

# Mark Eitzel, Auctioneer's Song

Your camera eye pans slowly  
Over the sheets  
A world of mountains and valleys that all  
Hide from the sun  
You're buried underneath not  
Moving a bone  
Some terrified Incredible Hulk  
Made out of stone

But the auctioneer is  
The only one  
That needs to know  
That everything  
Everything  
Everything must go

Snowman frozen not feeling much of  
anything  
People are nails on a chalkboard  
They scratch  
Just want to listen to the music of  
the traffic outside  
Drained and desiccated  
Formaldehyde

The auctioneer in  
His black chapeau  
Says everything  
Everything  
Everything must go

Candelabra the rope  
Poison in your ring  
Sometimes it's bad to tell them  
All you know  
They'll take your heart, inflate it  
Hold it with a string  
Put your face to the wind and  
And let you go

And the auctioneer  
With a sassy smile  
And a little do-si-do  
The auctioneer with a trail of  
Dancing zeros  
Always finds a way  
To comfort and console  
Says everything  
Everything  
Everything must go