

keep quiet! I don't want nobody wasting my time! It's too precious!" Come to find out it was a White Man. He was telling them that. See, a white man always has precious time and he can't waste no time. "Hey, just a minute!" one of them hollered. "Tell us what you're packing on your back!" "Oh, them are songs. I'm packing my songs." And another one says, "What kind of songs you got?" "Oh, they're just songs." "Maybe you could sing for us-- we want to dance," one of these prairie dogs says. "Oh, I'm in a hurry. I don't have time for anything like that. I'm in a big hurry." "Oh, stop, please! Do stop!" another prairie dog hollered. "You're not in a big hurry. Come on, turn around and come sing for us!" Well, he was just playing hard to get. He already had something way down there in his mind that he was going to do to them. And they said, "Come on, now! You're not in a big hurry!" So he said, "All right, all right! I knew you'd work me!" That White Man turned and started walking towards the town. And he said, "I have a very strict rule. If I'm going to sing for anybody, they're going to lock up their houses," he said. "So all you look for your houses while I'm looking for a drum stick." He went around and looked for the biggest, greenest, heaviest club--and he was chopping it. He must have had an axe too. And he kind of shook it to see if it was heavy enough so one blow would kill a little prairie dog. And he said, "All right, now, you got to gather around me," he said. "Form a big circle. I'm going to start singing." He said, "You got your houses and door all closed?" They said, "Yes, we close our houses and we shut them up tight." Everybody was just anxious to dance. And they all formed a big circle. He kind of looked around and looked for the fattest one.