

Unknown Artist, A True Story

A TRUE STORY

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One morning while reading the paper, in search of a new set of wheels

The classifieds had a most curious ad in their listing of automobiles

I read in suspicious amusement what seemed like a great stroke of luck

"Corvette Stingray," it said, "low mileage, bright red, '83 model --
sixty-five bucks"

Well I was used to my newspaper's typos, still I called up that number
straightway

"'Bout that '83 'Vette -- have you sold the thing yet?" She said, "No,
you're my first call today"

I said, "There's been some mistake in the paper, they printed the ad wrong
somehow"

"Oh, no," replied she, "they got that from me." I said, "Don't sell that
car, I'm leaving now"

Well her address was in the part of the city where I'd ventured just one
time or two

Where the doctors, bank presidents, and lawyers are residents, and the
houses are massive and new

As I drove up her half-a-mile driveway, there in the heat of the day

In the sunlight it gleamed, the car of my dreams -- just sixty-five dollars
away

Well the interior was made of white leather, it had a 587 V-8

Bow wingspan doors, Hurst four-on-the-floor, and the 8-channel tape deck was
great

There was chrome on the chrome on the fender in an aerodynamic design

A phone, a TV, and it was bogglin' to me how for sixty-five bucks it was
mine

Well I suspected the woman was crazy, to be selling the car at this price
But as we walked down the lane she seemed perfectly sane -- she was charming
and really quite nice

And she smiled in such great satisfaction as she handed me title and keys

I said, "I've just got to know why you let this thing go -- what's wrong
with this car, tell me, please?"

Said she, "I'll be sixty come Tuesday, and I've lived here with my husband
Earl

After thirty years wed, and without a word said, he left me for a young
teenage girl

With his credit cards here on the table, I knew that he couldn't go far

Last night from Florida he sent a wire to me, said, 'I need money, dear --
sell the car!"

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