

AUCTION WEATHER SONG

By Kittyko

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Well, it's New Year's Day & I'm on my way to an auction on a farm;
And they're sayin' something 'bout a big storm coming, but for now it's nice & warm;
I can't wait to hear that auctioneer and bid on a thing or two;
But when the temperature dropped, the auctioneer stopped—
And sang a different tune:

34 degrees-a; do I hear a 34 above-a; who gonna gimme 34, 34 degrees?
31 degrees-a; do I hear a 31 above-a; who gonna gimme 31, 31 degrees?
25 degrees-a; do I hear a 25 above-a; who gonna gimme 25, 25 degrees?
17 degrees-a; do I hear a 17 above-a; who gonna gimme 17, 17 degrees?

It snowed and snowed, and the roads got closed and stranded us on the farm;
Alberta Clipper did deliver a doozey of a storm!
But the auctioneer stayed loud and clear as if nothing at all was wrong;
Didn't sell a single thing—just wanted to sing the auction weather song:

Minus 2 degrees-a; do I hear a 2 degrees below-a; who gonna gimme minus 2, minus 2
degrees?
Minus 10 degrees-a; do I hear a 10 degrees below-a; who gonna gimme minus 10, minus 10
degrees?
Minus 20 degrees-a; do I hear a 20 degrees below-a; who gonna gimme minus 20, minus 20
degrees?
Minus 30 degrees-a; do I hear a 30 degrees below-a; who gonna gimme minus 30, minus 30
degrees?
Minus 40 degrees-a; do I hear a 40 degrees below-a; who gonna gimme minus 40, minus 40
degrees?
Minus 50 degrees-a; do I hear a...do I hear a...minus 50 degrees!

Sold to the kid in the big, big, coat! Brrrr!