

The Tough Sell

Drive-By Truckers

"She's a beauty, yes sir she is" said EZ DAN, fifty five, a bad age,
smelling of Brute 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 through 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