

## **The Music Man Broadway Musical**

### **"Rock Island"**

Visit "[Rock Island](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Cash for the merchandise

Cash for the buttonhooks

Cash for the cotton goods

Cash for the hard goods

Cash for the fancy goods

Cash for the soft goods

Cash for the noggins

And the pickins

And the frickins

Cash for the hogshead cask

And demijohn

Cash for the crackers

And the pickles

And the flypaper

Look, whaddaya talk

Whaddaya talk, whaddaya talk

Whaddaya talk, whaddaya talk

Where do you get it?

Whaddaya talk?

You can talk, you can talk

You can bicker, you can talk

You can bicker, bicker, bicker

You can talk, you can talk

You can talk, talk, talk, talk,

Bicker, bicker, bicker

You can talk all you want

But it's different then it was

No it ain't, no it ain't

But you gotta know the territory

Shh shh shh shh shh shh shh

Why it's the Model T Ford

Made the trouble

Made the people wanna go

Wanna get, wanna get

Wanna get up and go

Seven, eight, nine, ten, twelve,

Fourteen, twenty-two,

Twenty-three miles

To the county seat

Yes sir, yes sir

Who's gonna patronize

A little bitty two by four

Kinda store anymore?

Whaddaya talk, whaddaya talk,

Where do you get it?

Gone, gone, gone

With the hogshead cask

And demijohn

Gone with the sugar barrel

Pickle barrel, milk pan

Gone with the tub

And the pail and the tears

Ever meet a fellow

By the name of Hill?

Hill?

Hill?

Hill?

Hill?

Hill?

Hill?

Hill?

Hill!

NO!

Just a minute

Just a minute

Just a minute

Never heard of any salesman Hill

Now he doesn't know the territory

Doesn't know the territory?!?

What's the fellow's line?

Never worries 'bout his line

Never worries 'bout his line?!?

Or a doggone thing

He's just a bang beat, bell ringing,

Big hole, great go, neck-or-nothing

Rip roarin', every time a bull's eye

Salesman.

That's Professor Harold Hill

Harold Hill

What's the fellow's line?

What's his line?

He's a fake

And he doesn't know the territory!

Look, whaddaya talk, whaddaya talk,

Whaddaya talk, Whaddaya talk?

He's a music man

He's a what?

He's a what?

He's a music man

And he sells clarinets

To the kids in the town

With the big trombones

And the rat-a-tat drums

Big brass bass

Big brass bass

And the piccolo, the piccolo

With uniforms, too

With a shiny gold braid  
On the coat  
And a big red stripe runnin'  
Well, I don't know much  
About bands  
But I do know  
You can't make a living  
Selling big trombones, no sir.  
Mandolin picks, perhaps  
And here and there a Jew's harp  
No, the fellow sells bands  
Boys' bands.  
I don't know how he does it  
But he lives like a king  
And he dallies  
And he gathers  
And he plucks  
And he shines  
And when the man dances  
Certainly, boys  
What else?  
The piper pays him!  
Yes sir, yes sir  
Yes sir, yes sir  
When the man dances  
Certainly, boys

What else?

The piper pays him!

Yesssir, Yesssir

But he doesn't know the territory

Visit [The Music Man Broadway Musical](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.