

Barenaked Ladies, Pollywog In A Bog

In a puddle by the trail
Flips its tiny tail
Just like a great big whale
But smaller than a snail
It's a pollywog in a bog
Swims under soggy logs
One day he'll be a frog
Pollywog in a bog
Overhead a cedar tree
Gives the shade he needs
Munching while he feeds
On lily pads and weeds
Knows not where he's from
Or how his life had begun
He's not the only one
And soon he'll breathe through lungs
It's hard to believe
With the arms you'll receive
You'll lift your head
Above the water and breathe
Gills shrink away
And may there come a day
When you reach the shore
With a whole world to explore
Ribbit, ribbit, a tadpole exhibit
It's a transformation no one can inhibit
Amphibian change may seem strange
Take them gills and the tail and they all rearrange
Out come the legs for the jump, jump
Hope to the top of the stump, stump
Out come the legs for the jump, jump
Hope to the top of the stump, stump
Where the mud is deep
Frost will soon creep
And without a peep
A frog is fast asleep
It was a pollywog in a bog
Swam under soggy logs
In the morning fog
Pollywog in a bog
Pollywog in a bog
Swam under soggy logs
In the morning fog
Pollywog in a bog
Pollywog in a bog
Swam under soggy logs
In the morning fog