my old hat.

Now if my hat gets lost, as good friends sometimes do
I'll mourn it with respect, just like I'd do for you,
A new one feels like cardboard when I'm workin' in the yard,
So just to get things started, I mistreat it pretty hard.

Oh, you never feel real happy with a hat that's too darn new
It looks no good until the sweat and grease are showing through
How proudly then you wear it, for all the world to see
It really feels a part of you and that's how a hat should be.

Yeah, a Lot of people ask me, "where'd ya get that hat.
Did you win it in a raffle or somewhere smart like that?
Or how long did I soak it, to make the front go down?"
But please let me assure you, friend, it's on the right way round.