

There's A Sucker Born Ev'ry Minute

Jennifer Nettles

There is a sucker born every minute
Each time the second hand sweeps to the top
Like dandelions, up they pop
Their ears so big, their eyes so wide
And though I feed 'em bona fide baloney with no truth in it
Why you can bet I'll find some rube to buy my corn
'Cause there's a sure-as-shooting sucker born a minute
And I'm referring to the minute you was born

Each blessed hour brings sixty of 'em
Each time the wooden cuckoo shows his face
Another sucker takes his place
To plunks his quarter on the line and buy my brand of genuine
Malarkey, God bless and love 'em!
But don't feel sad or hopping mad or cause a scene
'Cause there's a sure-as-shooting sucker born a minute
But, ma'am, you mighta been the minute in between

If I allow that right here in my hand, the smallest living human man
The sight of that is surely worth a dime
If I present an educated pooch who's trained to dance the hoochie coochie
What better way to waste a bit of time?
If I imported monumental cost, a lady, fair, who's head was lost
While crossing railroad tracks to pick some zinnias
Who eats farina through a hose, and wears pink tights instead of clothes
If that ain't worth a buck my name ain't Jinneas

Oh, you say that's hog wash, well, who cares?
You'll buy my hog wash long as

There's a sucker born every minute
Each time the second hand sweeps to the top
Like dandelions, up they pop
Their ears so big, their eyes so wide
And though I feed 'em bona fide baloney, just let me spin it
And ain't no man who can resist me, wait and see
'Cause there's a sure-as-shooting sucker born a minute
And, friends, the biggest one excluding none is me