Bobby Darin, Bullfrog

I was sittin' by the bank on a hollow stump When I thought I heard me a bullfrog jump Turned around and sure enough there he sat He said excuse me, buddy, but I've been readin' your news And I'm sorry to say that I'm a little confused You bein' human, well you'd know where it's at.

He said I read where this old world's gonna fold
And all on account of a think called gold
And that's somethin' hard for us frogs
to understand
Now you're lookin' at me like I'm
kinda funny
But where I live we don't have no money
So we want to be hip to the happ'nin's
here on land.

Now I thought I was stoned so I started walkin' I mean whoever heard of a bullfrog talkin' But then I realized I hadn't been grazin' in no grain So I figured I'd tell him just what I thought 'bout how gold was sold and how gold was bought And he'd understand our world when I explained.

I said it all started a long time ago
When the people first learned to reap
and sow
They got all the things they needed right
out of the earth
Like how many leaves and how many trees
Would it take to cover up the anatomies
And that's how you figured how much a suit
of clothes was worth.

Well then man he learned how to milk a cow And how to till the soil with a stone blade plow And he kept so busy he never had time to do you harm Then he'd take his produce and all that milk And go into town and trade them for silk So his woman she'd look sharp down at the farm.

Well the bullfrog let out a belly croak
Like I'd told him some kind of a joke
And he said I think you're jivin' me my man
(what me?)
I said I know it sounds kinda mystifyin'
But the truth of the matter is I ain't lyin'
I mean I ain't talkin' no bullfrog,
you understand?

He said now don't get upset I'm not agin' you

You just go ahead, go ahead and continue And I'll be quiet and try to understand He said I know about trees and leaves and plants And milk and silk and the farmer's romance But what's this thing the call supply and demand?

I said well I grow cotton and you grow corn And you find your dungarees are all worn And me well I got to have somethin' to eat You see? So I make you some brand new threads And now you bake me some fresh corn bread Pretty soon we'll have shops across the street.

Well this didn't work, or so we've been told And at that time they didn't know about gold So they all agreed they'd measure their goods in salt Well that idea had an early endin' 'cause they were eatin' more than they were spendin' And besides, whoever heard of keepin' salt in a vault.

Well folks said gold was the thing to use To pay for stuff like from ships to shoes But it weighed too much and it looked too good to spend So round about sixteen hundred and ninety Somebody started usin' foldin' money And that's the tale, my friend, from end to end.

Well I thought it was a damn good explanation
I mean a real attempt at communication And I only had me schoolin' up until the time I was ten
But the bullfrog right before he hopped away
Well I could have sworn I heard him say Your world is still in the tadpole stage, my friend.