

Stan Ridgway, Salesman

Now, I've been travelin' long and hard
And all over this big land
And I've got somethin' here in my bag
For every woman and man
And nowhere is too far
'Cause I cover a pretty wide base
From way down south to way up north
I'll shake hands with any friendly face

Chorus:
Salesman, salesman
Why don't you sell me somethin'
Salesman, salesman
Why don't you sell me somethin'

Now I've got a box in my hand
And I'm gonna travel that land
I'm a salesman for hire
And I never get tired
So just plug it in and it'll work
Don't worry about it breakin'
It's factory made and guaranteed
And we're not fakin'

Chorus repeat

Now, I keep bangin' on my case
And smilin' broad and make the deal
But sometimes my feet begin to shake
Like I'm slippin' on a banana peel
Stan slips about

And I've been everywhere around this world
I fly on the edge of the ball
I keep the numbers all up here
I just read the map and steer, that's all

Chorus repeat

Now I'll never give up this way of life
This life has called me to
I've gotta get to New Orleans by noon
If I can only find my shoe
'Cause I'm a salesman! Pleased to meetcha!

And I've seen the dirt and dust
Of a hundred towns like this
I just work my way on through
Sometimes it's just hit and miss
And I got a little something here in my bag
To help me burn the leaves
But I gotta watch it close this time
I know, because nothin' comes for free
No, nothin' comes for free

I know a little girl in Idaho
I guess I'll look her up now in a week or so
She was always good for a drink and a laugh
And what the traffic would allow

Chorus repeat

Everybody wants a real deal, everybody wants a real deal
Everybody wants a real deal, everybody wants a real deal