

## The Tough Sell

### Drive-By Truckers

"She's a beaute, 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