

Death of a Salesman

A traveling salesman stopped for gas, as it was getting late.
He sure was getting tired, and it was snowing on the Interstate.
He says, "Will you fill her up, my friend, and see if my oil's alright,
And do you know a place where a tired-out traveling man might spend the night?"

The attendant winked at him and says, "I'll bet you've been around.
Well the man who puts up lodgers here is known as Farmer Brown.
You'll find him in that old stone house that's just at the edge of town,
And he has a fifteen-year-old daughter who likes to fool around."

The salesman winked right back at him and a smile came to his lips.
He paid for the gas and the oil and then he gave that man a tip.
He started out and pushed that old gas pedal down to the floor.
He was off like a bat and in nothing flat he was at the farmer's door.

The door opened up and a beautiful girl says, "Won't you come on in?"
That traveling salesman's tongue was hanging out like Rin-Tin-Tin.
"That old gas station attendant said I would find you here,
And do you have a suitable room you could rent to me, my dear?"

"Alas, kind sir, I'm sorry but the last one's gone, you see.
So if you want to spend the night, you'll have to sleep with me."
He says, "How fortuitous, my pretty little miss!"
And he throws his arms around her and he gives that girl a kiss.

Now her warm and tender ruby lips he scarcely could believe,
And he never saw the hammer she had hidden up her sleeve.
She said, "I'm getting sleepy. It's time to go to bed."
And as they turned to climb the stairs she whapped him on the head.

The very next day, the salesman's car, with brand new license plates
Was sitting at Farmer Brown's Gas Station out on the Interstate.
So all you traveling salesmen who might be passing through,
Better watch your step or the traveling salesman joke will be on you!