

Bruce Springsteen, Froggie Went A-Courtin'

Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride, a - huh
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Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride
Sword and pistol by his side, a - huh, a - huh, fare the well

Well he rode down to Miss Mouse's door
Where he had often been before

He took Miss Mousie on his knee
Said "Miss Mousie will you marry me"

I'll have to ask my Uncle Rat
See what he will say to that

Well, Uncle Rat laughed and shook his fat sides
To think his niece would be a bride

Well, Uncle Rat rode off to town
To buy his niece a wedding gown

Where will the wedding supper be
Way down yonder in a hollow tree

What will the wedding supper be
A fried misquito and a roasted flea

First to come in were to little ants
Fixing around to have a dance

Next to come in was a bumble bee
Bouncing a fiddle on his knee

Next to come in was a fat sassy lad
Thinks himself as big as his dad

Thinks himself a man indeed
Because he chews the tobacco weed

And next to come in was a big tomcat
He swallowed the frog and the mouse and the rat