

The Searchers

"Secondhand Dealer"

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A painted jug without a handle
A torn and shabby faded rug
He's a secondhand dealer
Getting deeper into debt
He's a secondhand dealer
And he wants what he can get for nothing

His body's broken like that handle
His clothes are shabby like that rug
He's a secondhand dealer
Dragging rubbish up a stair
He's a secondhand dealer
Breathing heavy 'cause the air costs nothing

Trips on a?
Knocks a cuckoo clock onto the floor
Leans on a table
Which collapses and falls right into the door of a
cupboard

Secondhand dealer with his eyes so dim that it could
be night
Secondhand dealer, it's a pity for he's not a pretty sight

A man in such a poor condition
Can't have so very long to go
For the secondhand dealer life is quickly rushing by
And the secondhand dealer will be glad 'cause he can
die for nothing

Gets out a bottle
He's a heavy whiskey-drinkin' man
Walkin' in circles, doesn't see the stairs
He falls and breaks his neck, he's a goner

Secondhand dealer with his eyes so dim that it could
be night
Secondhand dealer, it's a pity for he's not a pretty sight

Will anybody mourn his passing
Will they pull down the dirty shop
Of the secondhand dealer, can we say that someone

cried?

For the secondhand dealer, he was born and then died
for nothing

For nothing, secondhand dealer

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