The Travelling Salesman

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(Alan Foster, 1989)

A travelling salesman came knocking on the door
Of a bored young housewife on the North Shore
And he spoke so sweet and he dressed so neat
That he stole the heart of the lady, oh.

Late that night when the yuppie came home
From his office at Jones & Bagnell's, oh
Of his wife there's no sign but a note on the fridge
And a volume of Funk & Wagnell's, oh.

Well he thought that the note would tell him that
His dinner was waiting in the microwave
But instead it said "I have gone far away
So don't bother waiting up for me, Dave".

So he ran to his Porsche in the triple garage
The BM's not so speedy, oh
And his brand new Merc's just another tax lurk
To hell with the poor and needy, oh.

Oh he drove north and he drove south
Searching every motel, oh
Until he spied his own wedded bride
In the bar of the Railway Hotel, oh.

Oh how could you leave your fine waterbed
Your swimming pool and Jacuzzi, oh
And your upwardly mobile husband dear
And become another salesman's floozie, oh.

What care I for my fine waterbed
It's just sprung a leak on my side, oh
For tonight I'll lie both warm and dry
In arms of the travelling salesman, oh.

The North Shore is an affluent area of Sydney.

Child #200
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