

Spike Jones, De Camptown Races

(Camptown Races plays at the beginning and in between each bit)

Luther?

Huh Arthur?

What are ya lookin' so sad fer?

Well I'll tell ya Uncle Spike, didn't ya hear about poor ol' grampa gettin' hurt out at the ball game?

No, how'd it happen?

Some feller stepped on his pipe.

Well, how'd that hurt him?

It was his wind pipe ye idiot.

That was awful purty. Uncle Spike, did you see that movie flicker called The Little Foxies?

What say ye, Luther?

Are you deaf, I said, did you see that movie flicker called The Little Foxies?

No I didn't, why?

Well I seen it and I asked for my money back cause there weren't an animal in it.

Luther?

Huh Arthur?

Did you enjoy your trip to Californy?

Yes sir I did, but my feet hurt awful bad.

What's the matter, did ya walk?

No, I rid out in one of them devil wagons, that's an automobile you know. I told that feller that were driving to slow down cause my feet were a hurtin'.

And what'd he say Luther?

He said "What's your feet hurtin' got to do with me going fast?"

And what'd you say Luther?

I said, "The floorboard fell out in Phoenix son, and I've been a runnin' ever since."

Luther?

Huh Arthur?

Did you put fresh water in the goldfish bowl this morning?

No I didn't, they didn't drink all I put in there last week yet.

And now ladies and gentlemen, Uncle Spike and his City Slickers will render a real purty piece, purty to pair speckled pups under a red wagon with a blue ribbon round their necks. Folks and the names of it get up and like a lamp son I think I've knocked one of your ma's eyes out in a key of deed letter digits.

(Camptown Races plays once again, and then a finale)