

The Auctioneer

Barbershop Quartet

There was a boy in Arkansas
Who wouldn't listen to his ma
When she told him that he should go to school
 He'd sneak away in the afternoon
 Take a little walk and pretty soon
 You'd find him at the local auction barn
 Well, he'd stand and listen carefully
 Then pretty soon he began to see
 How the auctioneer could talk so rapidly
 His pappy'd find him behind the barn
 Just a workin up an awful storm
 As he tried to immitate the auctioneer
 25 Dollar 30 now 30 dollar etc
 Who will bid it at a 35 dollar bid
 30 Dollar 35 etc
 Who will bid it at a 35 dollar bid
 Said his pappy, "son we just can't stand a havin'
 A mediocre man
 You gotta take that auction usin' our good name
 I'll send you off to auction school
 And then you'll be nobody's fool
 You'll be the best of all the auctioneers
 35 Dollar 40 dollar etc
 Who will bid it a a 45 dollar bid
 40 Dollar etc
 Who will bid it at a 45 dollar bid
 Well from that morning he went to school
 There grew a man who played it cool
 He came back home a full fledged auctioneer
 And people came from miles around
 Just to hear him make that rhythmic sound
 Cause he's the best of all the auctioneers
 Well his fame reached out from shore to shore
 He had all he could do and more
 He had to buy a plane to get around
 Now he's the best in all the land
 So let's all give that man a hand
 He's the best of all the auctioneers
 45 Dollar 50 now etc

Who will bid it at a 55 dollar bid
50 Dollar 50 now will you give me 55 etc
Sold that horse for a 50 dollar bill

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