

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