

Hank Thompson, Gotta Sell Them Chickens

GOTTA SELL THEM CHICKENS
WITH JUNIOR BROWN
Writer Hank Thompson

(Hank}

Well, my pappy told me as I was sittin' on his knee About the birds and the bees and such You can

(Junior}

Now I was told at the Super Bowl When the crowd let out a roar
A big 'ole back with a ball and jack Went on in to score
The coach recalled when he spiked the ball Said forget the old cotton patch
I wanna sell them chickens before they die And the eggs before they hatch

(Hank}

The old slugger's ball head to the wall With what looked like a home run clout
But the fielder's glove went high above And caught it for the final out
On the sporting page he was all the rage When they asked him how he made that catch Well, I sold

(Junior}

Now the boxing king climbed into the ring To fight for the title bout
But a right to the jaw was all he saw As the ref was a countin' him out
The manager said as he shook his head Son, you done lost this match
You gotta sell them chickens before they die And the eggs before they hatch

(Hank}

Now a friend I know searched high and low For the secrets to success
And he didn't stop 'til he got to the top Of old Mt. Everest
An old guru told him all he knew As he thumbed through his artifacts
You gotta sell them chickens before they die
And the eggs before they hatch

(Both}

Now the moral here should be clear
And it's one I'd like to share
Just be yourself like nobody else
And you might become a millionaire
Your reply when they wonder why
How'd you make all that scratch
Well you sold them chickens before they died
And the eggs before they hatched

(Both}

Yeah, want to know how you made that dough
Just tell them how to make a batch
Just sell them chickens before they die
And the eggs before they hatch