

Gordon Goodwin's Big Phat Band

"The Auctioneer"

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Hey y've all reg'stered, open the gate 'n let 'em out and
walk 'em 'bout.

Ere we come a letter number twenty-nine, what're you
gonna gimme for 'er

Ah, wenta-five wanna bid me biddle, wanna five wanna
five wanna five, wudja
Biddle on a twenty-five.

Gotta twenty-five dollar bidja-biddle on a five on the
five wouldja biddle on a
Thirty dollar five on a five would ya biddle on a five
wouldja biddle on a
Thirty five.

Well there was a boy from Arkansas who wouldn't listen
to his Ma
When she told him that he should go to school.
Well He'd stay away in the afternoon, take a little walk
and pretty soon
You'd find him at the local auction barn.
Well, he'd stand and listen carefully until at last he
began to see
How the auctioneer could talk so rapidly,
Well, he said "Oh my, it's do or die, I've got to learn
that auction cry,
Gonna make my mark and be an auctioneer."

Twenty-five dollar bid'ja, now, thirty dollar, thirty wudja
make it thirty
Bidda onna thirty dollar thirty dollar wouldja gimme
thirty, wouldja gimme
Thirty dollar bill? I gotta thirty dolla bidja, now, five,
wouldja beedle onna
Thirty five biddle on a thirty five, thirty five? Who's
gonna bitta the thirty
Five dollar bill?

Well the time went by and he did his best and all could
see he did not jest.
He practiced calling bids both night and day

Till his pappy found him behind the barn just working
up an awful storm
As he tried to imitate the auctioneer.
And his pop said "Son, we just can't stand to have a
mediocre man
Selling things at auction using our good name.
Gonna send you off to auction school and then you'll
be nobody's fool
And you can take your place among the best."

Thirty five dolla bidja now forty doller forty, wouldja
megga forty bidya on a
Forty doller forty doller wouldja gimme forty, wouldja
gimme forty dollar bill?
I gotta forty dollar bidya now, five, wouldja biddle on a
forty-five, bidgel on
A forty-five, forty-five. Who's gunna bidda the forty-five
dollar bill?

And from that boy that went to school there grew a man
who played it cool,
He come back home a full fledged auctioneer.
And the people would come from miles around
Just to hear him make that rhythmic sound
That filled their hearts with such a happy cheer.
And his fame spread out from shore to shore, he'd all
that he could do and more,
He had to buy a plane to get around.
Well, now he's the best in all the land, let's pause and
give that man a
Hand'cause he's the best of all the auctioneers

Forty-five dollar bidja now, fifty dollar fifty wouldja
make it fifty biddle
Onna fifty dolla fifty dolla. Wouldja gimme fifty,
wouldja gimme fifty dolla
Bill? I gotta fifty dolla bidja now, five, wouldja biddle
onna fifty-five,
Biddle onna fifty-five, fifty-five. Who's gonna bitta the
fifty five dollar
Bill?

Well I sold that hoss for fifty dollar bill!

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