

Drive-by Truckers

"The Tough Sell"

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"She's a beauty, yes sir she is", said EZ Dan
Fifty five, a bad age, smelling of Brut from Fabrege'
and sweat
EZ Dan don't bathe a lot these days
And why the hell should he anyway?

"She's got a few miles on her, but then again, who
don't?"
He said with a slight chuckle
The recent Binaca blast still lingering on his breath
And besides, them's highway miles

I shifted my weight from one foot to the other
It certainly wasn't the car of my dreams, but the price
was right
And EZ Dan assured me the mid 70's were a
particularly nice period
For Chrysler products in general and this one is a
Volare'

And besides
Finally having an eight-track means I can play
All them tapes I ain't been able to listen to
Since high-school

So we stuffed EZ Dan's body in the trunk and hauled
ass out of town
But somewhere just past the middle of nowhere the
fuel pump blew
And the oil pump too
And the piston rods hurled straight threw the engine
block
Dropping oil, gasoline, water
And anti-freeze onto the Alabama red clay below

Ain't that a bitch?
I ain't never been lucky with love
I ain't never been lucky with love
I ain't never been lucky with love
I ain't never been lucky with love

