

## Unknown

### "A True Story"

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#### A TRUE STORY

Kate Clinton, John McCutcheon, & Betsy Rose

One morning while reading the paper, in search of a  
new set of wheels

The classifieds had a most curious ad in their listing of  
automobiles

I read in suspicious amusement what seemed like a  
great stroke of luck

"Corvette Stingray," it said, "low mileage, bright red,  
'83 model --

sixty-five bucks"

Well I was used to my newspaper's typos, still I called  
up that number

straightway

"'Bout that '83 'Vette -- have you sold the thing yet?"

She said, "No,

you're my first call today"

I said, "There's been some mistake in the paper, they  
printed the ad wrong

somehow"

"Oh, no," replied she, "they got that from me." I said,

"Don't sell that

car, I'm leaving now"

Well her address was in the part of the city where I'd  
ventured just one

time or two

Where the doctors, bank presidents, and lawyers are  
residents, and the

houses are massive and new

As I drove up her half-a-mile driveway, there in the heat  
of the day

In the sunlight it gleamed, the car of my dreams -- just  
sixty-five dollars

away

Well the interior was made of white leather, it had a  
587 V-8

Bow wingspan doors, Hurst four-on-the-floor, and the  
8-channel tape deck was

great

There was chrome on the chrome on the fender in an  
aerodynamic design

A phone, a TV, and it was bogglin' to me how for sixty-  
five bucks it was  
mine  
Well I suspected the woman was crazy, to be selling the  
car at this price  
But as we walked down the lane she seemed perfectly  
sane -- she was charming  
and really quite nice  
And she smiled in such great satisfaction as she  
handed me title and keys  
I said, "I've just got to know why you let this thing go --  
what's wrong  
with this car, tell me, please?"  
Said she, "I'll be sixty come Tuesday, and I've lived  
here with my husband  
Earl  
After thirty years wed, and without a word said, he left  
me for a young  
teenage girl  
With his credit cards here on the table, I knew that he  
couldn't go far  
Last night from Florida he sent a wire to me, said, 'I  
need money, dear --  
sell the car!'"  
filename[ TRUSTORY  
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