

# Five for Fighting, Two Frogs

Spoken: Two Frogs

I sing above my vision, I sing above my face  
A fat old amphibian, speaker for the dead  
Now gather round ye animals, gather round this lake  
And take upon your vigil, wallow in the wake  
It was glorious of glories, a maple April day  
And with a pocket full of horseflies and eyes as bright as rays  
They say, "Walk away, walk away if you can."  
Oh, 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." yeah  
But he settled next to the oarsman  
And said, "I'm my own man, and this is my life."  
Ooooo  
Head above my meter, head 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  
oooo...yeah.....oooooo  
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 cause him to remain  
And he fought a thousand Visigoths and 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 bare for a moment, but she wouldn't let him weep  
With lips of only roses, she 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 reflection in her eye