

Music Man "Rock Island"

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1st salesman: Cash for the merchandise, cash for the
button hooks

3rd salesman: Cash for the cotton goods, csh for the
hard goods

1st Salesman: Cash for the fancy goods

2nd salesman: cash for the noggins and the piggins
and the frikins

3rd Salesman: Cash for the hogdhead, cask and
demijohn. Cash for the crackers and the pickels and
the flypaper

4th Salesman: Look whatayataalk. whatayataalk,
whatayataalk, whatayataalk, whatayataalk?

5th Salesman: Weredayagitit?

4th Salesman: Whatayataalk?

1st Salesman: Ya can talk, ya can talk, ya can bicker ya
can talk, ya can bicker, bicker bicker ya can talk all ya
want

but is different than it was.

Charlie: No it ain't, no it ain't, but ya gotta know the
territory.

Rail car: Shh shh shh shh shh shh shh

3rd Salesman: Why it's the Model T Ford made the
trouble, made the prople wanna go, wanna get, wanna
get up and go

seven eight , nine, ten, twelve, fourteen, twent-two,
twenty-three milew to the county seat

1st Salesman: Yes sir, yes sir

3rd Salesman: Who's gonna patronize a little bitty two
by four kinda store anymore?

4th Salesman: Whaddaya talk, whaddaya talk.

5th Salesman: Where do you get it?

3rd Salesman: Gone, gone

Gone with the hogshead cask and demijohn, gone with
the sugar barrel, pickel barrel, milk pan, gone with the
tub and

the pail and the fierce

2nd Salesman: Ever meet a fellow by the name of Hill?

1st Salesman: Hill?

Charlie: Hill?

3rd Salesman: Hill?

4th Salesman: Hill?

1st Newspaper Hill?

2nd Newspaper: Hill?
5th Salesman: Hill?
2nd Salesman: Hill?
All but Charlie and 2nd Salesman: NO!
4th Salesman: Never heard of any salesman Hill
2nd Salesman: Now he dosen't know the territory
1st Salesman: Dosen't know the territory?!?
3rd Salesman: Whats the fellows line?
2nd Salesman: Never worries bout his line
1st Salesman: Never worries bout his line?!?
2nd Salesman: Or a doggone thing. He's just a bang
beat, bell ringing, Big haul, great go, neck or nothin,
rip roarin,
every time a bull's eye salesman. Thats Professor
Harold Hill, Harold Hill
3rd Salesman: What's the fellows line?
5th Salesman: Whats his line?
Charlie: He's a fake, and he dosen't know the territory!
4th Salesman: Look, whaddayatalk, whaddayatalk,
whaddayatalk, whaddaystalk?
2nd Saleman: He's a music man
1st Salesman: He's a what?
3rd Salesman: He's a what?
2nd Salesman: 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 barass 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 . . .
1st Salesman: 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 ...
2nd Salesman: 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 shines and when the
man dances, certinely boys, what else? The piper pays
him! Yes sir ,yes
sir,yes sir, yes sir, when the man dances, certinely
boys, what else?The piper pays him! Yesssir, Yesssir
Charlie: But he dosen't know the territory!

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