Five for Fighting, 2 Frogs

I sing above my vision. I sing above my face.
A fat old amphibian speaker for the dead.
Gather round ye animals. Gather round this lake.
Take upon your vigil. Wallow in the wake.

It was glorious of glories-a maple April day
With a pocket full of horseflies and eyes as bright as rays
They said walk away walk away if you can
but one leap out the village and our caravan began

Traveled to a forest, nestled in the sky.
He ran beside the buffalo-wrestled with the lions
Every day a saturday, a summer waking morn,
His skin burned golden ember due the shine that toad had born.

While riding back an eagle, laughing with the sun
He spied an old hairy fairy man upon the river Young.
and Sol said, fly away fly away if you can
But he settled next the oarsman, said I'm my own man and this is my life...

Heed above my meter, Heed above my fate. Can't go back again...
I got a reason to be fevered-summer waking morn.
Back back when the poor poor boy was born.

Now cross into his fortune. While enchanted by the queen.
A lone shady shelter stood beckoning his lean.
And in the time it takes a pillow to figure out a face.
Out from in the white tree she rose to take its place.

And the battle for his spirit then caused him to remain.
And he fought as a thousand Visigoths and he cursed the night in vain.
She said run away run away if you can
But last he heard a voice of...I'm my own man and this is my life...

Off to in her castle, laid upon the stairs
She showered him with daffodils and tied ribbons in his hair.
He woke for bare a moment but she wouldn't let him weep.
With lips of only roses kissed him down to sleep.

So royal loyal subjects now let your ears unbend.
For here ye this traveled tail must sadly meet it's end.
What's fate done to our hero I cannot reply...
The last that I saw him, a flection in her eye.