

Tex Williams, Auctioneer Song

Well right boys, open the gates and let 'em walk right i-in

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, I'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