

The Auctioneer

Gordon Lightfoot

Hey why've all reg'stered, open the gate n let em out and walk em bout.
Ere we come a letter number twenty-nine, what're you gonna gimme for er

Ah, wenta-
five wunna bid me biddle, want to five want to five want to five, wudja
Biddle on a twenty-five.

Gotta twenty-five dollar bidja-
biddle on a five on the five wouldja biddle on a
Thirty dollar five on a five would ya biddle on a five wouldja biddle on a
Thirty five.

Well there was a boy from Arkansas who wouldn't listen to his Ma
When she told him that he should go to school.
Well He'd stay 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 until at last he began to see
How the auctioneer could talk so rapidly,
Well, he said "Oh my, it's do or die, I've got to learn that auction cry,
Gonna make my mark and be an auctioneer."

Twenty-five dollar bid'ja, now, thirty dollar, thirty wudja make it thirty
Bidda onna thirty dollar thirty dollar wouldja gimme thirty, wouldja gimme
Thirty dollar bill? I gotta thirty dolla bidja, now, five, wouldja beedle on
na
Thirty five biddle on a thirty five, thirty five? Who's gonna bitta the thir
ty
Five dollar bill?

Well the time went by and he did his best and all could see he did not jest.
He practiced calling bids both night and day
Till his pappy found him behind the barn just working up an awful storm
As he tried to imitate the auctioneer.
And his pop said "Son, we just can't stand to have a mediocre man
Selling things at auction using our good name.
Gonna send you off to auction school and then you'll be nobody's fool
And you can take your place among the best."

Thirty five dolla bidja now forty doller forty, wouldja megga forty bidya on
a
Forty doller forty doller wouldja gimme forty, wouldja gimme forty dollar bi
ll?
I gotta forty dollar bidya now, five, wouldja biddle on a forty-
five, bidget on
A forty-five, forty-five. Who's gunna bidda the forty-five dollar bill?

And from that boy that went to school there grew a man who played it cool,
He come back home a full fledged auctioneer.
And the people would come from miles around
Just to hear him make that rhythmic sound
That filled their hearts with such a happy cheer.
And his fame spread out from shore to shore, he'd all that he could do and m
ore,
He had to buy a plane to get around.
Well, now he's the best in all the land, let's pause and give that man a
Handcause he's the best of all the auctioneers

Forty-

five dollar bidja now, fifty dollar fifty wouldja make it fifty biddle
Onna fifty dolla fifty dolla. Wouldja gimme fifty, wouldja gimme fifty dolla

Bill? I gotta fifty dolla bidja now, five, wouldja biddle onna fifty-five,
Biddle onna fifty-five, fifty-five. Who's gonna bitta the fifty five dollar
Bill?

Well I sold that hoss for fifty dollar bill!