

# Fuller Brush Man

James McMurtry

When I was maybe three or four  
The Fuller Brush man would knock at the door  
He'd always tell me, "Boy, you're gonna miss the fun!  
Time you're old enough the honky-tonks'll all be gone."

Momma had no sense with cars  
She drove a Sunbeam and she drove it hard  
Left her stranded time and again  
Didn't matter, you could do that then

And they danced on the rooftops  
Let their hearts run wild  
Such a sight to the eyes of a child

We were used to all the best  
The man from U.N.C.L.E. and the Wild, Wild West  
We ruled the skies from a backyard swing  
Nothing that flies could've stopped that thing

While they danced on the rooftops  
Let their hearts run wild  
Such a sight to the eyes of a child

Blood-stained blacktops twist up between the wheels  
Before we knew it it was all too real  
The voice of reason confined to the past  
And all that mattered was to get there fast  
So we could dance on the rooftops  
Let our hearts run wild (hearts run wild)

Should it all come down to your last thin dime  
You can dial that number one more time  
But the phone won't ring 'cause the line's gone dead  
It's lost in history  
Like I said, it's gone

So now we give it all we got  
Pick em up at daycare in a state of shock  
Frayed at the edges and torn at the seams  
It rarely happens in our wildest dreams  
That we dance on the rooftops, let our hearts run wild  
And it ain't for the sake of the child

You don't too often see a sunbeam anymore  
You never see a Fuller Brush man or a dinosaur  
The voice of reason rules with an iron fist  
Please forgive me if I'm not prepared to handle this