

# Bruce Springsteen, Sell It And They Will Come

I fell asleep on the couch last night, woke up with the TV on.  
There was a woman in tight cotton exercise shorts  
And a big plastic machine she was climbing on.  
She said "The Abacycle guarantees ten inches off your waist,  
And 50 pounds in just 3 minutes a day."  
I went to bed knowing the revolution had been postponed  
And everything was OK.

You can buy it, you can try it, go right ahead.  
But don't be fooled folks, there's only one.  
I forget the guy's name but I know somebody must have said  
Sell it and they will come boys, sell it and they will come.

I switched the channels and there was Evel Knievel, I thought that he was  
dead.  
I found myself sitting there quietly, hanging on every word he said.  
"Now folks, the Stimulator removes all pain from your life.  
And the best day of your life will be when you try this little thing out."  
The camera moved in as he said, "Now let me tell you ladies and gentlemen,  
Pain is something old Evel knows a little about"

You can buy it, you can try it, that's what I said.  
But don't be fooled folks, there's only one.  
I forget that guy's name but I know somebody must have said  
Sell it and they will come boys, sell it and they will come.

And a fellow comes on shouting "Free haircuts for life!",  
somehow you cut your hair with a vacuum cleaner.  
And then I switched the channels and there was Dionne Warwick, communing  
with her psychic friends.  
I watched for hours, taking warmth, comfort,  
and pleasure in the things that I despise.  
Touched by how much they needed me, and that gleeful desperation in their  
eyes.

You can buy it, you can try it, it'll help you in bed.  
But don't be fooled folks, there's only one.  
I forget that guy's name but I know somebody said  
Sell it and they will come boys, sell it and they will come.

So Dionne, Cher, and all my late-night friends, I drink to your health.  
And Tony Little, America's personal trainer, please kill yourself.  
Now I've sold a few things myself in my time, and by the way folks,  
there's some t-shirts on your way outside.  
Well last night I dreamed of lipstick and tight little cotton shorts  
"Harder, faster", she breathed.  
"One, two, three, four, five"  
Ride, Sally ride, girl, ride Sally ride.

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