

## The Hat that Won the West

The initial quest of the wild west  
Was to cover the white man's head,  
'Cause their powdered wigs drew so many digs  
That they wanted a hat instead.  
Now the beaver's pelt made the perfect felt  
For the ponderous stove-pipe hat,  
So the public's yen for the rodent's skin  
Sent the trappers in search of that.

They explored the land with their traps in hand  
In pursuit of the beaver's hide,  
To be worn back home on a white man's dome  
With his hair tucked away inside.  
And they lived their lives by their guns and knives  
And their ken of the Indian's lore,  
While they blazed the way for a better day  
For the sake of the hats men wore.

They risked their hair with a stoic air;  
Disregarding how dumb it is,  
To expose one's pate to a naked fate  
So a stranger could cover his.  
But the mercantile dropped the stove-pipe style  
When the Stetson hats took hold,  
So the epic fact of the hat's impact  
Is a story that's seldom told.

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