

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