

## THE EASEL

I made a pact with Lucifer  
some many years ago.  
That he could trade what I might have  
or he could take my soul.

He only had to give to me  
four things that I adored.  
Good looks, 'n charm, 'n money, and  
a classic model Ford.

So that ol' wily thespian  
with all his crafty grace,  
took my old hot rod Lincoln and  
left Edsel in it's place.

Now Edsel wasn't all that bad  
just way before it's time,  
we weren't quite ready to embrace  
an auto built that fine.

It was a nineteen fifty eight  
with chrome horse-collar grill.  
A red and white convertible  
that gave the girls a thrill.

It's cushions had the softest touch  
this side of Shangri-La.  
But how they wired that ol' car;  
the worst you ever saw.

They put the tranny shifter switch  
right on the steering wheel.  
And when you hit the neutral key  
some window might unreel.

Now turning on the radio  
could put that car in gear.  
So parking up on lovers lane  
had dangers you should fear.

One day I took a little trip  
down highway triple six,  
the sun was hot, the air was fresh,  
it started playing tricks.

I had the rag top folded down  
the wind was in my face,  
an old Volkswagen micro bus  
pulled up and said, "lets race".

I gawked at all those hippie types  
all crowded in that van,  
I grinned and nodded, "let 'er go",  
and they all yelled, "shazam"!

I reached up to the shifter pad  
and punched down button "one"  
and dropped that boat in lowest gear;  
my god this would be fun.

It almost came right to a stop  
the tires began to smoke.  
I thought, "Here goes my rocket ship.  
This race will be a joke".

What happened next was hard to say,  
that van was gaining speed.  
With fifteen hippies hanging out  
the windows, puffin' weed.

*Read what happens next in the "Edsel" and more great stories  
in my forthcoming book.  
Available soon!*