

# Gotta Sell Them Chickens

Hank Thompson

Well, my pappy told me as I was sittin' on his knee  
About the birds and the bees and such  
You can do right proud in a college crowd  
But you ain't gonna learn that much  
Get your degree in the ABC's  
And dig out the cold hard facts  
You've got to sell them chickens  
before they die  
And the eggs before they hatch

Now I was told at the Super Bowl  
When the crowd let out a roar  
A big 'ole back with a ball and jack  
Went on in to score  
The coach recalled when he spiked the ball  
Said forget the old cotton patch  
I wanna sell them chickens before they die  
And the eggs before they hatch

The old slugger's ball head to the wall  
With what looked like a home run clout  
But the fielder's glove went high above  
And caught it for the final out  
On the sporting page he was all the rage  
When they asked him how he made that catch  
Well, I sold them chickens before they died  
And the eggs before they hatched

Now the boxing king climbed into the ring  
To fight for the title bout  
But a right to the jaw was all he saw  
As the ref was a countin' him out  
The manager said as he shook his head  
Son, you done lost this match  
You gotta sell them chickens before they die  
And the eggs before they hatch

Now a friend I know searched high and low  
For the secrets to success  
And he didn't stop 'til he got to the top  
Of old Mt. Everest  
An old guru told him all he knew  
As he thumbed through his artifacts  
You gotta sell them chickens before they die  
And the eggs before they hatch

Now the moral here should be clear  
And it's one I'd like to share  
Just be yourself like nobody else  
And you might become a millionaire  
Your reply when they wonder why  
How'd you make all that scratch  
Well you sold them chickens before they died  
And the eggs before they hatched

Yeah, want to know how you made that dough

Just tell them how to make a batch  
Just sell them chickens before they die  
And the eggs before they hatch