

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.