

Don McLean, The More You Pay

The auctioneer said, I'm not through yet,
Here's a horse the likes of which you've never seen,
And the straw hats in the sun, with a face beneath each one,
Shown doubtful and the auctioneer got mean.
Do you think that you can find a horse like this every day?
I don't think there's any better on this earth,
And the more you pay, the more it's worth.

Then out she came, a snow-white mare,
Prancin' and a dancin' in the silver sun,
They watched her from behind, as she did her bump and grind,
Walkin' naked, sad and graceful for their fun.
Oh how I wished I could afford that lady painted white,
A queen with high nobility of birth,
But the more you pay, the more it's worth.

My pockets hung with empty blues,
Silent heels were standin' on my growin' pains,
My bid was not too bad, two bits was all I had,
And the stable boy just handed me the reins.
Well the gallery went wild, and the auctioneer half smiled,
What we don't sell we shoot or give away,
'Cause the more you pay, the more it's worth.

And where was the boy, who rode on her back,
With his arms holding tight round her neck?
How tightly he clung,
When they both were young,
And fate had not let this poor girl be so
Disgraced.