

# If I Can't Sell It, I'll Keep Sittin' On It

Ruth Brown

I own a secondhand furniture store  
and I think my prices are fair,  
that is until this real cheap guy I know came in one day  
Saw this chair he wanted to buy, but he wouldn't, claimed the price was too high.  
So I looked 'im straight in the eye, and this was my reply...

If I can't sell it, I'm gonna sit down on it.  
Why should I give it away?  
Now darling if you want it,  
you got to buy it.  
And I mean just what I say.

Now how would you like to find this  
waitin at home for you every night.  
Only been used once or twice  
and it's still nice and TIGHT!  
Whoa...

But if I can't sell it,  
I'm gonna keep sittin on it.  
I don't see the need  
to give it away.

Now you can't find a better pair of legs in town  
and a back like this, huh, not for miles around  
And that is why if I can't sell it,  
I'm going to recline upon it  
Why should I give it away?

Because it's made for comfort,  
built for wear and tear.  
Where else could you find  
such an easy chair!  
Haa... Whoa...

If I can't sell it,  
I'm gonna remain seated on it  
I ain't about to give it away.

Because it's lush, plush, slick and sleek.

Darling, a high class piece like this  
at any price  
is cheap!

So if I can't sell it,  
I'm a remain seated on it.  
I don't see the need to give it away

Now look at this nice bottom,  
ain't it easy on the eye,  
guaranteed to support any weight or size!

If I can't sell it, I'm gonna sit down on it.  
I ain't about to give it away.  
Now, I have really had my fill  
of folks always comin around  
with their hands stuck out,  
want something,  
don't want to give up nothing.  
Now if you want this,  
put your hand in your stash  
and give me some cash.

If you want something for free,  
go to the Salvation Army,  
don't come to me.  
Now this is not Saint Vincent de Paul's place,  
this is Ruth's place.

Read my lips.  
NO FREE TRIPS!

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Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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