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## Tex Williams "Auctioneer Song"

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Well right boys, open the gates and let 'em walk right iin

Well there was a boy in Arkansas who wouldn't listen to his Ma When she told him that he should go to schoo-ool He'd sneak away in the afternoon, take a little walk and pretty soon You'd find him at the local auction barn He'd stand and listen carefully and pretty soon he began to see How the auctioneer could talk so rapidly Well it's me oh my, it's do or die, l've just got to learn that auction cry Gonna make my mark and be an auctioneer Twenty-five dollar bid, now who will give me thirty dollar Will you make it thirty dollar, give me thirty dollar Oh who will give me a thirty dollar bi-id Got a thirty dollar bid, now who will make it thirty-five Will you give me thirty five, make it thirty-five Oh who will give me a thirty-five dollar bi-id That stockman only did his best, all to see he couldn't get He practiced calling it both night and day-ay Half the time he's behind the barn workin' up an awful roar As he tried to imitate the auctioneer And his pap said, son, we just can't stand to have a mediocre man Selling things at auction using our good name So pack you off to auction school and there you'll be nobody's fool And you can take your place among the fame Thirty-five dollar bid, now who will give me forty dollar Will you give me forty dollar, make it forty dollar Oh who will give me a forty dollar bi-id

Got a forty dollar bid, now who will give me forty-five

Will you give me forty-five, make it forty-five Oh who will give me a forty-five dollar bi-id

Well from that boy that went to school there came a man who played it cool He came back home a full fledged auctioneer-eer And the people

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