

Ambrosia, Mama Frog

(Puerta - North - Drummond - Pack)

The clock gets to be such a bore
What'cha livin' for

Though I can't explain, being sane's
Just a dreary chore
I'd like to go fly past mountains
See Mama Frog at her fountain

She'll be there in her golden frog
Sequined uniform
Golden chair, three trained human clowns
Who will soon perform
Balancing books with their heads
Trying to recall what they've said

Past the gate you will soon be in
A garden paradise
Don't be late there, the shining jewels
Sparkle in your eyes
All waiting there for your pleasure
What's keeping you from this treasure?

Narration of "Jabberwock" from "Alice In Wonderland

'Twas brillig and the slithy toves Did gyre and gimble in the wabe; All mimsy were the borogoves, A

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son! The jaws that bite, the claws that catch ?Beware

He took his vorpal sword in hand: Long time the manxome foe he sought ?So rested he by the Tun

And as in uffish thought he stood, The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame, Came whiffing through the

One, two! One, two! And through and through The vorpal blade went snicker-snack! He left it dead,

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock? Come to my arms, my beamish boy! O frabjous

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